STEM THE STORM (vt)-see: WE'LL STEM THE STORM

STEP IT UP AND GO (Country blues. 1st. With a girl, havin' a little fun...)-see: Silverman, II, 58 & (FB), 239 wm

STEPMOTHER, THE aka I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER & THE MARRIAGE RITE IS OVER (Self-pity song. Similar to The Blind Girl. 1st. The marriage rite is over, but yet I turn aside...)-see: Allsopp, II, 202; Fuson, 146 wo; Jour (AFL), XXVI, 358; Pound (SFSN), IX, No. 3 wo; Randolph, IV, 196 wo

STEP TO THE MUSIC, JOHNNY (Dance tune)-see: Ford (OTFM), 21 & (TMA), 58, 188 mo

STERLING PRICE (Tribute song to Civil War General. 1st. Sterling Price he was a brave man...)-see: Belden (BS), 355 wo

STERN OLD BACHELOR, A (vt)-see: HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT II

STEVE O'DONNELL'S WAKE (Humorous Irish song. 1st. Steve O'Donnell was an Irishman...)-see: Hubbard, 317 wo

STEWBALD, or STEWBALL (vt)-see: SKEWBALL

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAG-ON (vt)-see: SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAG-ON

ST. GEORGE AND MORMON DIXIE (Mormon "place" song. Tune: Annie Laurie. 1st. St. George is bright and sunny...)-see: Cheney, 117 wo

ST. HELENA SOLDIER (Work chant. 1st. You stole my boots...)-see: Hugill (1), 575 wm; Whall (SSS), 122 wm

STICK MY HEAD IN A PAPER SACK (Dance song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 538 & V, 308 wm; White, 183 wo

STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES (Old "expression" song. Adapt. from I'm Going To Live In The Harvest Till I Die. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 71 wo

STICK TO YOUR MOTHER, TOM aka DON'T LEAVE YOUR MOTHER WHEN HER HAIR TURNS GRAY (Ozark ver. of sentimental pop song by Chas. Osborne and Ernest Symons, 1870s. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Randolph, IV, 181 wm

STILL GROWING (Humorous love song)-see: MB

STILL WATER CREEK (Negro rhyme. 1st. 'Way down yonder on Still Water creek...)-see: Talley, 2 wo

STINGING BEE (vt)-see: IRISH GIRL II B, THE

STINGO BROWN (vt)-see: SHALLO BROWN

ST. JAMES HOSPITAL, or INFIRMARY (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE I B & V, THE

STOCKYARD GATE (vt)-see: WRECK ON THE C AND O

STOLE MY PARTNER (vt)-see Index: YOU STOLE MY PARD

STOLEN BABY, THE (Lindbergh kidnapping song. 1st. Come listen to my story...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 148 wo

STOLEN BRIDE, THE (Hatfield-McCoy feud song. 1st. Down by the river, the willows grow tall...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 20 wo

STONE RIVER (vt)-see Index: BATTLE OF STONE RIVER, THE

STONE THAT GOES ROLLING WILL GATHER NO MOSS, THE (vt)-see Index: ROLLING STONE, THE

STONEWALL JACKSON (Tribute song)-see: MB

STONEWALL JACKSON'S REQUIEM (vt)-see: STONEWALL JACKSON

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY (Civil War song. 1st. Come, stack arms, men...)-see: Dolph, 284 wm; Carmer (SRA), 122 wm; Glass (SS-2), 74 wm; Luther, 289 wo

STONEWALL'S REQUIEM (vt)-see: STONEWALL JACKSON

STOOPING ON THE WINDOW aka WIND THE BALL (Game song. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Courlander (NSA), 109 wm

STORM, THE (vt)-see Index: CEASE RUDE BOREAS

STORMALONG I, II & III (Shanties)-see: MB

STORMALONG JOHN (vt)-see: STORMALONG I, II & III

STORMALONG, LADS, STORMY (vt)-see: STORMALONG III

STORM BIRD (Spiritual. 1st. The Storm-bird lives upon the rock...)-see: Brown, V, 488 wm. Compare: Jackson (WNS), 187

STORMS ARE ON THE OCEAN (Forsaken lover song with lines from Irene, Goodnight. 1st. Last night as I lay on my pillow...)-see: Brown, III, 311 wo. Also see: TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, A

STORMY ALONG, JOHN (ct)-see: STORMALONG I, II & III

STORMY WEATHER, BOYS (Forecastle shanty. 1st. Oh, up comes the herring, the king of the sea...OR: Up turns the eel with his slippery tail...)-see: Creighton (FSNB), 218, (MFS), 144 & (TSNS), 232 wm. Also see next listing.

STORMY WEATHER, BOYS (Variation of above listed song. 1st. We were lying in the Surrey Dock one day...) -see: Beck (FLS), 177 wo

STORMY WINDS, or STORMY WINDS DO BLOW, THE (vt)-see: MERMAID'S CURSE, THE. Also see: SAILOR'S LIFE, A. Also see: Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 256

STORMY WINDS HOW THEY BLOW (vt)-see: MERMAID'S CURSE, THE

STORMY WINDS OF WINTER, THE (vt)-see Index: FLORA

STORY OF A MINE CAVE-IN: SHIRLEY AND SMITH (Disaster song. 1st. They worked all day to the evening tide...)-see: Brown, IV, 356 wm

STORY OF CHIEF ADERHOLT, THE (vt)-see Index: CHIEF ADERHOLT

STORY OF CREATION, THE (vt)-see: EDUCATED MAN I, THE

STORY OF GEORGE MANN (Murder ballad. Tune: Charles Guiteau. Geo. Mann and Gustave Ohr were hanged for killing and robbing John Whatmaugh. Execution was Dec. 16, 1879. 1st. My name is George Mann, this name I shall never deny...)-see: Eddy, 276 wo

STORY OF GUSTAVE OHR (vt)-see Index: STORY OF GEORGE MANN

STORY OF MORMONISM, THE (Historical song. 1st. We've heard fantastic tales for years...)-see: Cheney, 27 wm

STORY OF PHOEBE SNOW, THE (vt)-see Index: PHOEBE SNOW

STORY OF THE WORLD (vt)-see: EDUCATED MAN I, THE

STORY OF TWELVE, THE (vt)-see: TWELVE APOSTLES, THE

STOW-AWAY, THE (Sailor song with ct. 1st. From Liverpool across the Atlantic...)-see: Peacock, III, 890 wm. Also see: STOW 'WAY

STOW'N SUGAR IN THE HULL BELOW (Shanty. 1st. I wish I was in Mobile Bay...)-see: Botkin (MRF), 592 wo

STOW 'WAY (Spiritual)-see: MB

ST. PATRICK'S BELLS (vt)-see: LORD LOVEL

ST. PATRICK'S DAY (vt)-see: SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

STRAIGHT ACROSS THE HALL (vt)-see: GO STRAIGHT ACROSS THE HALL

STRANGE PROPOSAL, A (vt)-see: RIDDLE SONG II

STRANGER AND THAT DUN HORSE, THE (vt)-see: ZEVRA DUN, THE

STRANGER AT THE SCOOP, A (Coalmining ballad. Tune: The Man at the Top Does All the Work. 1st. I came to this country a stranger unknown...)-see: Korson (MMP), 227 & (SBAM), 74 wo

STRANGER FAR FROM HOME, A (Love-marriage song. 1st. As I was a-walking one evening in spring...)-see: Manny, 293 wm. Also see: UNHAPPY LOVER I, THE

STRANGE THINGS WUZ HAPPENING (WWI soldier song, c. 1920-22. 1st. But Uncle Sam with Germany tried to live in peace...)-see: Brown, II, 553 & IV, 280 wm

STRAWBELLO STRAND (vt)-see: DROWNED LOVER, THE

STRAWBERRY BUSH, THE (ct)-see: ALL DOWN TO SLEEP & MULBERRY BUSH, THE

STRAWBERRY LANE (vt)-see: TRUE LOVER OF MINE, A

STRAWBERRY ROAN, THE (Cowboy song)-see: MB

STRAWBERRY TOWER (vt)-see: DROWNED LOVER, THE
STRAWBERRY TOWN (vt)-see: BRAMBLE BRIAR, THE
STREAMS OF LOVELY NANCY (vt)-see: NANCY
STREET CHEF, THE (Street vendor song. 1st. Ah'm a natu'al bo'n cook...)-see: Botkin (NYC), 295 wo
STREETS OF DERRY, THE (vt)-see: GALLOWS TREE, THE
STREETS OF LAREDO, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE III, THE
STREET SONG (vt)-see Index: RAG MAN
STRIKE BREAKER'S LAMENT (Occupational song. Tune: Bingen on the Rhine. 1st. A miner from Missouri lay dying in the hills...)-see: Lingenfelter, 174 wm
STRIKE IN THE ASHES aka SCHLACK IN DIE ESCH (Pa.-Dutch par. of Ta-ra-ra-boom-dee-ay. 1st. Same as titles ...)-see: Boyer, 156 wm
STRIKE IS ON, THE (Labor Union song. 1st. The strike is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out...)-see: Korson (CDF), 430 wo
STRIKE, BOYS, STRIKE (Labor Union song. 1st. As a miner I did list with pick and shovel in my fist ...)-see: Korson (CDF), 417 wo
STRIKE OF THE RYE MINERS, THE (Eng. Labor Union song. 1st. As I sat home last night when the fire was burning bright...)-see: Korson (CDF), 404 wo
STRIKE THE BELL (Shanty. 1st. Aft on the poop deck, walkin' about...)-see: Hugill (2), 164 wm
STRIKING A LEAD (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER XVI
STRING TO MY BOW, A (vt)-see: BIRD SONG I, THE
STRING TOWN (Dance tune)-see: Ford (OTFM), 35 & (TMA), 98 mo
STROLLING THROUGH NORFOLK (vt)-see: FIRE SHIP III
STRONG IS THE POWER OF BRIGHAM'S GOD (Mormon song about confrontation between Mormon and U. S. troops. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Cheney, 89 wo

ST. STEPHEN AND HEROD aka SEYNT STEVYN AND HEROWDES (Old Eng. religious conversion ballad. 1st. Saint Stephen leads the foals to water...OR: St. Stephen was a serving man...)-see: Child, I, 233 wo; Flanders (BMNE), 217 wm; Houseman, 63 wo; Kinsely, 3 wo; Quiller-Couch, 426 wo

STU BALL (vt)-see: SKEWBALL

STUDENT AND THE TUNNEL, THE (Humorous song. 1st. Riding down from Bangor on the Eastern train...) -see: Leisy (SPS), 146 wm

STUDY WAR NO MORE (vt)-see: DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE I

STUPID SHEPHERD, THE (vt)-see: EL PASTOR TONTO

ST. VARNIE'S BELL (vt)-see: LORD LOVEL

SUBDIVIDED COWBOY, THE aka SUBDIVIDED BLUES (Hard times song. 1st. Worked half my life on the old home spread...)-see: Lee (TTGC), 132, 229 wm

SUBSTANTIAL JOYS (Hymn with floating stanzas. 1st. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone...)-see: McCurry, 28 wm. Also see Index: JESUS, MY ALL, TO HEAVEN IS GONE

SUBSTITUTE, THE (Lumbermen's song. 1st. Tom Burke was filer at old camp Four...)-see: Beck (SML), 275 wo

SUBSTITUTE WALTZ (Dance tune)-see: Thede, 155 mo

SUCH A GETTING UP STAIRS (vt)-see: SICH A GITTING UP STAIRS

SUCKING CIDER THROUGH A STRAW (Humorous song)-see: MB

SUDDEN DEPARTURE (Game song. 1st. It snows and it blows...)-see: Newell, 126 wo

SUFFER ME TO DIE NO MO' (Spiritual. 1st. Rockin' een de golden chariot...)-see: Cohen (LS), 81 wm

SUFFOLK MIRACLE, THE (vt)-see: RESTLESS GHOST, THE

SUGAR AND TEA (Dance & game song)-see: MB

SUGAR BABE I & II (Dance song & blues with ct)-see: MB. Also see: DUMMY LINE, THE & HONEY, BABY MINE II

SUGAR BABE BLUES (vt)-see: SUGAR BABE II

SUGAR BETTY ANN (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 125 mo

SUGAR HILL (Adapt. of Long-Tail Blue. 1st. Shoo fly lady my girl...)-see: Roberts (SRS), 174 wm. Also see: MY LONG TAIL BLUE

SUGAR IN MY COFFEE (Dance song)-see: MB

SUGAR IN THE GOURD (Minstrel "walk around" song by Dan Emmett. 1st. 'Twas on a cold and frosty night ...)-see: Ford (OTFM), 8 & (TMA), 98 wm

SUGAR LOAF TEA (vt)-see: SUGAR AND TEA

SUGAR LUMP (Game song)-see: MB

SUGAR NOTCH ENTOMBMENT, THE (Coalmine disaster song. 1st. It was in the month of April...)-see: Korson (MMP), 193 & (SBAM), 149 wo

SUGAR TOWN (vt)-see Index: WENT UP ON THE MOUNTAIN. Also see: FLOATERS & LIZA JANE

SUKEY SUDDS (Comical song. 1st. Sukey Sudds was a-standing in front of her tubs...)-see: Randolph, III, 190 wo

SULLIVAN MURDER, THE (vt)-see Index: DUTCHER MURDER, THE

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN, or SUMER IS ICUMEN IN (Round. Dates from 1250. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Bantock, 1 wm; Taylor (BR), 171 wm

SUMMER MORNING, THE (vt)-see: WHITE COCKADE

SUN AND MOON (vt)-see Index: OPEN THE GATES

SUNDAY MORNING (vt)-see: ZESTFUL WOOER V

SUNDAY MORNING BAND (Spiritual. 1st. What ban' that Sunday mornin'...)-see: Work (ANSS), 52 wm

SUNDAY NIGHT (vt)-see Index: HAY-O-MY-LUCKY-O

SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR, THE (Humorous song)-see: MB

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG (vt)-see: EDUCATED MAN II, THE

SUN DON'T SET IN DE MORNIN' (Spiritual. 1st. Pray on, prayin' sister...)-see: Dett, 23 wm. Also see: PRAY ON I

SUN DOWN BELOW (Shanty. 1st. Six o'clock, I hear 'em say...OR: Sun down below an' mus' go...)-see: Harlow, 85 wm; Parrish, 221 wo

SUNFLOWER CHORUS ON MICANOPY PEOPLE (Local song. Tune: Goodby, My Lover, Goodbye. 1st. The Mayor came driving around the bend...)-see: Morris, 35 wo

SUN MOWS DOWN, THE aka GOING TO PRAY UNTIL I DIE (Spiritual. 1st. Hurry, mourner! Hurry, mourner! ...OR: Now what do you thin' about dyin'....)-see: Work (ANSS), 229 wm

SUNNY SOUTH I & II (Home praise songs)-see: MB

SUNNY TENNESSEE aka THE GIRL I LOVED IN SUNNY TENNESSEE (Tragic love song. 1st. On a morning bright and clear ...)-see: Brown, V, 457 wm; Randolph, IV, 332 wo

SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL (vt)-see Index: OH, THE SUNSHINE!

SUNSHINE SPECIAL (vt)-see: C. C. RIDER

SUN VALLEY SONG, THE (vt)-see Index: SKIER'S LAMENT, THE

SUN WILL NEVER GO DOWN, THE (Spiritual. 1st. Oh, the sun will never go down...)-see: Courlander (NSA), 33 wm

SUPEN UT, EN DRAM PÄ MAN aka KOM HÖR, KOM HÖR; COME HERE, COME HERE & LISTEN, LISTEN (Scandinavian shanty. 1st. Same as title...OR: Oh, drink it down, one for each man...)-see: Hugill (1), 282 wm

SURELY I CAN DO (Game song. Adapt. of All For The Men. 1st. Any amount...surely I can do...)-see: Brown, V, 462 wm. Also see: THIS-A WAY, THAT-A WAY

SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON (vt)-see: ON THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON

SUSAN AND SWEET WILLIAM, or WILLIE (ct)-see: ON THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR. Also see Index: ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

SUSAN AND WILLIAM (vt)-see: ON THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR

SUSAN BROWN (Dance-fiddle song)-see: MB

SUSAN JANE aka MISS SUSANNA JANE & OH, SUSAN, QUIT YOUR FOOLING (Series of similar songs, not necessarily derived from a single source; but all have a similarity equal to their differences. 1st. I know somebody's got my lover...1st. I went down to see my Susan...1st. Miss Sue, Miss Sue, somebody's in your cellar...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 318 wo; Brown, V, 511 wm; Bulletin (TFS), V, 4, 40; Dobie (BSFF), 134; Hamilton, 291; Johnson (EAS), 35; Jour (AFL), XXVII, 291; Keach, 4 wm; Talley, 77 wo; Wilson (BA), 75 wo

SUSANNA COX (1810 murder ballad, translated from a Ger. broadside; it tells story of woman who murdered her own child, and of her execution at Reading, Pa. 1st. All ye who feel for others' woes... OR: ach merket auf, ihr Menschen all...)-see: Korson (PSL), 120, 125 wm

SUSANNAH CLARGY (Betrayed lover & ghost ballad. 1st. There was a lady lived in Cain...)-see: Sharp, II, 261 wm

SUSANNAH, DON'T YOU CRY (vt)-see: OH, SUSANNA!

SUSANNAH ROGERS' ELEGY (Local death song about Jonathan Frye, who was killed by Indians in a battle known as the Pigwacket Fight. 1st. Assist ye muses, help my quill...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), VI, 3 wo

SUSANNA JANE (vt)-see Index: SUSAN JANE

SUSANNAVISAN aka SUSANNA SONG (Swedish shanty. 1st. Oh, I was born on Sweden's coast...)-see: Hugill (1), 116 wm

SUSAN OF KILDARE (vt)-see: PRIDE OF KILDARE II

SUSAN PRICE (vt)-see: YOUNG BATEMAN

SUSAN PYE AND LORD BEICHAN (vt)-see: YOUNG BATEMAN

SUSAN'S DREAM (vt)-see Index: FAR, FAR AT SEA

SUSAN THE PRIDE OF KILDARE (vt)-see: PRIDE OF KILDARE II, THE

SUSAN VAN DUSAN (Cowboy song. 1st. Oh, Susan Van Dusan...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 409 wo

SUSIANA aka POOR LUCY ANA (Captan shanty. 1st. Oh, the mountain's so high...OR: We'll heave him up from down below...)-see: Bullen & Arnold, 14 wm; Doerflinger, 83 wm; Hugill (1), 379 wm

SUSIE (ct)-see: SUSAN BROWN & SUZANITA

SUSIE BROWN (vt)-see: SUSAN BROWN

SUSIE CLELAND (vt)-see: LOVELY MAISIE

SUSIE GIRL (Game song. 1st. Ring 'round, miss Susie gal...)-see: Talley, 76 wo

SUSIE SILVER (vt)-see: MURDER OF CHARLIE SILVER, THE

SUSIE'S SEARCH FOR HER LOVER (vt)-see: LOST LOVER, THE

SUSIE, SWEEP THE KITCHEN aka BRIGHAM YOUNG (Humorous Mormon song. 1st. I'd like to take a pleasure trip...)-see: Hubbard, 412 wo

SUSQUEHANNA, THE (Schottish & love song)-see: MB

SUSSEX FARMER, THE (vt)-see: DEVIL AND THE FAMER'S WIFE, THE

SUSY GAL (Play-party song. Tune similar to Little Brown Jug. 1st. Susy licked the ladle...)-see: Brown, III, 372 & V, 226 wm

SUZANITA (Sp. love song)-see: MB

SUZE ANN (Love song. 1st. Yes, I loves dat gal wid a blue dress on...)-see: Talley, 68 wo

SUZIE BROWN (vt)-see: SUSAN BROWN

SVINEPER aka THE DIRTY OLD PIG & THE OLD BRIG (Norwegian shanty. 1st. Udi Parmerent i Hollad der laa en gammal brigg...OR: Oh, in Parmerent in Holland there lay an ancient brig...)-see: Hugill (1), 232 wm

SWALLOW, THE (Sailor song. 1st. On the 8th of September this clipper I joined...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 186 wm

SWALLOW TAIL COAT, THE (19th cent. "pop" song, now used as a dance tune...)-see: Ford (TMA), 98 mo

SWAMP FOX, THE (Tribute song)-see: MB

SWAN, THE (Forsaken lover song. 1st. As I was returning home from Wexford...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 75 wm

SWANEE RIVER (vt)-see: OLD FOLKS AT HOME

SWANNANOA TOWN (vt)-see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER IV

SWANNANOA TUNNEL, THE aka SWAN O TUNNEL (Work song with ct. 1st. I'm a-goin' back to Swannanoa Tunnel...)-see: Botkin (SFL), 749 wm; Henry (FSSH), 448 wo; Silverman, II, 410 wm. Also see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER IV

SWAN O TUNNEL (ct)-see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER IV. Also see Index: SWANNANOA TUNNEL

SWANSEA TOWN (Cape Horn sailing song. 1st. Now, the Lord made the bee and the bee did make the honey ...)-see: Doerflinger, 152 wm

SWAPPING BOY (vt)-see: SWAPPING SONG, THE

SWAPPING SONG, THE (Novelty song)-see: MB

SWEDE FROM NORTH DAKOTA, THE (Irreverant dialect song. Tune: Reuben, Reuben. 1st. I bin a Swade from Nort' Dakota...)-see: Lingenfelter, 493 wm; Milburn, 139 wo. Also compare: Beck (LLC), 182

SWEEP, OH SWEEP! (Chimney-sweep song. 1st. Sweep, oh sweep! Sweep de chimney...)-see: Botkin (NYC), 347 wm

SWEEPSTAKE AND THE GEORGE A. LEE, THE (vt)-see: HIGH BARBAREE

SWEET ALICE (Love memory song)-see: MB

SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT (vt)-see: SWEET ALICE

SWEET AND LOW aka SLEEP, MY LITTLE ONE (Lullaby, by Joseph Barnby. 1st. Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the Western Sea...)-see: Best, 107 wm; Leisy (LAS), 120 wm; Songs (15), 35 wm

SWEET AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY TIME, or SPRINGTIME (Love lament. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Randolph, IV, 353 wo

SWEET BALLENDEN BRAES (vt)-see: BESSIE OF BALLYDUBRAY

SWEET BANN WATER (vt)-see: IRISH GIRL I & II, THE

SWEET BETSEY, or BETSY (vt)-see: SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE (Satirical song)-see: MB

SWEET BIRDS aka SWEET FERN (Love song. 1st. The birds are returning their sweet notes of Spring...OR: Oh, why do the days glide by so slowly?...OR: Springtime is coming sweet lonesome birds...OR: Tell me, Sweet Bird, is he thinking of me?...)-see: Brown, III, 350 & V, 211 wm; Davis (FSV), 103 wo; Henry (BMFS), 58 wm; Roberts (IP), 239 wm

SWEET BROWN KNOWE, THE (vt)-see Index: MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN BROW, THE

SWEET BUNCH OF DAISIES (Love song. 1st. Same as title ...)-see: Brown, V, 458 wm; Pound (SFSN), XIV, No. 17 wo. Also compare: Jour (AFL), LIX, 466

SWEET BYE AND BYE (Hymn & SS)-see: MB

SWEET CANAAN (Hymn with ct. 1st. Come along and taste with me...)-see: McCurry, 140 wm. Also see next listing.

SWEET CANAAN (Spiritual with ct. 1st. Oh, my brother, did you come for to help me?...)-see: Dett, 188 wm; Marsh (SJS), 243 wm. Also see: LAND OF CANAAN

SWEET CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND (vt)-see: PRAY GIVE ME YOUR RIGHT HAND. Also see: LAND OF CANAAN

SWEET CHILD (vt)-see: HONEY, BABY MINE I B

SWEET CIDER (vt)-see: SUSAN BROWN B

SWEET CIGARETTE ("Joys" of smoking song. 1st. To my sweet cigarette I am singing...)-see: Shay (DFW), 82 wm

SWEET DUNDEE, THE (vt)-see: BANKS OF THE SWEET DUNDEE, THE

SWEET ELLA'S GRAVE (vt)-see Index: ELLA'S GRAVE

SWEET ENGLAND (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER I, THE

SWEET EUROPE (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER I, THE

SWEET EVELINA (vt)-see: EVELINA

SWEET FAIR ELLA (vt)-see: JEALOUS LOVER B, THE

SWEET FERN (vt)-see Index: SWEET BIRDS. Also see: Henry (BMFS), 58

SWEET FIELDS OF VIOLO (Accumulative song. 1st. How happy I was on my father's farm...)-see: Pound, 238 wo. Also see: FARMER I & II, THE

SWEET FORGET-ME-NOT (Love song with ct. 1st. Oh, fancy brings a thought to me...)-see: Brown, V, 459 wm. Also see next listing.

SWEET FORGET-ME-NOT (Love song with ct. Adapt. of above listed song with same title. 1st. O girl, O girl! What have I done?...)-see: Odum (NHS), 195 wo

SWEET GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME (vt)-see: GIRL I LEFT BEHIND I C

SWEET GRAMACHREE (Irish love song. 1st. I am a young lover that is sorely imprest...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 34 wm; Petrie (1882), 21 wm

SWEET GRAVEL (vt)-see: GREEN GRAVEL

SWEETHEART A-HUNTING (vt)-see Index: LONG SUMMER DAY, A

SWEETHEART, FAREWELL (False lover song; similar to Fond Affection & The False Lover. 1st. Sweetheart, farewell! at last we part...)-see: Brown, II, 428 wo

SWEETHEART IN THE ARMY, A (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER I

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES (Drinking song, in "toast" form. 1st. 'Mid the smiles of bright-eyed lasses...OR: Now, comrades, fill your glasses...)-see: Ford (TMA), 349 wm; Trident, 56 wm

SWEET HEAVEN (Spiritual with ct. Related to Don't You See? & Poor Old Lazarus. 1st. I want to go to heaven and I want to go right...)-see: Brown, III, 672 wo; McCurry, 118 wm; White & King, 278 wm. Also compare: Brown, III, 665 & V, 389 wm; White, 109

SWEET JANE (Adventure-love ballad. 1st. Farewell, sweet Jane, for I must start...)-see: Brown, II, 608 & IV, 296 wm; Combs (FSMEU), 206 & (FSUS), 177 wo; Laws B 22. Also see: LASS OF ROCH ROYAL, THE

SWEET JANE'S DEATH (vt)-see: QUEEN JANE

SWEET JENNY OF THE MOOR (vt)-see Index: JENNY OF THE MOOR

SWEET JULY (Love song with unhappy ending. 1st. 'Twas in the month of sweet July...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), I, 8 wm

SWEET KITTY CLOVER (vt)-see Index: KITTY CLOVER

SWEET KITTY WELLS (vt)-see: KITTY WELLS

SWEET LARILLA (vt)-see: JEALOUS LOVER B, THE

SWEET LAVENDER (vt)-see: LAVENDER'S BLUE

SWEET LILLIE (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER VI, THE

SWEET LILY (Cowboy song with ct. 1st. My foot is in my stirrup...)-see: Fife, 228 C wo. Also see: OLD PAINT I & II & UNHAPPY LOVER VI, THE

SWEET LITTLE BIRDIE, THE aka THE LITTLE ROBIN (Children's song. Similar to The Little Girl and the Robin, a song by Geo. J. Webb in The New First Music Reader, 1889, p. 2. 1st. There came to my window one morning in Spring...)-see: Pound (SFSN), XXVII, No. 9 wo; Randolph, IV, 411 wm

SWEET LIZA JANE (vt)-see: LIZA JANE

SWEET LONG AGO (Remembrance song. 1st. There's a mystic golden shore...)-see: Brown, V, 460 wm; Jour (AFL), LIX, 466 wo

SWEET LOST WILLIE (vt)-see: LOST LOVER, THE

SWEET LOVELY JOAN (Courting-robbery song. 1st. A story to you I will relate...)-see: Jour (FSS), I, 270 & IV, 90, 330; Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 212 wm; Sharp (FSFS), IV, No. 95 & (100), 130 wm; Williams (FSUT), 46 wo

SWEET LOW, SWEET CHARIOT (vt)-see: SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

SWEET LULUR (vt)-see: PRISONER'S SONG II

SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY (Round. 1st. Sweetly sings the donkey at the break of day...)-see: Best, 144 wm; Winn (1), 187 wm; Yolen, 32 wm

SWEET MAISRY (vt)-see: LOVELY MAISIE

SWEET MAMA, TREETOP TALL (Country blues. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 242 wo

SWEET MAMIE CHADMAN (Love song. 1st. Sweet Mamie Chadman dat's the girl I love...)-see: Brewer, 196 wm

SWEET MARIE (Romance song. 1st. I've kept a secret in my heart, sweet Marie...)-see: Ford (TMA), 379 wm

SWEET MARY (vt)-see Index: FAREWELL, SWEET MARY

SWEET MARY ACKLAND (vt)-see Index: MARY RILEY

SWEET MEMORIES OF THEE (Sentimental "pop" song. 1st. When soft stars are pepping thro' the pure azure sky...)-see: Ford (TMA), 307 wm

SWEET MOLLY MALONE (vt)-see: COCKLES AND MUSSELS

SWEET MORNING aka WE'LL ALL SHOUT TOGETHER IN THAT MORNING (Spiritual. 1st. The happy day will soon appear...)-see: Cayce, 254; Jackson (SFS), 181 wm & (WSSU), 233 wo; White & King, 421 wm

SWEET MOSSY BANKS OF THE WEY, THE (Love song. 1st. I first took a trip to old England...)-see: Peacock, I, 600 wm

SWEET NELLIE (vt)-see: MYRA BELLE LEE

SWEET NELSON, MY SON (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

SWEET NIGHTINGALE, THE (Forecastle shanty with ct. 1st. Now, come pretty maid, oh, don't be afraid ...)-see: Hugill (1), 562 wm. Also see next listing.

SWEET NIGHTINGALE, THE (Eng. country song with ct. 1st. How delightful it is in the time of the Spring...)-see: Baring-Gould (SW), No. 15; Bell, 467; Broadwood (ECS), 124; Karpeles (EFS), I, 393 wm; Williams (FSUT), 45 wo

SWEET ONIE (vt)-see: MURDER OF NAOMIE WISE, THE

SWEET PERTATER MAN, DE (Harlem market song. 1st. see dese gread big sweet pertaters...)-see: Botkin (NYC), 296 wo

SWEET PINKS AND ROSES (Game song. Adapt. from Green Grass. 1st. Sweet pinks and roses, strawbeers on de vines...)-see: Morris, 208 wm; Talley, 92 wo. Also see: GREEN GRASS. Also see Index: GREEN LEAVES

SWEET POTATOES (Creole song. 1st. Soon as we all cook sweet potatoes...)-see: Winn (2), 198 wm

SWEET PRIMROSES, or PRIMAROSES aka AS I WALKED OUT; THE BANKS OF SWEET PRIMROSES; PRIMROSES; THE SWEET PRIMROSES & THREE LONG STEPS (Dialogue-form love song. 1st. Now as I walked out one May mid-summer's morning...)-see: Baring-Gould (FSWC), 16; Barrett, 80; Carey (TEFS), 2; Creighton (TSNS), 127 wm; Jour (EFDS), VII, 151; Karpeles (EFS), 609; Kidson (GEFS), 56; MacColl & Seeger, 226; Moeran, 12; Reeves, 202 wo; Sharp (EFS), I, 80 & (FSFS), 8 & (100), 114 wm

SWEET PROSPECT (vt)-see: JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS B

SWEET ROBIN (vt)-see: YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE

SWEET SALLY (vt)-see: SALLY THE RICH SOUTHERN LADY

SWEET SOLDIER BOY (vt)-see: LOST LOVER, THE

SWEET SUNNY SOUTH, THE (vt)-see: SUNNY SOUTH I & II, THE

SWEET, SWEET HOME (vt)-see Index: MEMPHIS

SWEET TALKING SOLDIER, THE aka KING DAVID HAD A PLEASANT DREAM; THE SLIGHTED SOLDIER & THE SOLDIER (Courting & love song, 18th cent. 1st. A soldier and a comely maid, as they walked forth one day...) -see: Belden (BS), 170 wo; Sharp, II, 247 wm

SWEET TENNESSEE (Wanderer's song. 1st. Come an' go to sweet Tennessee...)-see: Odum (NHS), 179 wo

SWEET THE HOUR WHEN FIRST I MET YOU (vt)-see: FALSE LOVER II

SWEET THING (Dance song with ct. Similar to several other songs. 1st. A bottle of liquor on my breast ...OR: Oh, what will you do when the pond goes dry, sweet thing?...OR: When I'm dead don't bury me at all...)-see: Randolph, III, 197 wm. Also see: HONEY BABY MINE I B. Also see next listing.

SWEET THING, SWEET THING (Love lament)-see: MB

SWEET TRINITY, THE (vt)-see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE. Also see next listing.

SWEET TRINITY (Philosophical song. 1st. A hunter early ranging...)-see: Morris, 173 wm

SWEET TURTLE DOVE aka JERUSALEM MORNIN' (Spiritual. 1st. Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet...)-see: Dett, 164 wm

SWEET VALE OF SCHOHARIE ("Home pride" song. 1st. Down in old Schoharie Valley...)-see: Gardner (FSH), xvii wo

SWEET VIOLETS (Suggestive song)-see: MB

SWEET WATER ROLLING (Children's song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Seeger (1), 65 wm

SWEET WILDEE, or WILDER (vt)-see: CARPENTER'S WIFE, THE

SWEET WILLIAM (ct)-see: ARMS OF LOVE I; BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE, THE; EARLY IN THE SPRING; ELLEN'S ELOPEMENT; LAMENT OF A BORDER WIDOW; LOST LOVER, THE; MARGARET'S GHOST; MASQUERADING WOMAN I & XII; MURDER OF NAOMIE WISE, THE; MYRA BELLE LEE; RAMBLING BOY, THE; SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER, THE; SWEET WILLIE'S GHOST; UNFAITHFUL LOVER IV; UNHAPPY LOVER II; VILIKINS AND DINAN & WILLIAM AND NANCY

SWEET WILLIAM AND FAIR ELLEN (vt)-see: ELLEN'S ELOPEMENT

SWEET WILLIAM AND FAIR MARGARET, or MAGARET, or MARGET (ct)-see: MARGARET'S GHOST & SWEET WILLIE'S GHOST

SWEET WILLIAM AND LADY MARGARET (ct)-see: MARGARET'S GHOST & SWEET WILLIE'S GHOST

SWEET WILLIAM AND LADY MARGERY (vt)-see: MARGARET'S GHOST

SWEET WILLIAM AND LOVELY NANCY (vt)-see: WILLIAM AND NANCY

SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARGARET (vt)-see: SWEET WILLIE'S GHOST

SWEET WILLIAM AND NANCY (vt)-see: WILLIAM AND NANCY

SWEET WILLIAM AND THE SAILOR BOY (vt)-see: LOST LOVER, THE

SWEET WILLIAM AND THE YOUNG COLONEL (vt)-see Index: YOUNG JOHNSTONE

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL (vt)-see Index: BLACK-EYED SUSAN

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST (vt)-see: SWEET WILLIE'S GHOST

SWEET WILLIAM THE SAILOR BOY (vt)-see: LOST LOVER, THE

SWEET WILLIE, or WILLY (ct)-see: CUCKOO IS A PRETTY BIRD, THE; ELLEN'S ELOPEMENT; I LOVE HANDSOME BILLY; IT'S SINFUL TO FLIRT; LAMENT OF A BORDER WIDOW; LOST LOVER, THE; MARGARET'S GHOST; SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER, THE; SWEET WILLIE'S GHOST; UNHAPPY LOVER II & VI

SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR ANNIE (vt)-see: LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR

SWEET WILLIE AND SUSAN (vt)-see: ON THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR

SWEET WILLIE'S GHOST (Superstition ballad)-see: MB

SWEET WILLY (ct)-see: I LOVE HANDSOME BILLY & UNHAPPY LOVER VI, THE. Also see Index: SWEET WILLIE

SWIM SWOM BONNY, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

SWINE-HERDERS (vt)-see: HOG DROVERS

SWINE STEALERS (vt)-see: HOG DROVERS

SWING A LADY, or SWING A LADY HOME (ct)-see: SOME LADY'S GARDEN B & PAW-PAW PATCH, THE

SWING AND TURN aka JUBILEE (Singing game. 1st. All out on the railroad...)-see: Langstaff (1), 39 wm; Lomax (FSNA), 237 wm; Ritchie (FS), 17 & (SSB), 36 wm

SWINGING IN THE LANE (vt)-see Index: ROSY NELL

SWING IN THE HALL (Dance tune)-see: Durlacher, 134 mo

SWING LOW, CHARIOT (Spiritual. 1st. Swing low, chariot, low in de Eas'...)-see: Dett, 100 wm. Also see next listing.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT (Spiritual)-see: MB

SWING ON THE CORNER (vt)-see: GO STRAIGHT ACROSS THE HALL

SWING THE GIRLS (vt)-see: GIRL I LEFT BEHIND V, THE

SWISS WALTZ (Dance tune)-see: Linscott, 119 mo

SWISS WEAR PANTS, THE (Eng. ver. of Ger. nonsense song: D'r Schwiezemann hot Heisen â. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Korson (PSL), 109 wm

SWORD OF BUNKER HILL, THE (vt)-see: BUNKER HILL V

SWORD OF ROBERT E. LEE, THE (Tribute song, by Father Abram J. Ryan and A. E. Blackmar. 1st. Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 71 wm; Kennedy (TAB), 147 wo; Staton, 91 wo

SYCAMORE TREE, THE (vt)-see: GALLOWS TREE, THE

SYDNEY ALLEN (vt)-see: SIDNEY AND CLAUD ALLEN
SYLVA (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN IX
SYLVIA RODE OUT ONE DAY (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN IX
SYLVIA'S REQUEST AND WILLIAM'S DENIAL (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN IX
SYNG HÖIT FALERI (Norwegian shanty. 1st. An nor du liden Baadsmand hued jeg vil sige dig...)-see: Hugill (1), 558 wm

TABOUR (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 91 mo
TAB SCOTT (Shanty. 1st. One morning as I went walking down Clarance Dock...)-see: Beck (FLM), 182 wo
TACKING OF A FULL-RIGGED SHIP OFF SHORE aka TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE (Occupational ballad. 1st. The weather leach our topsails shivers...)-see: Creighton (SBNS), 321 wm; Eckstorm, 216 wo
TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN (Nursery song. 1st. Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief...)-see: Bertail, 135 wm; Brown, III, 170 & V, 101 wm; Wier (YAM), I, 46 wm
TAIL OF ME COAT, THE aka JUST TREAD ON THE TAIL OF ME COAT (Humorous Irish song. 1st. I've licked all the Murphys and Finnegans...)-see: Randolph, III, 238 wm; Wehman (ISB-1), 71
TAILOR AND THE CROW, THE (vt)-see: CARRION CROW, THE
TAILOR AND THE MOUSE, THE (Eng. song. Rare in Amer. tradition. 1st. There was a tailor and a mouse ...)-see: Baring-Gould (EFSS), 100 wm; Gilbert (100), 14 wm; Ives (SA), 2 & (SB), 24 wm; Silverman, I, 318 wm; Yolen, 194 wm
TAILOR BOY (vt)-see: JOLLY SAILORS, THE

TAILOR IN THE CHEST, A (vt)-see: SAILOR AND THE CHEST, THE

TAIL PIECE—A STANZA (Cowboy ballad. 1st. Oh, the cow-puncher loves the whistle of his rope...)-see: Lomax (CS-1919), 326 wo

TAILS (vt)-see: ANIMAL TAILS

T'AINT GONNA RAIN NO MO' (vt)-see: AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

T'AINT NOBODY'S BIZNESS BUT MY OWN aka NOBODY'S BUSINESS (One-time "pop" song. 1st. Baby, you ought-a tole me...)-see: Odum (NHS), 178 wo

TAKE A PEEK (Dance tune)-see: Durlacher, 58 mo

TAKE A SNIFF ON ME (vt)-see: TAKE A WHIFF ON ME

TAKE AWAY THE WHISKEY (Mormon cultural song. 1st. Take away the whiskey, coffee and the tea...)-see: Hubbard, 407 wo

TAKE A WHIFF ON ME (Drug addiction song)-see: MB

TAKE BACK YOUR GOLD (1890s moralistic song, by Monroe Rosenfeld and Louis W. Pritzkow. 1st. I saw youth and maiden on a lonely street...)-see: Randolph, IV, 341 wo; Spaeth (REW), 202 wm

TAKE ME BACK TO OLD MONTANA (Cowboy ballad. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 334 wo

TAKE ME HOME (ct)-see: SUNNY SOUTH II, THE. Also see next listing.

TAKE ME HOME aka ALONE IN THIS WORLD; I'M ALL ALONE IN THIS WORLD & I'M ALONE IN THIS WORLD (Spiritual with ct. 1st. My father's gone to glory...OR: O my father's gone to glory...)-see: Brown, III, No. 31 wo; Dobie (TBE), 181 wm; Jackson (SFS), 219 wm; Roberts (SBS), 140 wm

TAKE ME HOME TO MY MOMMER (vt)-see: KITTY KLINE

TAKE ME OUT OF PITY (vt)-see: OLD MAID I

TAKE MY FEET OUT THE MIRY CLAY (vt)-see Index: AIN'T YOU GLAD YOU GOT GOOD RELIGION?

TAKE MY HAMMER (vt)-see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER III
TAKES A WORRIED MAN (Country blues)-see: MB
TAKE THIS HAMMER (vt)-see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER III
TAKE YO' FEET OUT DE SAND ("Hayride" song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Arnold, 145 wm
TAKE YO' TIME (Ribald song)-see: MB
TAKE YOUR GUN AND GO, JOHN ("Inspirational" Civil War song, by H. T. Merrill. 1st. Don't stop a moment to think, John...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 105 wm
TAKE YOUR TIME (Country blues with ct. 1st. Baby, baby, didn't you say...)-see: Odum (NHS), 176 wo. Also see: TAKE YO' TIME
TAKE YOUR TIME, MISS LUCY (vt)-see: LUCY LONG
TAKING A WALK (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS
TALE OF A LITTLE PIG (vt)-see: UNCLE JIM'S WIFE
TALE OF A TRAMP (Auto-biographical ballad. 1st. Let me sit down a moment...)-see: Brown, III, 425 wo
TALE OF JESTS, A (vt)-see Index: LIAR'S SONG, THE
TALK ABOUT JESUS (Hymn. 1st. Talk about Jesus—he has blessed my soul...)-see: Brown, III, 673 wo
TALK ABOUT ME (Rural attitude song. 1st. Yes, I know you goin' talk 'bout me...)-see: Odum (NHS), 84 wo
TALKING ABOUT THE WELCOME DAY (vt)-see: ZION'S CHILDREN
TALKING BLUES (Humorous song)-see: MB
TALKING COLUMBIA (Adapt. of Talking Blues by Woody Guthrie. 1st. I was down along the river...)-see: Lomax (FSNA), 442 wo
TALKING DUST-BOWL BLUES (Another adapt. of Talking Blues by Woody Guthrie. 1st. Back in nineteen twenty-seven...)-see: Lomax (FSNA), 434 wm
TALL ANGEL AT THE BAR (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Arnold, 165 wm; Kennedy (M-1), 7 wm
TALL GROW THE RUSHES (vt)-see Index: NANCY OF LONDON

TALT HALL (Outlaw song. Talt Hall, a Kentucky bandit, was hanged in Virginia near end of 19th century. 1st. Come all you fathers and mothers...)-see: Combs (FSUS), 157 wo

TAMKIN (vt)-see: LARKIN THE MASON

TAM LANE (vt)-see Index: TAM LIN

TAM LIN aka TAM LANE (Scot. mythological-transformation ballad. 1st. I forbid ye, maidens all...OR: May Margarey sat in her castle tower...)-see: Child, I, 335 wo; Friedman, 41 wo; Johnson (SMM), No. 411; Kinsley, 13 wm; Muir, 126 wo; Quiller-Couch, 4 wo; Sanders, 124 wo; Scarborough (SC), 250, 422 wm

TAM O' THE LINN (vt)-see: TOM BOLYNN

TAM PEARCE (vt)-see: OLD UNCLE TOM COBLEY

TAMPING TIES (RR work song. 1st. Tamp 'em up solid...) -see: Botkin (RFL), 445 wo

TANEY COUNTY (vt)-see: WAYWARD YOUTH, THE

TANNENBAUM, OH TANNENBAUM (vt)-see Index: O TANNENBAUM

TANYARD SIDE, THE (vt)-see Index: DOWN BY THE TAN-YARD SIDE

TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DEE-AY (Union labor par. of Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Der-é. 1st. I had a job once threshing wheat ...)-see: IWW (L. A. Local, 1912), 3 wo; Kornbluh, 143 wo; Lingenfelter, 494 wo; Luther, 273 wo; Stavis, 22 wm. See next listing.

TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DER-E (1890s dance hall song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Agay (2), 190 wm; Levy, 183 wm

TARDY WOOER, THE (vt)-see Index: TARRY TROUSERS. Also see: Ord, 83 & Randolph, I, 415

TARPAULIN JACKET aka WRAP ME UP IN MY TARPAULIN JACKET (Navy shanty-song with ct, by Arthur Nash. Not related to Eng. broadside of like title, a ver. of which is in Greenleaf, pp. 102-103. 1st. Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove...)-see: Chamberlain, 277 wm; Ives (SA), 77 wm; Leisy (LAS), 78 wm; Most (PCS), 31 wm; Sandburg (AS), 436 wm; Trident, 122 wm. Also see Index: RAKISH YOUNG FELLOW, THE

TARRY SAILOR, THE (ct)-see: JACK THE JOLLY SAILOR I, II & IV

TARRY TROUSERS, THE aka ANCHOR AWEIGH, LOVE; AS I ROVED OUT; AS I ROVED OUT ONE EVENING & THE TARDY WOOER (Eng. attitude song. Known in Amer. tradition as a false lover song. 1st. As I roved out on one fine summer's evening...OR: As I walked out one fine May morning...)-see: Bikel (FF), 60 wm; Butterworth, 22 wm; Creighton (FSNB), 95 & (TSNS), 212 wm; Greenleaf, 69 wm; Huntington, 22 wm; Jour (FSS), II, 153, III, 313 & IV, 327; Karpeles (EFS), I, 547 wm; Lomax (FSNA), 30 wm; Peacock, II, 495 wm; Petrie, No. 657; Sharp, II, 168 wm, (ECFS), 48 wm, (FSE), II, 6 wm & (FSFS), 41 wm; Silverman, I, 96 wm. Also compare: Manny, 213

TASSELS ON HER BOOTS (Ver. of 19th cent. "pop" song. 1st. 'Twas at a fancy ball, I met my charmer fair ...)-see: Gilbert (LC), 60; Randolph, III, 257 wo; Spaeth (WSM), 93 wm

TATTLE-TALE BIRDY, THE (vt)-see: PRETTY BIRDY

TATOOED LADY, THE (Parody)-see: MB

TAVERN, THE aka AT THE SIGN OF THE APPLE; HUNG BY A TWIG SO TENDER & TWIG SO TENDER (Drinking song. 1st. Once on a time I visited...)-see: Belden (BS), 258 wo; Randolph, IV, 113 wm

TAVERN IN THE TOWN (vt)-see: UNFAITHFUL LOVER I, THE

TAXATION OF AMERICA (vt)-see: AMERICAN TAXATION

TAYLOR, THE FINE OLD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN (vt)-see: FINE OLD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN, THE

T. B. BLUES (Country blues. 1st. Too late, too late, too late...)-see: Silverman, II, 48 & (FB), 94 wm

TEACHER'S BLUES (Country blues. 1st. Teacher, teacher, why are you so poor?...)-see: Silverman, II, 16 & (FB), 125 wm

TEACHER'S LAMENT, THE (vt)-see Index: PROFESSOR'S LAMENT

TEACHING TABLE MANNERS ("Social" song. 1st. Now whilst we's here round de table...)-see: Talley, 197 wo

TE ADORE YO! aka THEE I ADORE (Sp.-Ca. love song. 1st. Te adoro yo con gran pasion...OR: Thee I adore with passion great...)-see: McCoy, 22 wm

TEAMSTERS' SONG, A (vt)-see Index: PEÑA HUECA

TEA PARTY, THE (Historical political song)-see: MB

TEARIN' OUT-A THE WILDERNESS (vt)-see: OUT OF THE WILDERNESS II

TEASLEY (Hymn with floating 1st stanza, 1853. 1st. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone...)-see: McCurry, 102 wm. Also see: I DON'T EXPECT TO STAY MUCH LONGER HERE. Also see Index: JESUS, MY ALL, TO HEAVEN IS GONE

TEA TAX, THE (Amer.political song with ct)-see: MB. Also see next listing.

TEA TAX, THE aka YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Amer. political song with ct. 1st. Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury...)-see: Morris, 20 wo

TEDIOUS HOURS (Hymn with floating 1st stanza, 1853. 1st. How tedious and tastelss the hours...)-see: McCurry, 69 wm. Also see Index: EDGEFIELD & GREENFIELD

TEENY COW, THE (vt)-see: OLD MAN GRUMBLE

TEETOTALLERS ARE COMING, THE (vt)-see Index: COLD WATER PLEDGE, THE

TELEPHONE BOOK (Humorous song. 1st. A phone book full of names don't mean a thing...)-see: Sandburg (NAS), 24 wm

TELL ALL MY FATHER'S CHILDREN (vt)-see: ANGELS WAITING AT THE DOOR

TELL ALL THE WORLD, JOHN (Spiritual)-see: MB

TELL IRENE HELLO (Country blues. 1st. If you go to Birmingham...)-see: Sandburg (NAS), 26 wm

TELL IT (vt)-see Index: FATHER ABRAHAM

TELL JESUS DONE DONE ALL I CAN (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Dett, 77 wm; Odum (NHS), 91 wo

TELL JOHN DON'T CALL THE ROLL (vt)-see: SINNER MAN V

TELL ME, IS MY FATHER COMING HOME? (Civil War song, by W. D. Smith, Jr. and F. Buckley. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 253 wm

TELL ME NOW (Soldier song. 1st. I don't know why I went to war...)-see: Niles (SMM), 209 wm

TELL ME WHERE TO FIND HIM (Spiritual)-see: MB

TELL ME WHO'S YOUR TRUE LOVE (1st line & vt)-see Index: TRUE LOVE

TELL ME WHY (Pop song that is traditional now. 1st. Tell me why the stars do shine...)-see: Best, 66 wm; Leisy (LAS), 122 wm

TELL MY JESUS "MORNING" (Spiritual. 1st. In de mornin' when I rise...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 15, 47 wm

TELL MY MOTHER aka ALL DAY LONG & OH, YOU BETTER WALK STEADY (Spiritual. 1st. Tell my mother, tell her for me...)-see: Brown, V, 488 wm. For related text, see: Grissom, 46

TELL OL' BILL (vt)-see: OLD BILL

TELL OLE NOAH, BUIL' ON DE ARK (Creole adapt. of spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Cohen (LS), 79 wm

TELL THE CAPTAIN (vt)-see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER III

TEMPERANCE LIFE-BOAT, THE (Prohibition song)-see: MB

TEMPERANCE SONG (Prohibition song with ct. 1st. We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band...)-see: Randolph, II, 414 wm. Also see: DRUNKARD IV, THE

TEMPTED LADY, THE (vt)-see: UNSUCCESSFUL SUITOR, THE

TEMPTEST, THE (Dance tune with ct)-see: Linscott, 114 mo; Ryan, 156 mo. Also see Index: CEASE RUDE BOREAS. Also see: Luther, 157

TEN BROECK, THE RACE HORSE (vt)-see Index: TIMBROOK
TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE (vt)-see: TWELVE APOSTLES, THE
TEN DAYS OF MARY, THE (vt)-see: JOYS OF MARY, THE
TENDERFOOT, THE (Humorous song with ct)-see: MB. Also see: ZEBRA DUN, THE
TENDERFOOT AND THE BRONCO, A (vt)-see: TENDERFOOT, THE & ZEBRA DUN, THE. Also see: Ellard, 42 & Fife (FAC), III, 115
TEN JEWS ARRIVING (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING
TEN JOYS OF MARY, THE (vt)-see: JOYS OF MARY, THE
TEN LITTLE DEVILS, THE (vt)-see: DEVIL AND THE FARMER'S WIFE, THE
TEN LITTLE INDIANS (Nursery & game song)-see: MB
TEN LITTLE NIGGERS ("Counting out" game song. 1st. Ten little niggers goin out to dine...)-see: Chapple (HS), 357 wm; Richardson (AMS), 84 wm; Talley, 163 wo; Wier (YAM), I, 120 wm
TEN MILE (Dance tune)-see: Ford (OTFM), 31 & (TMA), 52 mo
TEN MILES FROM HOME (Hiking song. 1st. We're ten miles from home...)-see: Armitage, II, 33 wm
TENNESSEE (Religious ballad. Tune is similar to Oh, Susanna! but predates it by at least 50 years. 1st. Afflictions, though they seem severe...)-see: Burdett, 227 wm; Jackson (SFS), 52 wm; White & King, 51 wm
TENNESSEE BOYS, THE (vt)-see: ADVICE TO AMERICAN GIRLS
TENNESSEE GIRL, THE (vt)-see: GIRL I LEFT BEHIND VI, THE
TENNESSEE HILLS, THE (vt)-see Index: TRAGIC ROMANCE, A
TENNESSEE KILLER, THE (Goodnight song. 1st. Oh, I've killed me in Georgia...)-see: Randolph, II, 166 wo. Also see Index: ARIZONA KILLER, THE

TENNESSEE REEL (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 90 mo
TENNIS BALLS, THE (vt)-see: KING HENRY'S TRIBUTE
TEN POUND HAMMER (vt)-see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER I & II
TEN STONE (West Indies shanty. 1st. I nebber seen de like since I ben born!...)-see: Hugill (1), 268 wm
TEN THOUSAND CATTLE STRAYING (Cowboy song)-see: MB
TEN THOUSAND GOD-DAMN CATTLE (Par. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lee (TTGC), 230 wm; Lomax (CS-1938), 130 wm
TEN THOUSAND MILE (ct)-see: TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY I & TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE
TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY I, II & III (Home-longing songs)-see: MB. Also see: HOBO SONG I; POOR BOY & TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE
TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM HOME (ct)-see: HOBO SONG I & POOR BOY II
TEN THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME (ct)-see: HOBO SONG I & POOR BOY II. Also see next listing.
TEN THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME (Hobo song with ct. 1st. Watch her and catch her...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 28 wm
TEN THOUSAND POUNDS IN GOLD (vt)-see: BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE, THE
TENTING TONIGHT ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND (Civil War soldier song)-see: MB
TEN VIRGINS (Spiritual)-see: MB
TERÄKSEN SOITTO (Finnish "steel-workers'" song. 1st. Teräkson muckkaajat...)-see: Korson (PSL), 451 wm
TERRAPIN AND THE TOAD, THE (vt)-see Index: MISS TERRAPIN AND MISS TOAD
TETON PEAKS (Mormon "chastisement" song. 1st. I came to this land with a gun in my hand...)-see: Cheney, 138 wm
TEXAN BOYS, THE (vt)-see: ADVICE TO AMERICAN GIRLS

TEXAN RANGERS' SONG ("War with Mexico" song, by J. T. Lytle. Tune: I'm Afloat. 1st. Mount! Mount! and away o'er the green prairie ride...)-see: Dolph, 374 wm. Also see: TEXAS RANGERS, THE

TEXAS (Game song. 1st. We'll travel on together till you and I must part...)-see: Hudson (FSM), 301 wo

TEXAS COWBOY I, II & III (Cowboy songs with ct)-see: MB. Also see: TEXAS RANGERS, THE & next listing.

TEXAS COWBOY aka THE WORKING COWBOY (Composite song with ct, and lines from The Poor Girl's Warning, The Rose of Nadine, Twenty-One Years & Wagoner's Lad. 1st. It's raining and it's hailing, the moon gives no light...)-see: Randolph, IV, 216 wo

TEXAS COWBOY AND THE MEXICAN GREASER, THE (Cowboy song. 1st. I think we can all remember...)-see: Lomax (SCT), 11 wo

TEXAS COWBOYS, THE (Life description song. 1st. It's of those Texas cowboys a story I'll tell...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 291 wo

TEXAS GAMBLER, THE (Cowboy song. 1st. I was borned and raised in Texas...)-see: Morris, 46 wo

TEXAS IDOL (vt)-see: REAL TOUGH HOMBRE, A

TEXAS JACK (Cowboy ballad)-see: MB

TEXAS PLAINS, THE (vt)-see Index: WESTERN PLAINS, THE

TEXAS QUICK STEP, or BLACK JACK (Dance tune)-see: Thede, 145 mo

TEXAS RANGER (vt)-see: TEXAS RANGERS, THE

TEXAS RANGERS, THE (Battle song)-see: MB

TEXAS SOLDIER BOY, THE (vt)-see: TEXAS RANGERS, THE

TEXAS SONG, THE (vt)-see: I'M GONNA LEAVE OLD TEXAS

TEXAS STAR (Dance tune)-see: Durlacher, 152 mo

TEXIAN BOYS, THE (vt)-see: ADVICE TO AMERICAN GIRLS

TEXICAN RANGER, or TEXY RANGERS (vt)-see: TEXAS RANGERS, THE

THANK GOD, I'M ON MY WAY TO HEAVEN (Spiritual. 1st. You may talk about me jes as much as you please ...)-see: Work (ANSS), 90 wm

THANKSGIVING DAY (Nursery song. 1st. Over the river and through the wood...)-see: Bertail, 56 wm; Wier (YAM), III, 19 wm

THAT. Also see: DAT

THAT BLOODY WAR (vt)-see Index: BATTLESHIP OF MAINE, THE

THAT BLUE-EYED GIRL (Courting & dance song, similar to Seventeen Come Sunday. 1st. How old are you, my pretty little Miss?...)-see: Brown, III, 339 & V, 205 wm. Also see: ZEALFUL WOOER IV. Also see Index: FLY AROUND, MY BLUE-EYED GIRL

THAT BURLAR (vt)-see Index: UPI DEI DI

THAT GOSPEL TRAIN IS COMING (vt)-see: GOSPEL TRAIN, THE

THAT HYPOCRITE (Spiritual. 1st. I tell you how dat hypocrite do...)-see: Talley, 210 wo

THAT INFLUENZA TRAIN (Rural song. 1st. One day while sitting in my home...)-see: White, 424 wo

THAT IRISH GIRL (Love song. 1st. So hard it is to love, to love...)-see: Morris, 439 wo. Also see: IRISH GIRL I

THAT IS. Also see: THAT'S

THAT IS EVEN SO! (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER V

THAT JUNE APPLE TREE (vt)-see: JUNIPER TREE, THE

THAT LAST FIERCE CHARGE (vt)-see: LAST FIERCE CHARGE, THE

THAT LITTLE BLACK MUSTACHE (vt)-see: LITTLE BLACK MUSTACHE

THAT LITTLE LUMP OF COAL (Occupational song. 1st. Oh, to those who know no better...)-see: Korson (CDF), 123 wm

THAT LONESOME VALLEY (vt)-see: LONESOME VALLEY I

THAT MERCY I ADORE (vt)-see Index: PLEYEL'S HYMN
THAT NEW RIVER TRAIN (vt)-see: NEW RIVER TRAIN
THAT OLD BLACK GAL (vt)-see Index: DAT OLE BLACK GAL
THAT OLD TIME RELIGION (vt)-see: OLD TIME RELIGION
THAT PRETTY LITTLE GAL (vt)-see: GIRL I LEFT BEHIND IV, THE
THAT'S. Also see: THAT IS
THAT'S A HABIT I NEVER HAD (Humorous song)-see: MB
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BABY (vt)-see Index: DA'S ALL RIGHT, BABY
THAT'S ANOTHER WITNESS FOR MY LORD (vt)-see Index: WITNESS
THAT SOUTHERN WAGON (Par. 1st. Jeff Davis built a wagon...)-see: Cox (FSS), 271 wo
THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK IT (Goldrush song, by Mart Taylor. Tune: My Sister. 1st. I'm going to try and suit...)-see: Dwyer, 88 wo
THAT SUITS ME aka ROUND THE WALL (Spiritual. 1st. Come on, brother, let's go around the wall...)-see: Anderson (FSA), 117 wm; Kennedy (M-1), 131 wm; Parrish, 137 wm; White, 98 wo
THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES (Minstrel & "pop" song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 539 & V, 309 wm
THAT'S WHY THE DARKIE WAS BORN (vt)-see: QUESTION AND ANSWER SONG
THAT WAS IRISH TOO (vt)-see: PIG IN THE PARLOR
THEE I ADORE (vt)-see Index: TE ADORE YO!
THEIR DAY IS NIGH AT HAND (Morrisite hym. Morrisites are ex-Mormons. This song relates their reaction to the massacre of their fellows by Col. Robert T. Burton, sheriff of Salt Lake County, and a posse of 300 armed men on June 13, 1862. 1st. We'll see Morris, Banks and others...)-see: Burt, 122 wo

THEM PRETTY GIRLS WON'T HAVE ME (Bachelor's lament) -see: MB

THEN HURRAH FOR HOME (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER XX

THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU (Marital trouble song. 1st. My wife has gone off and left me...)-see: Morris, 152 wo; Wyman (TKMS), 106 wm

THEN WE'LL HAVE A NEW CONVENTION (Pre-Civil War song. 1st. Katy, Katy, don't you want to marry?...)-see: Brown, III, 440 & V, 249 wm

THEODOSIA BURR (vt)-see: SAILOR'S CONFESSION, THE

THEOLOGY IN THE QUESTION, or QUARTERS (Philosophical song. 1st. Now I'se got a notion in my head...)-see: Odum (NWS), 185 wm; White, 216 wo

THERE. Also see: DERE & DAR

THERE ARE MORE PRETTY GIRLS THAN ONE (vt)-see Index: MORE PRETTY GIRLS THAN ONE

THERE ARE SHIPS (WWI par. of Smiles. 1st. There are ships that carry rations...)-see: Dolph, 174 wo

THERE ARE SO MANY PRETTY GIRLS TO MARRY (vt)-see: J'AI TANT D'ENFANTS A MARIER!

THERE CAME ONE JOLLY, JOLLY SAILOR BOY (vt)-see: JOLLY SAILORS, THE

THERE CAME THREE KINGS FROM OUT THE WEST (1st line & vt)-see Index: JOHN BARLEYCORN

THERE COMES A FELLOW WITH A DERBY HAT (Composite love song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 313 wo

THERE COMES A POOR WIDOW FROM BARBARY-LAND (vt)-see: WIDOW OF THE LAND, THE

THERE COMES A RECKONING DAY (Pioneer "economic-social-complaint. Tune: Oh! Susannah! 1st. I had a dream the other night...)-see: Lingenfelter, 480 wm

THERE GOES A REDBIRD THROUGH THE WINDOW (vt)-see: YELLOW-BIRD THROUGH THE WINDOW

THERE GOES TOPSY THROUGH THE WINDOW (vt)-see: YELLOW-BIRD THROUGH THE WINDOW

THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR (vt)-see: EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL

THERE IS. Also see: THERE'S

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND (Hymn, 1838. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Wilder, 155 wm

THERE IS AN ALE-HOUSE IN YONDER TOWN (vt)-see: UNFAITHFUL LOVER II, THE

THERE IS A REST REMAINS (Hymn. 1st. Lord, I believe a rest remains...)-see: Hillman (1872), 135; Jackson (SFS), 132 wm

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN (vt)-see: UNFAITHFUL LOVER I, THE

THERE IS A TOWN WHERE I DID DWELL (vt)-see: LOST LOVER, THE

THERE IS MY SWEET JOY (vt)-see Index: C'EST LÀ MON DOUX PLAISIR

THERE IS NO PLACE IN THE HEIGHT OF HEAVEN (vt)-see Index: TIM OF THIS

THERE IS NO WORK IN THE ARMY (Soldier song, 1890s. 1st. When leaving dear old Ioway...)-see: Lingenfelter, 290 wm

THERE IS REST FOR THE WEARY (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: White, 104 wo

THERE IS SOMEBODY WAITING FOR ME (Love lament. 1st. Oh, the moon shines bright...)-see: Pound (SFSN), XIV, No. 9 wo; Randolph, IV, 216 wo

THERE LIVED AN OLD MAN IN DOVER ("Taming of the Shrew" story song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 123 wm

THERE'LL. Also see: THERE WILL

THERE'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY (Spiritual. 1st. There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes...)-see: Owens (TFS), 164 wm

THERE'LL BE NO DISTINCTION THERE (vt)-see Index: DAR'LL BE NO DISTINCTION DAR

THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE (vt)-see Index: OH, MAY WE MEET IN HEAVEN

THERE'LL BE RAZORS A-FLYING IN THE AIR (vt)-see Index: RAZORS IN THE AIR

THERE'S. Also see: THERE IS

THERE'S A COON DOWN IN TENNESSEE (1st line & vt)-see Index: TILL I DIE

THERE'S A CROWN FOR US ALL (vt)-see Index: CROWN FOR US ALL, A

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS aka WAIT A LITTLE LONGER (Inspirational song, by Chas. MacKay. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Jackson (ESUS), 73; Johnson (FS), 604 wm

THERE'S A GREAT CAMP MEETING (Spiritual)-see: MB

THERE'S A GREEN TREE STANDING IN PARADISE (1st line & vt)-see: Brown, III, 677 & V, 399 wm. Also see Index: TREE IN PARADISE

THERE'S A HAND WRITING ON THE WALL (Spiritual. 1st. Dere's a han' writin' on de wall...)-see: Brown, III, 576 wo; Johnson (SBNS), 171 wm

THERE'S A HEAVENLY HOME UP YONDER aka WHEN SHALL I GET THERE (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Marsh (SJS), 183 wm; Pike, 265 wm

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM, or MIDDLE OF THE SEA (Sequence song, or cumulative, similar to Green Grass Grows All Around. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 186 & V, 109 wm; Winn (2), 14 wm

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET (Humorous song)-see: MB

THERE'S A LITTLE BLACK TRAIN A-COMIN' (vt)-see Index: LITTLE BLACK TRAIN, THE

THERE'S A LITTLE WHEEL A-TURNING IN MY HEART (vt)-see: IN MY HEART

THERE'S A LONG, TALL TREE IN PARADISE (vt)-see Index: TREE IN PARADISE

THERE'S A MAN GOIN' ROUND TAKIN' NAMES (Religious song that became a pop hit)-see: MB

THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT (Spiritual)-see: MB

THERE'S AN EMPTY COT IN THE BUNKHOUSE TONIGHT (1st line & vt)-see Index: EMPTY COT IN THE BUNKHOUSE

THERE'S A PLACE PREPARED (vt)-see Index: JUST OVER IN THE GLORY LAND

THERE'S A ROSE IN THE GARDEN (vt)-see: FLOWERS, OARS, AND SAILS

THERE'S A TAVERN IN THE TOWN (vt)-see: UNFAITHFUL LOVER I

THERE'S A TREE IN FATHER'S GARDEN (vt)-see Index: LOVELY WILLIAM

THERE'S GOLD IN THE BLACK HILLS (vt)-see: DREARY BLACK HILLS, THE

THERE'S HAPPINESS IN MY SOUL TODAY aka SISS SEELICHES LEEBEN IN MEINER SEEL (Pa.-Dutch hymn. 1st. Oh, to be in heaven above...OR: Ach waer ich datt zu scheenschti Schtadt...)-see: Boyer, 206 wm

THERE SHE BLOWS (Whalers' song. Tune: Hail to the Chief. 1st. Lo, as the sun from his ocean bed rising...)-see: Colcord, 189 wm

THERE SHE STANDS, A LOVELY CREATURE (ct)-see: COURTING CASE IV & V

THERE'S HONEY IN THAT ROCK (vt)-see: HONEY IN THE ROCK

THERE SITS AN OLD WOMAN (vt)-see: ALL DOWN TO SLEEP

THERE'S MANY A MAN KILLED ON THE RAILROAD (Occupational song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 371 wm

THERE'S MANY A MAN MURDERED IN LUZON (vt)-see Index: EMANCIPATED RACE, THE

THERE'S MANY A SCHLIP (Irish dialect song. 1st. Oh, there's many a schlip...)-see: Pound (FSNS), III, No. 4 wo

THERE'S MORE PRETTY GIRLS THAN ONE (vt)-see Index: MORE PRETTY GIRLS THAN ONE

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE (vt)-see: SWEET THING, SWEET THING

THERE'S NAEBODY COMES TO MARRY ME (vt)-see: MY FAMILY I. Also see next listing.

THERE'S NOBODY COMES TO MARRY ME (ct)-see: HOBSON THE COBBLER & MY FAMILY I

THERE'S NO HIDING PLACE DOWN THERE (ct)-see: NO HIDING PLACE I & II

THERE'S NO LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE (vt)-see: WHEN MY CHARLEY IS AWAY

THERE'S NO ONE CARES FOR ME (vt)-see: I'LL DRINK UNTIL I DIE

THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS (ct)-see: NOAH'S ARK I & ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH (vt)-see: ROOM ENOUGH

THERE'S SOMEBODY WAITING (vt)-see Index: STARS SHINE BRIGHT

THERE'S SOMETHING ON MY MIND (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Work (ANSS), 222 wm

THERE STANDS A LADY (vt)-see: COURTING CASE V

THERE STANDS A LADY ON A MOUNTAIN (vt)-see: COURTING CASE V

THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR (vt)-see: ROBBER, THE

THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN (vt)-see: CROOKED MAN, A

THERE WAS A FROG (vt)-see: DING DONG DINGLE O!

THERE WAS A GAL IN OUR TOWN (vt)-see: OLD FOLKS, YOUNG FOLKS

THERE WAS A GIRL HER NAME WAS YOUNG (vt)-see: EVIL MOTHER, THE

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER (vt)-see: MILLER I, THE

THERE WAS A LADY, AND A LADY WAS SHE (vt)-see: THREE DEAD SONS

THERE WAS A LADY IN HER FATHER'S GARDEN (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER V

THERE WAS A LADY IN THE EAST aka WILLIE & YOUNG SAILOR BOLD (Tragic love song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Jour (FSS), V, 139; Karpeles, 214 wm; Peacock, III, 726 wm

THERE WAS A LADY IN THE GARDEN (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER V

THERE WAS A LADY IN THE WEST (vt)-see: RIDDLE SONG I

THERE WAS A LADY LIVED IN YORK (vt)-see: EVIL LOVER, THE

THERE WAS A LITTLE HEN (vt)-see: THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAIDEN (vt)-see: IL ÉTAIT UN' BERGÈRE

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN (Nursery song. 1st. There was a little man and he wooed a little maid...)-see: Bertail, 119 wm

THERE WAS A LITTLE MILLER (vt)-see: MILLER I, THE

THERE WAS A LITTLE SHIP (vt)-see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE

THERE WAS A LITTLE TREE (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND, THE

THERE WAS A LITTLE WOMAN (vt)-see: KING'S HIGHWAY, THE

THERE WAS A MAN AND HE WAS MAD aka JUMPING JOHNNY (Christmas-party song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Eddy, 223 wm; Seeger (1), 76 wm; Silverman, I, 325 wm; Winn (1), 120 wm

THERE WAS A MAN FROM THESSALY (vt)-see: THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN (Nursery song)-see: MB

THERE WAS A MAN LIVED IN THE WEST (vt)-see: RIDDLE SONG I

THERE WAS A MIGHTY KING (vt)-see: THREE ROGUISH CHAPS

THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER (vt)-see: DEVIL AND THE FARMER'S WIFE, THE. Also see: Cox (TBFS), 10

THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER IN SUSSEX DID DWELL (vt)-see: DEVIL AND THE FARMER'S WIFE, THE

THERE WAS AN OLD FISH (Spiritual with ct. 1st. Was 'nold fish an's name was whale...)-see: Richardson (AMS), 72 wm. Also see: FEW DAYS B

THERE WAS AN OLD FROG (ct)-see: DING DONG DINGLE O! & FROG IN THE WELL

THERE WAS AN OLD GRANDMOTHER (vt)-see: DIGUE DINDAINE

THERE WAS AN OLD JAYNOR (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN (ct)-see: ALL BOUND ROUND WITH A WOOLEN STRING. Also see: OLD MAN GRUMBLE

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN THAT LIVED ON THE HILL (vt)-see: OLD MAN GRUMBLE

THERE WAS AN OLD MILLER (vt)-see: MILLER II, THE

THERE WAS AN OLD NIGGER, HIS NAME WAS DR. PECK (Rural song, sung by Blacks. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 197 wo; White, 167, 301 wo. Also see: O MOURNER III & YOU SHALL BE FREE

THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER (Humorous song)-see: MB

THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER AND HE HAD A WOODEN LEG (1st line & vt)-see: THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER

THERE WAS AN OLD SONG (vt)-see: DING DONG DINGLE O!

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN (Eng. nursery rhyme with ct. Tune: Lilliburlero. 1st. There was an old woman tossed up in a basket...)-see: Winn (1), 78 wm. Also see: ALL SKIN AND BONE

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN ALL SKIN AND BONES (1st line & vt)-see: ALL SKIN AND BONE

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN AND SHE BOUGHT, or HAD A LITTLE PIG (vt)-see: UNCLE JIM'S WIFE

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN IN DOVER, or IRELAND (vt)-see: VICTIM, THE

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN LIVED IN THE WEST (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

THERE WAS AN OLE FISH (vt)-see: FEW DAYS B

THERE WAS A PIG WENT OUT TO DIG aka ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING (Nursery song. 1st. Same as title ...)-see: Broadwood (ECS), 28 wm; Ritchie (FS), 34 wm. Also see Index: DAME, GET UP

THERE WAS A RICH OLD WOMAN (vt)-see: VICTIM, THE

THERE WAS A ROMISH LADY (vt)-see: ROMISH LADY, THE

THERE WAS A SEA CAPTAIN aka THE SEA CAPTAIN (Marital infidelity song. 1st. There was a sea captain who was married of late...)-see: Combs (FSUS), 138 wo; Laws, Q 12 wo; Reeves, 191 wo

THERE WAS A TREE STOOD IN THE WOOD (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND, THE

THERE WAS A WATERMELON (Minstrel-stage song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 539 & V, 309 wm. Also see: WATERMELON HANGING ON THE VINE

THERE WAS A WEALTHY GENTLEMAN (vt)-see: GIRL I LEFT BEHIND VI

THERE WAS A WIFE IN YON TOUN (vt)-see: JOLLY BEGGAR I, THE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY (vt)-see: SALLY THE RICH SOUTHERN LADY

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY WHO SAT DOWN TO SLEEP (vt)-see: ALL DOWN TO SLEEP

THERE WAS THREE BIRDS (vt)-see: ZESTFUL WOOER I C

THERE WAS THREE KINGS INTO THE EAST (vt)-see Index: JOHN BARLEYCORN

THERE WERE TEN VIRGINS (vt)-see: TEN VIRGINS, THE

THERE WERE THREE JOLLY FISHERMEN (vt)-see: THREE FISHERMEN

THERE WERE THREE JOLLY WELSHMEN (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

THERE WERE THREE RAVENS (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

THERE WILL BE MOURNING (vt)-see Index: JUDGMENT HYMN

THERE WILL BE ONE VACANT CHAIR (vt)-see Index: VACANT CHAIR, THE

THESE ARE ALL MY FATHER'S CHILDREN (Spiritual. Similar to—and probably source of—This Is The Trouble Of The World. 1st. Dese all my fader's children...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 101, 157 wm; Pike, 208, 250 wm

THESE BONES (Spiritual)-see: MB

THESE BONES GONNA, or GWINE RISE AGAIN (vt)-see: THESE BONES

THESE CORNS OF MINE (Physical complaint song. 1st. Oh, Lordy! These corns of mine...)-see: Morris, 186 wm

THESE MORMONS (vt)-see: BRIGHAM YOUNG I F

THEY ALL LOVE JACK (Sailor song. 1st. Oh, for 'is heart is like the sea...)-see: Doerflinger, 166 wm; Kramer, 80; Wehman (CS), No. 19, 14

THEY CALL ME RAGGED PAT (vt)-see Index: RAGGED PAT

THEY CHEW THEIR TOBACCO THIN (vt)-see: OVER THERE

THEY GOTTA QUIT KICKING MY DAWG AROUND (vt)-see: KICKING MY DOG AROUND

THEY LED MY LORD AWAY (vt)-see: TELL ME WHERE TO FIND HIM

THEY LOOK LIKE MEN OF WAR (Spiritual. 1st. Hark! Listen to the trumpeters...)-see: Dett, 180 wm

THEY NAIL HIM TO THE CROSS aka UP ZION HILL (Spiritual. 1st. He carried His cross...)-see: Odum (NHS), 125 wo

THEY PERISHED IN THE SNOW (vt)-see Index: PERISHED IN THE SNOW

THEY PUT ME UP TO KILL HIM (Murder ballad. Tune: Boston Burglar. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Randolph, II, 166 wo

THEY'RE. Also see: THEY ARE

THEY'RE LAYIN' EGGS NOW (Humorous farm song. 1st. We had some chickens...)-see: Best, 70 wm

THEY'RE MOVING FATHER'S GRAVE (vt)-see Index: FATHER'S GRAVE

THEY SAY HE COURTS ANOTHER (vt)-see: INDEPENDENT LOVER

THEY SAY I AM NOBODY'S DARLING (Sequel to Nobody's Darling on Earth. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Spaeth (WSM), 22 wm

THEY SAY IT'S SINFUL TO FLIRT (vt)-see: IT'S SINFUL TO FLIRT

"THEY STEAL" GOSSIP (Adapt. of Some Folks Say. 1st. You know, some folks say dat a Nigger won't steal...)-see: Talley, 110 wo; White, 138 wo. Also see: PATROLMAN WILL GET YOU, THE & SOME FOLKS SAY

THEY WERE STANDING BY THE WINDOW (vt)-see: FALSE LOVER III

THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED (Hunting song)-see: MB

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME (vt)-see Index: YOU GO, I'LL GO WITH YOU

THIEF OUTWITTED, THE (vt)-see: HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED II

THIMBLE BURIED HIS WIFE AT NIGHT (Humorous ballad. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, II, 484 wo; Davis (FSV), 161 wo; Jour (AFL), VIII, 159 wo

THINE EYES (vt)-see Index: TUS OJOS

THINGS ABOUT COMIN' MY WAY aka THINGS ABOUT GOIN' MY WAY (Country blues. 1st. Ain't got no money, can't buy no grub...)-see: Okun , 38 wm; Silverman, II, 26 & (FB), 136 wm

THINGS AIN'T THE SAME, BABE, SINCE I WENT AWAY (Country blues. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Odum (NHS), 186 wo

THINGS I USED TO DO (Camp-meeting "testimony" song. 1st. Things I used to do, I don't do no more...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 482 wm

THINGS IMPOSSIBLE (Humorous "courting-proposal" song. 1st. Down by one green and shady grove...)-see: Ashton (CB), 315; Ebsworth (RB), VII, 295; Gardner (BSSM), 385 wo; Logan, 360 wo

THINGS THAT I DON'T LIKE TO SEE (vt)-see Index: I DON'T LIKE TO SEE BOYS

THINK OF YOUR HEAD IN THE MORNING (Humorous song. 1st. Tom Jennings who never could drinking avoid ...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 158 wm

THINNEST MAN I EVER SAW, THE (Humorous song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Ford (TMA), 381 wm

THIRTY-TWO SPECIAL ON A FORTY-FOUR FRAME, A (Badman song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 562 wo; White, 360 wo

THIRTY YEARS AGO aka BOYD COUNTY HOME (Auto-bio song about poor house inmate. 1st. In a recent Independent I read a sketch...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 194 wo

THIS-A WAY, THAT-A WAY (Game song)-see: MB

THIS COLD AND FROSTY MORNING (vt)-see: MULBERRY BUSH

THIS GREAT WAR (Humorous soldier song. 1st. I just received a telegram...)-see: Trident, 144 wm

THIS HOUSE IS HAUNTED (vt)-see Index: CALLIOPE

THIS IS A SIN-TRYIN' WORLD (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...OR: O heaven's so high, and I am so low ...)-see: Downes, 176 or 210 wm; Work (ANSS), 136 & (FSAN), 75 wm

THIS IS THE PLACE (Mormon song with ct. Tune: Nay, Speak No Ill. 1st. This is the place for the Temple Square...)-see: Cheney, 72 wo. Also see: BRIGHAM YOUNG II

THIS IS THE TROUBLE OF THE WORLD (Slave song. 1st. I ax fader Georgy for religion...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 99, or 155 wm

THIS IS THE WAY THE LADIES RIDE (Nursery song. Tune: Mulberry Bush. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Bertail, 91 wm

THIS LADY SHE WEARS A DARK GREEN SHAWL (vt)-see Index: DARK GREEN SHAWL, THE

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND (Protest song, by Woody Guthrie. Tune: Rock of Ages. 1st. As I was walking that ribbon of highway...)-see: Best, 29 wm; Seeger (6), 30 wm. Also see: ROCK OF AGES

THIS LIFE WON'T LAST FOREVER (Game song. Tune: Wearing of the Green. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Gardner (FSH), 241 wo

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE (Spiritual. 1st. This little light of mine, I'm going to let it shine...)-see: Silber (HSB), 86 wm; Silverman, II, 93 wm. Also see: SHINE, SHINE I

THIS LITTLE PIG aka THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO MARKET (Nursery song & "finger" game. 1st. Same as aka title...)-see: Bertail, 71 wm; Brown, I, 185 wo; Folk-Lore Journal, IV, 140 & VII, 256; Jour (AFL), XXXI, 59, 114 & XLVII, 334; Quarterly (CFL), I, 293; Quarterly (SFL), III, 182

THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME aka THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST TIME (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Carawan, 153 wm; Courlander (NSA), 34 wm

THIS MORNING, THIS EVENING (ct)-see: HONEY, BABY MINE II & OLD BILL

THIS MORNING, THIS EVENING, SO SOON (vt)-see: OLD BILL

THIS NIGHT WE PART FOREVER (Quarreling lovers song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, II, 422 wo

THIS OLD HAMMER (vt)-see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER II

THIS OLD MAN aka KNICK KNACK (Game song. 1st. This old man he played one...)-see: Baring-Gould (EFSS), 94 wm; Bertail, 94 wm; Morris, 200 wo; Seeger (1), 165 wm; Silverman, I, 314 wm; Winn (1), 85 wm

THIS OLD TIME RELIGION (vt)-see: OLD TIME RELIGION

THIS OLD WORLD'S A HELL TO ME (Spiritual. 1st. Dear brother, don't you leave...)-see: Odum (NHS), 116 wo

THIS OLE HAMMER (Work song. Similar to John Henry Hammer songs. 1st. This ole hammer kill'd John Henry...)-see: White, 409 wo. Also see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER II

THIS OLE WORLD AIN'T GONNA STAND MUCH LONGER (Spiritual)-see: MB

THIS OLE WORL'S A ROLLING (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Odum (NHS), 118 wo

THIS TIME ANOTHER YEAR I MAY BE GONE (1st line & vt)-see: Parrish, 220 wo

THIS TRAIN (Spiritual)-see: MB

THIS TRAIN IS BOUND FOR GLORY (vt)-see: THIS TRAIN

THIS WICKED RACE (Spiritual)-see: MB

THOMAS AND ELLEN (vt)-see: LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR

THOMAS AND NANCY (Tragic love song. 1st. 'Twas a bosun's loud whistle sounded...)-see: Greenleaf, 114 wm; Peacock, III, 729 wm

THOMAS APPLETREE (vt)-see Index: BALLAD OF THOMAS APPLETREE

THOMAS CROMWELL (Eng. historical ballad, and one of several based upon the arrest, June 10, 1540, and execution, July 25, 1540, of Lord Cromwell. 1st. For if you boone be askeable...)-see: Child, III, 377 wo; Hales, I, 129

THOMAS DUFFY (Coalmining ballad. 1st. Come all ye true-born Irishmen...)-see: Korson (MMP), 265 wo

THOMAS O YONDERDALE (Seduction ballad. 1st. Lady Maisry lives intill a bower...)-see: Child, IV, 409 wo

THOMAS RYMER aka SIR JOHN GORDON; LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS & TRUE THOMAS (Scot. "mystic seer" ballad. Derived from 15th cent. <u>romance</u> which, in turn, dates back to Thomas of Erceldoune, who lived in 13th cent. 1st. True Thomas lay on yonder hill... OR: True Thomas lay o'er yond grassy bank...)-see: Brown, II, 46 wo; Child, I, 317 wo; Friedman, 39 wo; Houseman, 72 wo; Jamieson, II, 7; Kinsley, 7 wm; Ord, 422; Quiller-Couch, 1 wo; Sanders, 5 wo; Scott (MSB-1833), IV, 116; Wells, 342 wo; Whiting (TBB), 126 wo

THORNY DESERT (Hymn. 1st. Rough and thorny is the desert...)-see: Brown, V, 490 wm; Jackson (ASWS), 146 wm; Walker (SH), 83 wm

THORNYMOOR FIELDS (vt)-see Index: NOTTINGHAMSHIRE POACHER

THOSE BROWN EYES (vt)-see: BROWN EYES I

THOSE EVENING BELLS (Round. 1st. Same as title...) -see: Taylor (BR), 21 wm

THOSE GAMBLER'S BLUES (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE V, THE

THOSE GOLDEN DAYS HAVE PASSED (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER XVII, THE

THOSE HAPPY DAYS (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER XVII, THE

THOSE HIGH-TOPPED SHOES (vt)-see: DON'T LET YOUR DEAL GO DOWN

THOSE LEATHER-HEADED SONGSTERS (Lumbermen's song. 1st. Ye lumber-laddies, great and small,...)-see: Eckstorm, 174 wo

THOSE WEDDING BELLS SHALL NOT RING OUT! aka THOSE WEDDING BELLS SHALL NOT RING TONIGHT (Tragic song, by Chas. W. Held, 1896. 1st. A sexton stood one sabbath eve...)-see: Randolph, IV, 342 wo

THOSE WHO WISH TO EAT SOME HARE (vt)-see: QUI VEUT MANGER DU LIEVRE

THOUGHT I FELL IN TEN FOOT O' WATER (1st line of untitled work song...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 217 wm

THOUGHT I HEARD (Country lament. 1st. Thought I heard Judge Pequette say...)-see: White, 410 wm

THOUGHT I HEARD DAT K. C. WHISTLE BLOW (Railroad song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Odum (NHS), 228 wo; Scarborough (NFS), 242 wo. Also see: Odum (NHS), 222

THOUGHTS (vt)-see Index: DANIEL DAVIS FARMER

THOUGHTS IN A COLORADO JAIL (Labor Union song. 1st. Within the grasp of unjust courts...)-see: Korson (CDF), 324 wo

THOU HAST LEARNED TO LOVE ANOTHER (vt)-see: FALSE LOVER II

THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A (Australian folk song. 1st. Hurrah for the Roma Railway...)-see: Anderson (SAF), 209 wm. Also see: TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY I

THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME, A (ct)-see: HOBO SONG IV & UNHAPPY LOVER I B

THREADING THE NEEDLE (vt)-see: NEEDLE'S EYE, THE

THREAD MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEEDLE (vt)-see: NEEDLE'S EYE, THE

THREAD THE NEEDLE (vt)-see: NEEDLE'S EYE, THE

THREE ANGEL VISITANTS aka THE RTURNED (Child fantasy song. 1st. As I lay on my pillow...)-see: Pound (SFNS), XXVII, No. 15 wo

THREE BABES (ct)-see: BABES IN THE WOOD; EVIL MOTHER, THE & THREE DEAD SONS

THREE BAKERS (Game rhyme. 1st. Here come three bakers, three by three...)-see: Brown, I, 99 wo

THREE BLACKBIRDS, THE (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

THREE BLACK CROWS (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

THREE BLIND MICE (Nursery song)-see: MB

THREE BROTHERS COME FROM SPAIN (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING

THREE BROTHERS OF MERRY SCOTLAND (vt)-see: PIRATES OF SCOTLAND I & II, THE

THREE BUTCHERS, THE (Fighting woman song)-see: MB

THREE CHEERS FOR THE HOMESPUN DRESS (vt)-see: HURRAH! FOR THE SUNNY SOUTH

THREE CHILDREN, THE (ct)-see: EVIL MOTHER, THE & THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING ON THE ICE (vt)-see: THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

THREE CROWS, THE (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

THREE DEAD SONS (Eng. murder ballad)-see: MB

THREE DREAMS, THE aka DREAM BREAD (Early 12th century-based humorous song. Tune: Pop! Goes the Weasel. 1st. Johnny Bull was an Englishman...OR: Two Irishmen and a Hebrew one day...)-see: Botkin (AFL), 452 wo. Also see: Jour (AFL), XXX, 378 & XXXIV, 327

THREE DROWNED SISTERS, THE (vt)-see Index: THREE VOICES FROM THE GRAVE

THREE DUKES (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING

THREE ENGLISH ROVERS aka CAMPBELL THE DROVER & PADDY ("Practical joker" song. 1st. As three English rovers went driving one day...OR: The first day of April I'll never forget...)-see: Creighton (FSNB), 149 & (MFS), 126 wm

THREE FARMERS (ct)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING & THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

THREE FISHERMEN aka THERE WERE THREE JOLLY FISHERMEN (Game song and college glee favorite. 1st. Once there were three fishermen...)-see: Best, 46 wm; Hornby, 109 wm; Leisy (SPS), 156 wm

THREE GALLANT HUNTSMEN (vt)-see: THREE BUTCHERS, THE

THREE GEESE IN HALBERSTONE (Round. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Taylor (BR), 13 wm

THREE GIRLS DROWNED (vt)-see Index: THREE VOICES FROM THE GRAVE

THREE GRAINS OF CORN (Tragic ballad)-see: MB

THREE GYPSIES, THE (ct)-see: GYPSY DAVY & WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES, O!

THREE HUNTERS, THE (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

THREE HUNTSMEN, THE (ct)-see: REYNARD THE FOX & THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

THREE JEWS, THE (One-time humorous song. 1st. Once upon a time there were three Jews...)-see: Gardner (BSSM), 446 wo; Greenleaf, 357 wo; Hubbard, 372 wo

THREE JEWS FROM SPAIN (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING
THREE JOLLY BOOCHERS (vt)-see: THREE BUTCHERS, THE
THREE JOLLY COACHMEN (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG I
THREE JOLLY FRENCHMEN (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED
THREE JOLLY HUNTSMEN, THE (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED
THREE JOLLY SAILORS (vt)-see: JOLLY SAILORS, THE
THREE JOLLY WELCHMEN, or WELSHMEN (ct)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED. Also see next listing.
THREE JOLLY WELSHMEN (Coal-mining song with ct. 1st. They went down to Coaldale to work in the rock...) -see: Korson (MMP), 62 wo
THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN, or WELSHMEN (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED
THREE KINGS (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING
THREE KNIGHTS (ct)-see: EVIL BROTHER, THE & KNIGHTS A-RIDING
THREE KNIGHTS A-RIDING (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING
THREE KNIGHTS FROM SPAIN (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING
THREE LADIES CHAIN (Dance tune)-see: Durlacher, 114 mo
THREE LADIES PLAYED AT BALL (vt)-see: EVIL BROTHER, THE
THREE LEAVES OF SHAMROCK (Irish song. 1st. When leaving dear old Ireland...)-see: Brown, II, 370 & IV, 210 wm; Davis (FSV), 123 wo; Shoemaker (NPM), 75 wo
THREE LITTLE BABES, or BABIES (ct)-see: EVIL MOTHER, THE & THREE DEAD SONS
THREE LITTLE GIRLS A-SKATING, or A-SLIDING WNET (vt)-see: THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT
THREE LITTLE KITTENS (Nursery song. 1st. Three little kittens lost their mittens...)-see: Bertail, 12 wm; Mackenzie (SH), 126 wo; Wier (YAM), II, 138 wm; Yolen, 64 wm
THREE LITTLE LADIES GO SKATING ON THE ICE (vt)-see: THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

THREE LITTLE PIGS, or PIGGIES aka THREE PIGS (Children's song. 1st. Oh, there once was a sow...)-see: Chapple (HS), 481 wm; Lomax (ABFS), 307 wm; Silverman, I, 300 wm; Winn (1), 50 wm; Yolen, 57 wm

THREE LITTLE SHIPS (vt)-see: SHIPS A-SAILING

THREE LONG STEPS (vt)-see Index: SWEET PRIMROSES

THREE LOST BABES OF AMERICAY, THE (Sentimental ballad about two lost children. 1st. Come, Uncle, come tell me that wonderful tale...)-see: Peacock, I, 30 wm

THREE LOVING BROTHERS (ct)-see: PIRATES OF SCOTLAND I & II

THREE MAIDENS A-MILKING DID, or WOULD GO (vt)-see: ZESTFUL WOOER I

THREE MAIDS A-MILKING (vt)-see: ZESTFUL WOOER I

THREE McFARLANDS, THE (Lumbermen's ballad. 1st. 'Twas on a stormy winter in 1871...)-see: Rickaby, 76 wm

THREE MEN WENT A-HUNTING (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

THREE MERRY BUTCHERS AND THE HIGHWAYMAN (vt)-see: THREE BUTCHERS, THE

THREE NEGRO SLAVES (vt)-see Index: MURDER OF JOHN CODMAN, THE

THREE NIGHTS' (vt)-see: DRUNKARD XII, THE

THREE NIGHTS OF EXPERIENCE (vt)-see: DRUNKARD XII, THE

THREE OLD BUMS (vt)-see: THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

THREE OLD BUMS (vt)-see: THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

THREE OLD CROWS (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT (Game song)-see: MB

THREE OLD MAIDS AT A SKATING RINK (vt)-see: THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

THREE OLD MAIDS ON A SAUCER BRIM (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

THREE OLD MAIDS WENT SKATING ON THE ICE (vt)-see: THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

THREE PERISHED IN THE SNOW (vt)-see Index: PERISHED IN THE SNOW

THREE PIGS (vt)-see Index: THREE LITTLE PIGS

THREE POOR, or PORE LITTLE CHILDREN, THE (vt)-see: THREE DEAD SONS, THE

THREE RAVENS, THE (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

THREE ROGUES, THE (vt)-see: THREE ROGUISH CHAPS

THREE ROGUISH CHAPS (Children's song)-see: MB

THREE SAILOR BOYS (Eng. forecastle song. 1st. Oh, we're three jolly, jolly sailor boys...)-see: Chapple (HS), 232 wm. Also see: MERMAID'S CURSE, THE

THREE SAILORS (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING

THREE SAILORS OF BRISTOL CITY (Land & sea song. 1st. There were three sailors o' Bristol City...)-see: Hugill (1), 429 wm

THREE SCOTCH ROBBERS, THE (ct)-see: PIRATES OF SCOTLAND I & II

THREE SHIPS (Game rhyme with ct. 1st. I saw three ships a-sailing on the Main...)-see: Brown, I, 71 wo. Also see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE & SHIPS A-SAILING

THREE SHIPS A-SAILING (vt)-see: SHIPS A-SAILING

THREE SHIPS CAME SAILING IN (vt)-see: SHIPS A-SAILING

THREE SISTERS (Murder ballad with ct)-see: MB. Also see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE & RIDDLE SONG I

THREE SOLDIERS (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING

THREE SONS, THE (vt)-see: THREE ROGUISH CHAPS

THREE TRUE LOVERS, THE (vt)-see: LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR

THREE VOICES FROM THE GRAVE aka THREE DROWNED SISTERS & THREE GIRLS DROWNED (Accidental death song. 1st. In Western Pennsylvania fair...OR: Let truth and wisdom guide my pen...)-see; Brown, II, 495 wo; Gardner (BSSM), 301 wm

THREE WEEKS BEFORE EASTER aka DREI WOCHEN VOR OSCHDREN (Ger. "street" song. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Boyer, 163 wm; Korson (PSL), 98 wm

THREE WISE OLD WOMEN (Philosophical song. 1st. Three wise old women were they...)-see: Randolph, I, 439 wo

THREE WORTHY BUTCHERS OF THE NORTH (vt)-see: THREE BUTCHERS

THREE YOUNG LADIES (vt)-see: THREE SISTERS, THE

THRESHERMAN, THE aka THE JOLLY THRASHER; THE JOLLY THRESHERMAN; NOBLEMAN AND THE THRESHER & POOR MAN, O POOR MAN (Homiletic song, derived from 17th cent. broadside. 1st. As I rode out a-hunting, a-hunting one day...OR: Poor man, poor man, poor man, says he...)-see: Bell, 318 wo; Broadwood (ECS), 68 & (OES), 26 wm; Brown, III, 90 wo; Cazden, I, 91 wm; Cox (TBFS), 85 wo; Dick, No. 361 wo; Ebsworth (RB), VII, 328, 557 wo; Flanders (VFSB), 156; Gardner (FSH), 208 wo; Johnson (SMM), IV, No. 372; Jour (AFL), XXX, 353 & LII, 60; Jour (FSS), I, 79; II, 198; III, 202 & V, 299; Ord, 48; Randolph, I, 436 wo; Stokoe, 118 wm; Williams (FSUT), 133 wo

THRIFTY SLAVE, THE (Southern farm song. 1st. Jes wuk all day...)-see: Talley, 94 wo. Also see: ROOT HOG OR DIE

THROUGH ALL THE WORLD (Hymn. Tune: Captain Kidd. 1st. See springs of water rise...)-see: Downes, 36, or 125 wm

THROUGH GRACE WILL I SING aka DURCH GNAD SO WILL ICH SINGER (Amish hymn. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Korson (PSL), 155 wm

THROUGH SANDGATE (vt)-see: KEEL ROW, THE

THROUGH THE CITY WHERE HE RODE aka I SHALL KNOW HIM BY THE PRINTS (Hymn. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 675 wo

THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW (Nursery song)-see: MB
THROW ME ANYWHERE aka IN THAT OLD FIELD (Dance song with 2 versions. 1st. Throw me anywhere in that ole field...)-see: Parrish, 108, 175 wm
THROW THE HOOLIHAN (vt)-see: OLD PAINT II
THUS HE SPOKE aka AND THUS HE SPOKE (Goldrush song. Tune: The Fatal Separation. 1st. One stormy night, when winds blew cold...)-see: Dwyer, 169 wo
THUS THE FARMER SOWS HIS SEED (vt)-see: SHALL I SHOW YOU HOW THE FARMER
THY FATHER IS COMING (Pawnee tribal lullaby. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Fletcher (2), 110 wm
THY GLORY FILLS THE SKY (vt)-see: OLD HUNDRED B
TICONDEROGA (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 106 mo
TIDDY HIGH O! aka TIDDY I O (Shanty. 1st. An' now we are bound for ol' Bristol town...)-see: Hugill (1), 453 wm; Sharp (EFC-2), 46 wm
TIDEO, or TI-DE-O (vt)-see: TODDY-O
TID THE GREY MARE (vt)-see: YOUNG ROGER O'MALLEY
TIED HANDS (vt)-see: JOHNNY SANDS AND BETTY HAGUE
TIE-HACKIN'S TOO TIRESOME (Occupational complaint. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Gaines (SCCS), 153 wm; Randolph, III, 260 wm
TIE MY SHOE (vt)-see Index: LULA GAL
TIE-SHUFFLING CHANT (Work song. 1st. Ho, boys, is you right?...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 15 wm
TIE-TAMPING CHANT (Work song. 1st. Oh, tramp 'em up solid...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 17 wm
TIE THAT BINDS, THE (Religious song & par.)-see: MB
TIFTY'S ANNIE (vt)-see: ANNIE'S SIN
TIGER AND THE LION, THE (vt)-see Index: BOLD DIGHTON
TILL I DIE aka I'M GOING TO LIVE ANYHOW TILL I DIE & I'M GOING TO LIVE IN THE HARVEST (Minstrel song and Spiritual. 1st. Same as aka titles...OR: There's a coon down in Tennessee...)-see: Arnold, 150 wm; Brown, III, 71 wo; White, 145 wo

TILL I FIND MY DEN (Roustabout song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Downs (1940), 334 wm

TILL OUR COMRADE IS FREE (Labor Union song. 1st. Columbia's sons will assemble...)-see: Korson (CDF), 323 wo

TILL THE COWS COME HOME (Dance ver. of 19th cent. "pop" song)-see: Ford (TMA), 103 mo

TILL THE MOON NO LONGER SHINES (vt)-see: ROUND AND ROUND, IN AND OUT, MARCHING, WALKING

TILL WE MEET AGAIN (Par. of He Never Came Back. 1st. I want to see the Barnum show...)-see: Brown, V, 263 wm; Randolph, III, 125 wm

TILL WE SHOOT THE BUFFALO (vt)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE III, IV & V

TIMBER (Stevedore "dock" shanty. 1st. We are trying to carry this timber to the building...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 386 wm

TIMBROOK aka TEN BROECK THE RACE HORSE (Racing song. For additional info on Ten Broech, see Mabel T. Rauch's article, The Biggest Horse in Egypt, in Sat. Eve. Post, Aug. 25, 1946, pp., 21, 75. 1st. Timbrook has done gone and throwed the rider...) -see: Randolph, IV, 412 wm; Thomas (BMMK), 126 wo

TIME ENOUGH YET aka COME ALL YE YOUNG LADIES (Music Hall "advice"-type song, late 19th cent. 1st. In terms full as long as the siege of old Troy...OR: Come all ye young ladies while sweethearts are plenty...)-see: Belden (BS), 197 wo; Brown, V, 407 wm; Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 182 & LIX, 468; Randolph, III, 75 wm

TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER (vt)-see: LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER B

TIME HAS COME, MY DEAREST DEAR, THE (vt)-see: MY ONE TRUE LOVE

TIME IS COMING WHEN SINNER MUS' DIE (vt)-see Index: SINNER DIE

TIME-KEEPER'S LAMENT, THE (Lumbermen's song. 1st. Come railroad men and comrades...)-see: Beck (LLC), 290 wo

TIMES GETTIN' HARD, BOYS (Country blues. 1st. Times gettin' hard, boys, money gettin' scarce...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 242 wm; Silverman, II, 380 wm. Also see: HARD TIMES III

TIME GETTIN' MIGHTY HARD (vt)-see: HARD TIMES III

TIME SHALL BE NO MORE aka GO ON DOWN, MICHAEL & JESUS NEVUH COME IN THE MORNIN' (Spiritual. 1st. Oh, Jesus nevuh come in the mornin'...)-see: Wheeler (SD), 72 wm

TIME TO LEAVE HER (vt)-see: LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER B

TIM FINNEGAN'S WAKE (Irish song)-see: MB

TIM FLAHERTY (Irish song. 1st. I'm a light hearted Paddy...)-see: Jordan, 203 wm

TIMME HEAVE-O, HANG HER, HILO! (vt)-see Index: GALS O' CHILE

TIM OF THIS (Secular based religious song. 1st. There is no place in the height of heaven...)-see: Brown, III, 605 wo; White, 129 wo

TIMOTHY TIPPEN'S HORSE WAS BLIND (Round. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Taylor (BR), 107 wm

TING-A-LING-A-LING (vt)-see Index: MY ONLY LOVE

TINKER'S SONG, THE (vt)-see: JOLLY OLD ROGER

TIN-MAKER MAN, THE (vt)-see: JOLLY OLD ROGER

TIP AND TY (vt)-see: HARRISON VS VAN BUREN III

TIP AROUND MY BED RIGHT EASY aka BRING GOD'S SERVANT HOME & RIGHT EASY (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title ...)-see: Courlander (NSA), 59 wm

TIPPECANOE (vt)-see: HARRISON VS VAN BUREN XIII. Also see next listing.

TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO (vt)-see: HARRISON VS VAN BUREN III

TIPPERARY (Par. of WWI song. 1st. It's a long way to old Kentucky...)-see: White, 355 wo

TIP TOE, BETTY MARTIN, or PRETTY BETTY MARTIN (vt)-see: HEY! BETTY MARTIN

TIRANTI, MY LOVE (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

TI RISSLETY ROSSLETY (vt)-see: YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE B

'TIS A WONDER (Spiritual. 1st. O 'tis a glorious mystery...OR: No heart can think, no tongue can tell...)-see: Ingalls (1805), 15 wm; Jackson (SFS), 183 wm; McCurry, 44 wm; Sharp, II, 294 wm

'TIS JORDAN'S RIVER (vt)-see: JORDAN'S RIVER

'TIS NOT ALWAYS THE BULLET THAT KILLS (Tragic love song from Civil War. 1st. Please dear uncle, now tell me why you're sighing...)-see: Randolph, IV, 337 wo

'TIS NOW, YOUNG MAN, GIVE ME ATTENTION (Complaint song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, II, 728 wo

'TIS OF A YOUNG DAMSEL (vt)-see Index: LOST LADY FOUND, THE

'TIS THE OLE SHIP OF ZION (vt)-see: OLD SHIP OF ZION I

'TIS TIME FOR US TO GO (vt)-see Index: HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A

'TIS WOMEN ("Toast"-type song, by Henry Purcell. 1st. 'Tis women makes us love...)-see: Ives (SB), 37 wm; Winn (2), 194 wm

TITANIC, THE (Historical disaster song)-see: MB

TITANIC WAS THE PRIDE OF THE WHITE STAR LINE, THE (vt)-see: TITANIC, THE

TITLES OF SONGS (Composite song—made up of titles of other songs. 1st. Friends, now listen for a-while...)-see: Randolph, III, 282 wm

TITTERY-IRIE-AYE (Humorous Mormon song. 1st. Come all my good people...)-see: Cheney, 31 wm; Fife (FMI), 46 & (SSS), 318 wm; Lingenfelter, 256 wm

TITTERY NAN (Lumbermen's nonsense song. 1st. Last Saturday night the wind blew east...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), VI, 13 wm

TOAD WENT A-COURTING, A (vt)-see: FROG AND THE MOUSE, THE

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN (vt)-see Index: ANACREON IN HEAVEN

TO ARMS, IN DIXIE! (vt)-see: DIXIE

TOAST TO THE TEXAS COWBOYS, A (vt)-see: TEXAS COW-BOY III

TO BABYLAND (vt)-see: HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

TOBACAS AND HOHUNKAS (vt)-see: OLD GRIMES IS DEAD

TOBACCO BOX (vt)-see: THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER

TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED aka TOBACCO'S BUT AN INDIAN WEED (Eng. song, set to various airs. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Baring-Gould (SW), IV, No. 95 wm; Beck (SML), 244 wo; Chappell (OEPM), 78 & (PMOT), II, 563 wm; Ives (SB), 6, 8 wm; Silverman, II, 335 wm

TOBACCO UNION (Humorous song. 1st. Come old and young and here me tell...)-see: Randolph, III, 274 wm; Silverman, II, 338 wm

TO BAKE A CAKE FOR CHARLEY (vt)-see: CHARLIE IS A NICE YOUNG MAN

TO BE A FARMER'S BOY (vt)-see: FARMER BOY, A

TO BECCLES (Game song. 1st. To Beccles, to Beccles, to buy some needles...)-see: Hornby, 126 wm

TO BED, TO BED (Nursery song. 1st. "To bed, to bed," says sleepyhead...)-see: Bertail, 50 wm

TO BEGGING I WILL GO (vt)-see: JOLLY BEGGAR II, THE

TO CANAAN, or SONG OF THE SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND (Pro-Union CW song. 1st. Where are you going, soldiers? ...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 120 wm

TO CHEER THE HEART (Put down song. 1st. Many, many winters since...)-see: Combs (FSMEU, 168 & (FSUS), 146 wo. Also see: INDEPENDENT LOVER, THE

TOCOWA (Satirical song. Adapt. of State of Arkansas. 1st. I started for Arkansas one early morn in June ...)-see: Hudson (FSM), 208 wo

TODDY-O (Game song)-see: MB

TO DIE NO MORE (Hymn. Tune: Three Ravens. 1st. My heavenly home is bright and fair...)-see: Cayce, 363 wm; Jackson (SFS), 104 wm

TO FILL MY GLASS AGAIN (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG V

TO GLORY I WILL GO (Religious par.)-see: MB

TO HEAR HIM TELL IT (Cowboy song. Abstracted from the poem, The Wild Bunch. 1st. I was just about to take a drink...)-see: Lomax (SCT), 36 wo

TO HEAR SWEET JORDAN ROLL (vt)-see: ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL I B

TO HEAR THE TRUMPET SOUND (vt)-see: IN THAT MORNING I

TO HELP ME BEAR THE CROSS (vt)-see: SOME VALIANT SOLDIER

TO HUNTSVILLE aka HUNTSVILLE PRISON ("Poor boy" song. 1st. The Jurymen found me guilty...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 243 wo

TO HUNT THE BUFFALO (vt)-see: HIRED ON IV

TOKEN, THE (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER II

TO LAY THIS BODY DOWN (vt)-see: LAY THIS BODY DOWN I

TOLD MY CAPTAIN (Work blues. 1st. Told my captain my hands were cold...)-see: Silverman, II, 362 & (FB), 63 wm

TOLL-A-WINKER (vt)-see Index: DOG, HEN, HORSE, MULE, OR PONY

TOLLIVER-MARTIN FEUD, THE (Fact based song)-see: MB

TOLLIVER SONG, THE (Fact based feud song, and one of several about same feud. 1st. It was in the month of August, all on election day...)-see: Combs (FSUS), 161 wo

TOLL THE BELL, ANGEL, I JUST GOT OVER (Spiritual. 1st. When I lay my body down...)-see: Kennedy (M-1), 150 wm

TOLL THE VILLAGE BELLS (vt)-see Index: PERISHED IN THE SNOW

TO LONDON, or TO LONDON I DID GO (Adapt. of Jack the Giant Killer. 1st. When I was a little boy ...)-see: Hudson (FSM), 275 wo; Jour (AFL), IV, 269. Also see: SWAPPING SONG II

TOMAH STREAM (Lumbermen's song, by Larry Gorman. 1st. Come all you Milltown rowdeies that drink and have no fear...)-see: Doerflinger, 216 wm; Ives (LG), 106 wm

TOM AND JERRY (Dance tune)-see: Thede, 50 mo

TO MARKET, TO MARKET (Nursery song. 1st. To market, to market, to buy a fat pig...)-see: Bertail, 112 wm; Wier (YAM), I, 70 wm

TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER (vt)-see Index: GUM TREE CANOE

TOM BO-LIN, or LINN (vt)-see: TOM BOLYNN

TOM BOLYNN (Scot. satirical song)-see: MB

TOM BOWLING, or BOWLINE (Music Hall song, by Chas. Dibdin. 1st. Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling...)-see: Bantock, 162 wm; Chapple (HS), 236 wm; Johnson (FS), 163 wm; Shay (ASSC), 96 wo

TOM CAT (vt)-see: TAKE A WHIFF ON ME

TOM CLARK (Murder Ballad. 1st. Come all you good people, I pray you attend...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), III, 15 wm

TOM COBLEY (vt)-see: OLD UNCLE TOM COBLEY

TOM CORNEALLY (Sailor's life song. 1st. It was in the springtime of the year...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 188 wm

TOM CRAY aka BEAVER BROOK (Lumbermen's tragic song. 1st. White folks come listen, while I sing you a song...)-see: Barry (MWS), 57 wm; Bulletin (FSSN), IX, 21 wm & X, 21 wo

TOM DIXON (Ribald song. 1st. Tom Dixon runs a cat-house way down on Harlow street...)-see: Doerflinger, 251 wm

TOM DOOLEY (vt)-see: MURDER OF LAURA FOSTER II, THE
TOM DULA (ct)-see: MURDER OF LAURA FOSTER I & II, THE
TOM DULA'S LAMENT (ct)-see: MURDER OF LAURA FOSTER I & II, THE
TO MIDNIGHT (Epitaph for a horse song. 1st. Under this sod lies a great bucking hoss...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 327 wo
TO MILK IN THE VALLEY BELOW (Courting song. 1st. Oh, Nancy, my heart...)-see: Williams (FSUT), 45 wo
TOM IS GONE AWAY aka TOMMY'S GONE AWAY (Shanty. 1st. Tom is gone, what shall I do?...OR: Tommy's gone an' I'll go too...)-see: Hugill (1), 264 wm; Sharp (EFC-2), 64 wm. Also see: TOMMY'S GONE TO HILO
TOM IS GONE TO HILO (vt)-see: TOMMY'S GONE TO HILO
TOM JOAD (Ballad ver. of Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath, by Woody Guthrie. 1st. Tom Joad got out of the old McAlester pen...)-see: Downes, 343, or 402 wm; Seeger (4), 45 wm; Shekerjian, 16 wm
TOM MOORE (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER XXIV
TOMMY (vt)-see: OLD GRAMPS IS DEAD
TOMMY BOLIN (vt)-see: TOM BOLYNN
TOMMY, DON'T GO (vt)-see: DON'T GO, TOMMY
TOMMY JONES (vt)-see Index: ROW THE BOAT, ROW THE BOAT
TOMMY LINN (vt)-see: TOM BOLYNN
TOMMY'S GONE AWAY (vt)-see Index: TOM IS GONE AWAY
TOMMY'S GONE TO HILO (Shanty)-see: MB
TOMMY'S HANGING DAY (vt)-see: HANG ME, O HANG ME
TOMMY SONG, THE (vt)-see: OLD GRAMPS IS DEAD
TOMMY'S ON THE TOPS'L YARD aka ROLL AND GO (West Indies shanty. Adapt. of Sally Brown. 1st. There was a ship, she sailed to Spain...)-see: Hugill (1), 166 wm. Also see: SALLY BROWN
TOM O'NEIL (Irish song about young heiress who claims to be pregnant by a young priest. 1st. There was a widow lived in this place...)-see: Creighton (SBNS), 187 wm; O'Conor, 8 wo

TOMORROW WE'LL BE SOBER (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG I
TOM PEARCE (vt)-see: OLD UNCLE TOM COBLEY
TOM POTTS aka THE LOVERS QUARREL; THOMAS OF POTTE & THE TWO CONSTANT LOVERS IN SCOTLAND (Happy marital ballad. 1st. All you lords of Scotland fair...)-see: Child, II, 441 wo
TOM REDMAN (vt)-see: REYNARD THE FOX
TOM ROACH (vt)-see Index: DOUBLE TRAGEDY, THE
TOM'S GONE AWAY (Shanty-shore song. 1st. Oh, Tom he was a darling boy...)-see: Eckstorm, 236 wo. Also see Index: TOM IS GONE AWAY
TOM'S GONE TO HILO, or ILO (vt)-see: TOMMY'S GONE TO HILO
TOM SHERMAN'S BARROOM (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE III, THE
TOM TACKLE (Humorous song. 1st. Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word...)-see: Loesser, 86 wm
TOM, THE PIPER'S SON (Nursery song)-see: MB
TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON (vt)-see: TOM, THE PIPER'S SON
TOM TWIST (Humorous song. 1st. Tom Twist was a wonderful fellow...)-see: Flanders (VFSB), 173 wo; Hubbard, 327 wo
TOM WILLOUGHBY (vt)-see: FLAT RIVER GIRL, THE
TONE DE BELL EASY (Spiritual. 1st. When you hear dat I'se a-dyin'...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 605 wm
TONGO ISLAND, or ISLANDS (Humorous song. 1st. I sailed from port one summer's day...)-see: Amer (13), 223 wo; Jackson (ESUS), 165 wo; Loesser, 92 wm
TONIGHT I'M A TIRED, WEARY COWBOY (1st line & vt)-see: COWBOY'S MEDITATION II
TOODALA (Game & dance song. 1st. Mighty pretty motion, toodala, toodala...)-see: Seeger (1), 54 wm
TOO-HOO, SAYS THE OWL (vt)-see: BIRD SONG II
TOO LATE (vt)-see Index: LOCK THE DOOR AND TAKE THE KEY. Also see next listing.

TOO LATE (Love song with ct. 1st. So you've come back to me once more...)-see: Owens (TFS), 94 wm

TO OLD QUEBEC (vt)-see: WHITE OAK TREES

TOOLEY WOOLEY ISER (vt)-see: JENNY JENKINS

TOO-LI-AYE aka JAN KANAGANAGA (Shanty. 1st. A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew...)-see: Eckstorm, 240 wo

TOO MUCH WATERMELON (Humorous farm song. 1st. Dere wus a great big watermillion growin' on de vine ...)-see: Talley, 182 wo. Also see: WATERMELON HANGING ON THE VINE

TOONY O (Game song. 1st. Toony, Toony, my Toony...) -see: Brown, V, 549 wm

TOO-RIL-TE-TOO (vt)-see: DEVIL AND THE FARMER'S WIFE, THE

TOO WANDERING TRUE LOVERS (ct)-see: CUCKOO IS A PRETTY BIRD, THE. Also see Index: A-WALKIN' AND A-TALKIN'

TOO YOUNG aka ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING; AS I WAS A-WALKING DOWN WACKFORD STREET; AS I WENT OUT ONE MAY MORNING; A DAY TOO YOUNG; DOWN BY THE GREEN-WOOD SIDE; SEVEN YEARS OWER YOUNG; THE WILLING MAID & A YEAR TOO YOUNG (Bawdy "courting-deception-seduction" ballad. 1st. As I was a-walking up fair Wackford street...)-see: Campbell (AA), I, 26; Christie, I, 256; Farmer, II, 249; Greig, Nos. 131 & 135; Johnson (SMM), IV, No. 397; Jour (FSS), III, 296 & IV, 281; Karpeles (EFS), I, 656 & (FSN), 208; Laws, P 18; MacColl & Seeger, 224; Reeves, 106 & (EC), 41; Sharp (ECFS), 100

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY (vt)-see: I'M FAR TOO YOUNG TO MARRY YET B

TOP HAND aka THE TOP SCREW (Cowboy song. 1st. While you're all so frisky I'll sing a little song..)-see: Coolidge (TC), 128; Lingenfelter, 336 wo; Lomax (CS-1919), 373 & (CS-1938), 72 wo; Thorp (1908), 17 & (1921), 156 wo; Thorp & Fife, 62

TO PLAY ON THE GOLDEN HARP (vt)-see Index: GOLDEN HARP, THE

TOP LOADER (Lumberjack's song. 1st. Bill Kirk was top loader at Pollock's Camp...)-see: Beck (SML), 265 wo

TOP OF CORK ROAD (Dance tune)-see: Ryan, 38 mo

TOPPIN AND THE LAWYER (vt)-see Index: DICK TURPIN AND THE LAWYER

TOPSAIL SHIVERS IN THE WIND, THE (1st line & vt)-see Index: SAILOR'S ADIEU, THE

TO PUSH THE BUSINESS ON (vt)-see: PUSH THE BUSINESS ON

TOP SCREW, THE (vt)-see Index: TOP HAND

TOPSY THROUGH THE WINDOW (vt)-see: YELLOW-BIRD THROUGH THE WINDOW

TO RING THOSE CHARMING BELLS (vt)-see: WE ARE ALMOST HOME

TORMENT, THE (vt)-see Index: EL TORMENTO

TORNADO BLUES (Mod. lament for farm destroyed by tornado, 1933. 1st. I uster own the chickabee farm...)-see: Cambiaire, 10 wo

TO ROWSER'S (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG VIII

TO SEE GOD'S BLEEDIN' LAM' (Spiritual. 1st. Jacob's ladder deep an' wide...)-see: Johnson (SBNS), 152 wm. Also see: I WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE II

TOSSED AND DRIVEN aka THE POOR PILGRIM & SOMETIMES I'M TOSSED AND DRIVEN (Spiritual. 1st. Father said to me when dying...)-see: Brown, III, 676 wo; Randolph, IV, 43 wm. Also see: PILGRIM II

TO THE LAND (Hymn with floating 1st stanza. 1st. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone...)-see: McCurry, 34 wo. Also see Index: JESUS, MY ALL, TO HEAVEN IS GONE

TO THE MERRY GREEN FIELDS AWAY (vt)-see: FARMER II, THE

TO THE NEW JERUSALEM (vt)-see: PAUL AND SILAS II

T'OTHER SIDE OF JORDAN (vt)-see: JORDAN II

TO THE TROOPS IN BOSTON (Amer. Revolution song. 1st. By my faith but I think you're all makers of bulls...)-see: Brand (S-76), 53 wm

TO THE WEST AWHILE TO STAY (Home-sick song. 1st. As I set here sad and lonely...)-see: Randolph, II, 208 wm

TO THE WOODS, MY LADIES (vt)-see Index: AU BOIS, MESDAMES

TO TIE UP MY BONNY BROWN HAIR (vt)-see: JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR

TOTTENHAM TOAD, THE (Nursery song. 1st. The Tottenham toad came trotting up the road...)-see: Sharp, II, 347 wm

TO TURN BACK PHARAOH'S ARMY (vt)-see: PHARAOH'S ARMY II

TOUCH NOT THE CUP (Temperance song with ct., written by J. H. Aikman and T. H. Bayly. 1st. Touch not the cup—it is death to thy soul...)-see: McCaskey (1885), III, 78 wm; Randolph, II, 427 wo. Also see Index: OH, TOUCH NOT THE WINE CUP

TOUGH LUCK (vt)-see: WE'LL PULL THROUGH

TOUGH UTAH BOY, A (Mormon song. 1st. I am a Mormon, from Utah I came...)-see: Hubbard, 425 wo

TOUT PITIT NEGRESSE (Creole song. 1st. Tout pitit Negresse en bas bayou...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 212 wm

TO WAR HAS GONE DUKE MARLBOROUGH (vt)-see: DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

TO WAR WE MUST GO (vt)-see Index: IL FAUT ALLER EN GUERRE

TO WEAR A, or THAT STARRY CROWN (ct)-see Index: I WISH I BEEN DERE. Also see: VIEW THAT LAND

TO WELCOME TRAV'LERS HOME (vt)-see: JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS C

TOWN AND COUNTRY BIRD, THE (Rural song. 1st. Jaybird a-swingin' a two hoss plow...)-see: Talley, 166 wo

TOWN HALL, THE (vt)-see: PRISONER'S SONG VII

TOWN OF OLD DOLORES, THE (Cowboy song, by J. G. Rogers, 1912. 1st. In the country down below...)-see: Lee (TTSC), 231 wm

TO WORK UPON THE RAILWAY (vt)-see: WORKING ON THE RAILWAY

TOWROPE GIRLS, THE (vt)-see: LIVERPOOL GIRLS, THE

TRACK LINING CHANT-SONG (Work song. 1st. Hey, boys, joint ahead...)-see: Botkin (RFL), 446 wm; Siegmeister, 74 wm

TRAGEDIA DE HERACLIO BERNAL (Mex. "Robin Hood" ballad. 1st. Ano de noventa y cuatro...OR: In the year of ninety-four, in the city...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 368 wm

TRAGEDY, THE (vt)-see: KNOXVILLE GIRL, THE

TRAGEDY OF HENRY AND SERVILLA (vt)-see Index: HENRY AND SERVILLA

TRAGEDY OF HENRY GREEN, THE (vt)-see: MURDER OF MARY ANN GREEN

TRAGEDY OF THE DEATH OF LAURA FOSTER (vt)-see: MURDER OF LAURA FOSTER I

TRAGICAL ACCOUNT, A (Amer. Revolution ballad. Text commemorates events of July, 1778, when Maj. John Butler, a Tory, marched into the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania with 1600 men and slaughtered at least 600 people. 1st. Kind heaven assist the trembling muse...)-see: Burt, 129 wo

TRAGIC ROMANCE, A aka THE TENNESSEE HILLS (Broken promises and parting lovers song. 1st. Nestled in the heart of the Tennessee hills...)-see: Roberts (IP), 170 wm

TRAIL END (vt)-see: BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

TRAIL HERDING SONG aka THE COWBOY SONG (Cowboy song with ct. 1st. Oh, your backs they are weak...OR: Though your backs they are weak...)-see: Lee (TTGC), 87, 232 wm; Randolph, II, 238 wo. Also see: COW-BOY'S LULLABY

TRAIL TO MEXICO, THE (Cowboy ballad)-see: MB. Also see: OX-DRIVER'S SONG B

TRAIN DONE GONE, THE (vt)-see Index: MARY HAD A BABY

TRAIN IS A-COMING, THE (vt)-see: GOSPEL TRAIN B, THE

TRAIN PULLED IN THE STATION, THE (vt)-see: MIDNIGHT ON THE OCEAN

TRAIN THAT NEVER RETURNED, THE (Accident song)-see: MB

TRAIN, TRAIN, TRAIN, TRAIN, RUN SO FAST (1st line & vt)-see Index: DON'T TELL MAMA WHERE I'M GONE

TRAMP, THE (Personal story song with ct. 1st. I'm a broken down man without money or friends...)-see: Randolph, IV, 368 wm. Also see: TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

TRAMPIN' aka TRAMPING, TRAMPING & TRYING TO MAKE HEAVEN MY HOME (Spiritual. 1st. Same as aka title...)-see: Courlander (NSA), 44 wm; Leisy (LAS), 151 wm

TRAMP ON THE STREET, A (Religious song)-see: MB

TRAMP SONG, THE (Hobo ballad. 1st. When passing down the street...)-see: Brown, III, 423 wo

TRAMP'S STORY, THE (vt)-see: DOWN IN THE LEHIGH VALLEY

TRAMP THROUGH CARBON COUNTY, A (Humorous song. Words: J. Gallagher. Tune: Patsy Grant Who Tramped Around the World. 1st. If you give me your attention...) -see: Korson (MMP), 66 & (SBAM), 59 wo

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP (Civil War song & par.)-see: MB

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, KEEP ON A-TRAMPING (vt)-see: TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP B

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING (vt)-see: TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP A

TRANSFORMATION OF A TEXAS GIRL, THE (Cowboy ballad, by J. B. Adams. 1st. She was a Texas maiden, she came of low degree...)-see: Lomax (SCT), 27 wo

TRAVELER (vt)-see: LAY THIS BODY DOWN I B

TRAVELER IN ARKANSAS, A (vt)-see: STATE OF ARKANSAS, THE

TRAVELING (Game song. 1st. We two will travel on...)-see: Brown, I, 129 wo

TRAVELING COON, THE (Minstrel song. 1st. Once there was a traveling coon...)-see: Brown, III, 515 & V, 286 wm; White, 349

TRAVELING SHOES aka I AIN'T GOT NO TRAVELING SHOES (Spiritual. 1st. Death went out to the sinner's house...OR: I saw ol' death come knockin' at the sinnuh's do'...)-see: Courlander (NSA), 40 wm; Owens (TFS), 172 wm. Also see next listing.

TRAVELING SHOES (Freedom Movement adapt. of the above listed spiritual. 1st. Well, I got on my traveling shoes...)-see: Carawan, 14 wm

TRAVELLER, THE (vt)-see: LAY THIS BODY DOWN I B

TRAVELLER'S RETURN, THE (vt)-see: RETOUR DU SOLDAT

TRAVELLING PILGRIM (Hymn with floating 1st stanza. 1st. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home...)-see: White & King, 278 wm. Also see: IN THE ARMY OF THE LORD I

TRAVEL ON (Spiritual. 1st. Sister Rosy, you get to heaven before I do...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 31, 71 wm

TREACHEROUS HEARTED PRESIDENT, THE (1844 political song, critical of John Tyler, 10th President of the U. S. A. 1st. I'll sing you a true Whig song, made to a fine old rhyme...)-see: Lawrence, 302 wo

TREADING ON THE GREEN GRASS (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS

TREADMILL, THE (Attitude song. 1st. The stars are rolling in the sky...)-see: Randolph, III, 263 wm; Trifet, 37 wm

TREAD THE GREEN GRASS (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS

TREAD, TREAD THE GREEN GRASS (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS

TREASURY RATS (Political satire of Civil War era. 1st. Treasury rats are swarming a-round...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 56 wm

TREAT MY DAUGHTER KINDLY (vt)-see Index: I ONCE DID KNOW A FARMER

TREE IN PARADISE ( Religious symbol, not song title; an expression found in many hymns and spirituals.) -see: ALL MY TRIALS, LORD, SOON BE OVER; BLOW YOUR TRUMPET, GABRIEL; NEVER MIND; TELL ALL THE WORLD, JOHN & WRESTLING JACOB. Also see Index: YOU GOT A RIGHT

TREE IN THE MOUNTAINS (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND, THE

TREE IN THE VALLEY-O (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND, THE

TREE IN THE WOOD, or WOODLAND GREEN (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND, THE

TREE OF LIFE, THE (Religious symbol & vt)-see Index: TREE IN PARADISE & YOU GOT A RIGHT

TREES ARE GETTING HIGH, or TREES THEY ARE SO HIGH (vt) -see: STILL GROWING

TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH, or TREES THEY GROW SO HIGH, or TALL (vt)-see: STILL GROWING

TREMBLETOE (vt)-see Index: WILLIAM A. TREMBLETOE

TRENCH BLUES (Army song. 1st. When I was a-stealin' 'cross the deep blue sea...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 202 wm

TRENTO TOWN (vt)-see: FARMER AND THE SHANTY BOY, THE

TRENTON TOWN (vt)-see: FARMER AND THE SHANTY BOY, THE

TRIAL OF TRUE LOVE, A (vt)-see: LION'S DEN, THE

TRIALS, TROUBLES, AND TRIBULATIONS (Game song. 1st. Here we go through the Jewish nation...)-see: Newell, 102 wo

TRIBAL PRAYER (Omaha Indian religious song. 1st. Wa-kon'-da, here needy he stands...)-see: Fletcher (2), 26 wm

TRIBULATION (Hymn. 1st. Death, 'tis a melancholy day...)-see: Jackson (SFS), 100 wm; White & King, 29 wm

TRIP A TROP A TRONSES (Dutch song. 1st. Take a trip a tronses...)-see: Coffin & Cohen, 55 wm; Luther, 6 wm

TRIP CHARLIE (vt)-see: CHARLIE IS A NICE YOUNG MAN

TRIP ON THE ERIE, A (Occupational song. 1st. You may talk about your pleasures...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 465 wm

TRIP, PLAY-MO-PLAY (Love song. 1st. One Sunday morning early...)-see: Brown, V, 418 wm

TRIPPING UP THE GREEN GRASS (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS

TRIP TO ARKANSAS (Humorous song. 1st. I landed in St. Louis with six dollars and no more...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 171 wo

TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE, THE (vt)-see: GEORGE WASHINGTON I

TRIP TO DRIFTON IN JUNE, 1906 (Local song. 1st. I took a walk one morning...)-see: Korson (SBAM), 25 wo

TRIP TO THE GRAND BANKS, A (Fishermen's song. 1st. Early in the spring when the snow is all gone...) -see: Bulletin (FSSN), IV, 1932, 16 wm; Doerflinger, 179 wm

TRIP, TRAP OVER THE GRASS, or OVER THE GREEN GRASS (ct)-see: GREEN GRASS & KNIGHTS A-RIDING

TROLLEY, THE (Street-car song. 1st. Heigh ho, away we skim o'er the city highways...)-see: Korson (PSL), 459 wm

TROOPER AND THE MAID, THE (vt)-see: PHILANDERING SOLDIER, THE

TROOPER AND THE TAILOR, THE (Domestic humor song, similar to The Jolly Boatswain. 1st. There was a good blacksmith in London did dwell...)-see: Cazden, II, 12 wm. Also see: SAILOR AND THE CHEST, THE

TROOPER AND THE TURK, THE (vt)-see Index: JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK

TROOPER CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE I, THE

TROT, CHARLEY (vt)-see: CHARLIE IS A NICE YOUNG MAN

TROT, SQUIRREL (Game song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 135 wo. Also see: CHASE THE SQUIRREL

TROTTIN' SONG (Lullaby. 1st. Here me goes, here me goes...)-see: Arnold, 35 wm

TROUBADOUR, THE (vt)-see Index: EL TROBADOR

TROUBADOUR OF RED FORK RANCH (vt)-see Index: OLD CHAPE

TROUBLED IN MIND (Country blues with ct. Words-Music: Richard Jones. 1st. Troubled in mind, I'm blue...)-see: Lomax (FSNA), 589 wm; Weavers, 23 wm. Also see Index: I'M TROUBLED

TROUBLED, LORD, I'M TROUBLED (vt)-see Index: I'M TROUBLED

TROUBLED SOLDIER, THE (vt)-see: NIGHTINGALE I, THE

TROUBLE OF THE WORLD, THE aka ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL (Spiritual with ct. 1st. I want to be wid my fadder's children...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 8, 35 wm. Also see Index: I'M GOING TO LIVE WITH GOD

TROUBLES WAS HARD (Spiritual. 1st. Tell yuh 'bout a man wat live befo' Chris'...)-see: Kennedy (M-1), 82 wm

TROUBLE THE WATER (vt)-see: LET GOD'S SAINTS COME IN

TROUBLE WILL BURY ME DOWN (vt)-see Index: POOR ME

TRUE AND TREMBLING BRAKEMAN, THE (Railroad song. 1st. See that true and trembling brakeman...)-see: Randolph, IV, 146 wo

TRUE BOTTOM'D BOXER, THE (Sport song: a eulogy for Tom Spring, champion boxer in early 1800s. 1st. Spring's the boy for a Mousley-Hurst rig, my lads...)-see: Finger (FB), 50 wo

TRUE LOVE aka LET'S STAMP HIM DOWN (Game song with ct. 1st. Tell me who's your true love...)-see: Brown, V, 550 wm. Also see: DISGUISED LOVER V; GALLOWS TREE, THE; LET HER GO, LET HER GO & LOVING HENRY

TRUE LOVE FROM THE EASTERN SHORE (vt)-see: MY OLD SWEETHEART

TRUE LOVE-HENRY (vt)-see: LOVING HENRY

TRUE LOVER, THE (ct)-see: FALSE TRUE LOVER, THE & SILVER DAGGER, THE

TRUE LOVER OF MINE, A (Love song)-see: MB

TRUE LOVERS, THE (vt)-see Index: HIGH GERMANY

TRUE LOVERS BOLD, THE (Love ballad. 1st. Ye true lovers bold, come listen unto me...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), VIII, 8 wm

TRUE LOVERS' DISCUSSION, THE (Form of Irish debat. 1st. Now I did walk out one evening down by a river side...)-see: Creighton (FSNB), 85 wm; Wehman (617), 5. Also see Index: TWO LOVERS DISCOURSING

TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE (Love lament with ct)-see: MB. Also see: TURTLE DOVE, THE & Brewster (BSI), 348

TRUE LOVE WELL REMEMBERED (vt)-see Index: MAUDLIN THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

TRUE PADDY'S SONG, THE (Irish song about youth's army service. 1st. Nine years ago I was diggin' up the land...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 200 wm

TRUE RELIGION (vt)-see Index: YOU MUST HAVE THAT TRUE RELIGION

TRUE SAILOR BOY (vt)-see: LOST LOVER, THE

TRUE SWEETHEART, A, or THE (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER V

TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD,A (Eng.-Scot. ballad, 1632. 1st. Both gentlemen, or Yeoman bold...)-see: Child, III, 227 wo

TRUE THOMAS (vt)-see Index: THOMAS RYMER

TRUMPETER OF FYVIE, THE (vt)-see: ANNIE'S SIN

TRUMPET IS SOUNDING, THE (vt)-see Index: LAST CALL, THE

TRUMPETS OF BATTLE, THE (vt)-see Index: CLARIN DE CAMPANA

TRUST HIM NOT (vt)-see: GYPSY'S WARNING, ANSWER AND DECISION

TRUSTY LARIAT (Cowboy song. 1st. Through the high Sierra mountains...)-see: Lee (TTGC), 117, 233 wm

TRUTHFUL LOGGER, THE (Humorous song)-see: MB

TRUTH TWICE TOLD, THE (Morality song. 1st. Come all young men and maidens...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 187 wo

TRYING HARD (vt)-see: LET ME FLY

TRYING TO CROSS THE RED SEA (vt)-see: DIDN'T OLD PHARAOH GET LOST

TRYING TO GET HOME (Spiritual. 1st. Lord, I'm bearin' heavy burdens...)-see: Work (ANSS), 55 wm

TRYING TO MAKE HEAVEN MY HOME (vt)-see Index: TRAMPIN'

TRZY SIOSTRY (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

TUCKY HO CREW, THE (Advice song. Similar to Mississippi Girls. 1st. I'll sing you a song, the best song yet...)-see: Cox (FSS), 254 wo

TULI-LULE (vt)-see: SKIP TO MY LOU, MY DARLING

TULSEY WALTZ (Dance tune)-see: Thede, 154 mo

TUMBALALAIKA (Yiddish riddle song. 1st. Shteht a bocher under tracht...)-see: Silber (HSB), 136 wm

TUMKIN (vt)-see: LARKIN THE MASON

TUM, TUM OLOLEE (vt)-see: SKIP TO MY LOU, MY DARLING

TUNE THE OLD COW DIED ON, THE (Rural song. 1st. That old cow might of been livin' yet...)-see: Flanders (GGMS), 22 wm; Randolph, III, 148 wm

TUPLIN TRAGEDY, THE (vt)-see Index: PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MURDER

TURKEY, THE aka DEBRECZENBE KENE MENNI (Amer. ver. of Hungarian children's song. 1st. This old road is hard and bumpy...)-see: Winn (1), 86 wm

TURKEY BUZZARD aka OLD TURKEY BUZZARD (Dance song. 1st. Shoot that turkey buzzard...OR: Old turkey buzzard lend me your wings...OR: Where you gwine, turkey buzzard?...)-see: Brown, III, 139 & V, 76 wm

TURKEY HAMMOCK (Farm song. 1st. Up on the hill top, belly to the sun...)-see: Morris, 193 wo

TURKEY IN THE STRAW (Minstrel song)-see: MB

TURKEY-ROGHER LEE, THE (vt)-see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE

TURKEY SHIVAREE, THE (vt)-see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE

TURKEY SONG (Children's song. 1st. As I came over yonders hill...)-see: Seeger (3), 46 wm

TURKEY WING (Dance tune)-see: Durlacher, 120 mo

TURKISH FACTOR, THE ("Thankful dead" theme, ballad. 1st. A story, a story I'll hold in your jest...)-see: Brown, II, 220 wo; Flanders (VFSB), 81 wo; Pub (TFLS), VI, 56

TURKISH LADY, A or THE aka THE TURKISH ROVER (18th cent. ballad with ct. 1st. Young virgins all, I pray draw near...)-see: Brown, II, 50 & IV, 27 wm; Christie, I, 246; Creighton (SBNS), 26 & (TSNS), 123 wm; Laws, O 26, 238; Leach (BB), 173 wo; Logan, 11; Mackenzie, 66 & (QB), 130 wo. Also see: YOUNG BATEMAN

TURKISH REVERY, or REVOLOO (vt)-see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE

TURKISH ROVER, THE (vt)-see Index: TURKISH LADY, THE

TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON (vt)-see Index: HEAVE AND HO, RUMBELOW

TURN BACK PHARAOH'S ARMY (Spiritual)-see: PHARAOH'S ARMY II

TURN, CHEESES, TURN (vt)-see Index: MAKING CHEESES

TURN, CINNAMON, TURN (vt)-see: SUGAR LUMP

TURN COAT, THE (Civil War song. 1st. When the Rebel's come a-marching...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 68 wo

TURNER'S CAMP ON THE CHIPPEWA (Lumbermen's song. 1st. Come all you jolly Lumbermen...)-see: Beck (LLC), 48 & (SML), 44 wo

TURNIP GREENS (vt)-see: GOOD OLD TURNIP GREENS

TURNIP PATCH, THE (Humorous song. 1st. As I went down to the turnip patch...)-see: Randolph, III, 208 wo

TURN, SALLY SUNDAY, TURN (vt)-see: OLD GRIMES IS DEAD B

TURN, SINNER, TURN (Hymn with ct. 1st. Today, if you will hear his voice...)-see: White & King, 105 wm. Also see next listing.

TURN, SINNER, TURN O! (Spiritual with ct. 1st. Turn, sinner, turn today...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 36, 77 wm

TURN THAT CINNAMON (vt)-see: SUGAR LUMP

TURN, YOUNG MEN (vt)-see Index: WILD OATS

TURN YOUR DAMPER DOWN (Expression-country blues-song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Odum (NWS), 126 wm; White, 302 wo

TURPIN AND THE LAWYER (vt)-see Index: DICK TURPIN AND THE LAWYER

TURPIN HERO (ct)-see Index: DICK TURPIN AND THE LAWYER. Also see: BLACK BESS

TURTLE DOVE, THE (Love lament with ct)-see: MB. Also see: TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL & UNFAITHFUL LOVER IV

TURTLE'S SONG, THE (Rural piece. 1st. Mud turkle settin' on de end of a log...)-see: Talley, 30 wo

TUS OJOS aka THINE EYES (Sp.-Ca. love song. 1st. Son tu ojos dos astros queridos...OR: Oh! thine eyes are two orbs well beloved...)-see: McCoy, 10 wm

T. V. A. SONG (Topical song. 1st. My name is William Edwards...)-see: Arnett, 172 wm; Botkin (SFL), 732 wm; Downes (1943), 399 wm; Thomas (BMMK), 232 wm; Whitman, 87 wm

TWA BROTHERS, THE (vt)-see: TWO BROTHERS, THE

TWA CORBIES, THE (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

TWA KNIGHTS, THE (Scot. ballad: a squire and a knight wager on faithfulness of knight's wife. 1st. There were twa knights in fair Scotland...)-see: Child, V, 21 wo

TWA MAGICIANS, THE (vt)-see Index: TWO MAGICIANS, THE

'TWAS. Also see: IT WAS

'TWAS AT THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG (Civil War song. Tune: Listen to the Mockingbird. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Dolph, 287 wm; Glass (SS-2), 202 wm

'TWAS DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN (vt)-see: FINEST FLOWER, THE

'TWAS DOWN IN THE VALLEY (vt)-see Index: WHEN JESUS BROUGHT THE LIGHT TO ME

'TWAS EARLY IN THE SPRING (vt)-see: EARLY IN THE SPRING. Also see: Cox (TBFS), 79

'TWAS IN THE TOWN OF PARSBORO (Temperance song. 1st. 'Twas in the town of Parsboro one dark and stormy night...)-see: Creighton (SBNS), 324 wm

TWA SISTERS (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

'TWAS NINE YEARS AGO (Farming song. 1st. 'Twas nine years ago I was diggin' in the land...)-see: Randolph, III, 240 wo

'TWAS OF THREE JOLLY WELSHMEN (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

'TWAS ON DE BLUFF (Pre-Civil War song. 1st. 'Twas down on de bluff in de state ob Indiana...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 72 wo

'TWAS ON ONE SUNDAY MORNING (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Work (ANSS), 101 wm

'TWAS ON THAT DARK AND DOLEFUL NIGHT (vt & 1st line)-see Index: BOURBON & ON A DARK AND DOLEFUL NIGHT

'TWAS ON THE GRAND RIVER NEAR THE FALLS OF CHAUDIERE (1st line of untitled lumbermen's song.)-see: Rickaby, 129 wo

'TWAS ON THE NAPANEE (Accidental death song. 1st. Come all you tender parents...)-see: Beck (LLC), 235 & (SML), 143 wo

'TWAS WINTER AND BLUE TORY NOSES (Amer. Revolution song)-see: MB

TWELVE APOSTLES, THE (Carol)-see: MB

TWELVE BLESSINGS OF MARY, THE (vt)-see: JOYS OF MARY, THE

TWELVE BRIGHT ELVES (Round. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Taylor (BR), 12 wm

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS, THE (Carol)-see: MB

TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY (Religious song. 1st. Oh, what a beautiful city...)-see: Okun, 51 wm; Seeger (6), 81 wm; Silber (HSB), 91 wm; Silverman, II, 104 wm

TWELVE HUNDRED MORE (Racist goldrush song. Tune: Wearing of the Green. 1st. O, workman dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round?....)-Blue & Gray, 16 wo; Lengyel, 143 wo; Lingenfelter, 305 wo; Silber (SGAW), 138 wm

TWELVE JOYS, THE (vt)-see: JOYS OF MARY, THE

TWELVEMONTH MORE HAS ROLLED AROUND, A (Religious song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Ritchie (SFC), 90 wm

TWELVE WHITE HORSES (Spiritual)-see: MB

TWENTY, EIGHTEEN (vt)-see: COURTING CASE V

TWENTY-FIVE MILES TO LONDON (vt)-see: ROUND UP FOUR IN LONDON

TWENTY-INCH MILL, THE (Iron-steel workers' song. 1st. Come all you iron workers and listen to my song...)-see: Korson (PSL), 430 wm

TWENTY-ONE SUMMERS (vt)-see Index: TWENTY-ONE YEARS

TWENTY-ONE YEARS aka TWENTY-ONE SUMMERS & TWENTY-ONE YEARS IS A MIGHTY LONG TIME (Prison song. Adapted from Ninety-Nine Years. 1st. The judge said, "Stand up, boy, and dry your tears"...)-see: Brown, III, 417 wo; Davis (FSV), 284 wo; Henry (SSSA), 69 wm; Johnson (BBLL-1970), 51 wo; Laws E 16 wo; MacColl & Seeger, 301 wm; Morris, 67 wm; Randolph, II, 156 wm

TWENTY YEARS AGO (Sentimental memory song)-see: MB

TWIG SO TENDER (vt)-see Index: TAVERN, THE

TWILA WAS A CITY MAIDEN (False lover song. 1st. Twila was a city maiden, born of high estate...)-see: Randolph, IV, 342 wo

TWILIGHT A-STEALING (Religious song. 1st. Twilight a-stealing over the sea...)-see: Ritchie (FS), 55 & (SFC), 32 wm

TWILL NEBBER DO TO GIB IT UP SO (Minstrel song. 1st. De old Jim river I float down...)-see: Carmer (SRA), 87 wm; Nathan, 313 wm; Wilder, 43 wm

TWIN BALLOTS, THE (Temperance song. 1st. Along in November, when chill was the weather...)-see: Garrett (100), 15; Randolph, II, 402 wm

TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR aka THE PRETTY LITTLE STARS (Love song-dance tune with ct. 1st. The pretty little stars are laughing, love...)-see: Ford (TMA), 51, 401 wm

TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR (Nursery rhyme)-see: MB. Also see: BIG BILL BRADY

TWIN SHAFT DISASTER, THE (Coal-mining song. Tune: Cumberland Crew. 1st. Kind friends, draw nigh and give me your attention...)-see: Korson (MMP), 199 wo

TWIN SHAFT MINE SQUEEZE, THE (Occupational disaster song. 1st. One Sunday morning early...)-see: Korson (MMP), 197 & (SBAM), 153 wo

TWIN SISTERS (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 67, 209 mo; Linscott, 115 mo. Also see next listing.

TWIN SISTERS, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

TWISTIFICATION (vt)-see: FIVE TIMES FIVE

TWISTING ON THE TRAIN (Railroad song. "Twisting" means "braking." 1st. Oh, my name it is O'Shaughnesey...) -see: Randolph, III, 276 wo

TWO BABES IN THE WOOD (vt)-see: BABES IN THE WOOD

TWO BONNY LASSES (Scot. song)-see: MB

TWO BORN BROTHERS (vt)-see: TWO BROTHERS, THE

TWO BROTHERS, THE (Murder ballad with ct)-see: MB. Also see Index: CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE, THE

TWO-CENT COAL (Labor Union song. 1st. Oh, the bosses' tricks of 'seventy-six...)-see: Korson (CDF), 403 wm & (PSL), 390 wm

TWO CHILDREN IN THE WOOD (vt)-see: BABES IN THE WOOD
TWO CONSTANT LOVERS, THE (vt)-see Index: CAP BARNAL
TWO CORBIES (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE
TWO CROWS (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE
TWO DRUMMERS, THE (vt)-see Index: MY MOTHER WAS A LADY
TWO DUKES aka THE DUKE OF BEDFORD (Historical ballad. Related to Death of Queen Jane. 1st. As two men were walking...OR: Two dukes were a-walking down by the seaside...)-see: Dean-Smith, 64; Flanders, III, 162 & (BMNE), 78 & (CSV), 12 wm; Jour (FSS), 170 & V, 79; Sharp (100), 50 wm
TWO DUKES A-RIDING, or A-ROVING (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING
TWO FAIR SISTERS, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE
TWO FLEAS (vt)-see Index: TWO LITTLE FLEAS
TWO HUNGRY CROWS (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE
TWO JOLLY, or JOVIAL BUTCHERS, THE (vt)-see: THREE BUTCHERS, THE
TWO KINGS DAUGHTERS, THE aka ACROSS THE STORMY SEA FROM ENGLAND & ROSES IN BEAUTY NOW ARE BLOOMING (Eng. translation of Danish song, De to Kogedøttre. 1st. A king once did have two young daughters fair...)-see: Gilbert (100), 81 wm
TWO LADIES CHAIN (Dance tune)-see: Durlacher, 76 mo
TWO LANTERNS, THE aka JUST SET A LIGHT (Railroad song. 1st. A little child on a sick-bed lay...)-see: Randolph, IV, 135 wo
TWO LETTERS, THE (vt)-see Index: CHARLEY BROOKS
TWO LITTLE BABES (vt)-see: EVIL MOTHER, THE
TWO LITTLE BOYS, THE (vt)-see: TWO BROTHERS
TWO LITTLE BOYS GOING TO SCHOOL (vt)-see: TWO BROTHERS
TWO LITTLE BROTHERS SCHOOL ONE DAY (vt)-see: TWO BROTHERS
TWO LITTLE CHILDREN (Tragic song)-see: MB
TWO LITTLE FLEAS aka TWO FLEAS (Humorous song. 1st. Two little fleas sat on a rock...)-see: Brown, III, 227 & V, 130 wm

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE (Sentimental recollection song. 1st. An old man gazed on a photograph...)-see: Cambiaire, 12 wo; Randolph, IV, 338 wo

TWO LITTLE MAIDENS (Game song. 1st. Two little maidens all alone...)-see: Hornby, 30 wm

TWO LITTLE NIGGERS BLACK AS TAR (Minstrel song. 1st. Same as title...OR: Big black nigger, black as tar...)-see: Brown, III, 540 & V, 310 wm; White, 194 wo

TWO LITTLE ORPHANS (vt)-see: TWO LITTLE CHILDREN

TWO LITTLE SCHOOLMATES (vt)-see: TWO BROTHERS

TWO LITTLE SISTERS, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

TWO LITTLE WHITE BABES, THE (vt)-see: TWELVE APOSTLES, THE

TWO LOVERS, THE (ct)-see: TRUE LOVER OF MINE, A. Also see next listing.

TWO LOVERS, THE (Romantic song. Tune: Villikins and Dinah. 1st. There was an old woman who somewhere did dwell...)-see: Sandburg (NAS), 70 wo. Also see next listing.

TWO LOVERS DISCOURSING aka THE MOST UNCONSTANT OF YOUNG MEN; NANCY'S COURTSHIP & THE TRUE LOVERS' DISCUSSION (Irish debat ballad. Not related to song of like title: The True Lovers' Discussion. 1st. As I rode out one evening down by a river side..OR: One summer's morning when pinks and daisies...OR: You are the most unconstant of young men...)-see: Creighton (FSNB), 71, 87 & (MFS), 50 wm; Doerflinger, 316 wm; Laws (AB), 236; Manny, 294 wm. Also see Index: TRUE LOVERS' DISCUSSION, THE

TWO LOYAL LOVERS (vt)-see: TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE

TWO MAGICIANS aka TWA MAGICIANS (Eng.-Scot. transformation ballad. 1st. O she looked out of the window ...)-see: Baring-Gould (EFSS), 10 wm; Barry (BBM), 442 wo; Bronson, II; Buchan (ABS), I, 24 wo; Child, I, 399 wo; Farnsworth, 18 wm; Karpeles (EFS), I, 41 wm; Kinsley, 51 wo; Sharp (100), 48 wm; Wells, 168 wm

TWO MAIDENS WENT MILKING ONE DAY (vt)-see: ZESTFUL WOOER I

TWO MAIDS WENT A-MILKING ONE DAY (vt)-see: ZESTFUL WOOER I

TWO OLD CROWS (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

TWO ORPHANS, THE (Disaster ballad. Song title taken from play, The Two Orphans, which was being performed at the Brooklyn Theatre, New York, Dec. 5, 1876, when a fire broke out and killed more than 350 people. 1st. I never can forget those two orphans ...)-see: Owens (TFS), 82 wm; Shoemaker (MMP), 107 wo

TWO PATHS THERE ARE (Translated ver. of Amish hymn, Es Sind Zween Weg. 1st. Two paths there are in these times...)-see: Korson (PSL), 155 wm

TWO RAVENS, THE (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS, THE

TWO RIGS OF RYE (Love song. 1st. It was between two rigs of rye...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), I, 8; Christie, II, 224; Gardner (BSSM), 163 wm

TWO SISTERS, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

TWO SOLDIERS, THE (vt)-see: LAST FIERCE CHARGE, THE

TWO STRANGERS IN THE MOUNTAINS ALONE (Lonesome love ballad. Similar to Sweet Europe. 1st. As I went out a-walking one morning in spring...)-see: Randolph, I, 270 wm. Also see: UNHAPPY LOVER I

TWO SWEETHEARTS (Gay 90s love song, by E. P. Moran and Fred Holf, c. 1897. 1st. A bunch of young fellows one night at a club...)-see: Randolph, IV, 390 wo

TWO TINKERS (vt)-see: HOG DROVERS

TWO UNFORTUNATE LOVERS (vt)-see Index: FAREWELL, DEAR ROSANNA

TWO WAGONERS (vt)-see: HOG DROVERS

TWO WHITE HORSES aka TWO WHITE HORSES SIDE BY SIDE (Composite song & spiritual. 1st. Same as aka title. 1st. Two white horses, two white horses ...)-see: Brown, III, 678 wo; Sandburg (AS), 472 wm.

TWO WINGS (Spiritual. 1st. Oh, Lord, I want two wings ...)-see: Hayes, 41 wm; Leisy (LAS), 151 wm; Scott (SA), 67 wm

TWO YOUNG COUPLES SKATING WENT (vt)-see: THREE OLD MAIDS A-SKATING WENT

TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

TYING A KNOT, or KNOTS IN THE DEVIL'S TAIL (vt)-see: RUSTY JIGGS AND SANDY SAM

TYLUS AND TALUS (Play-party song. 1st. Tylus and talus and rippity ting...)-see: Randolph, III, 344 wm

TYRANNA, MY SON (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

TYRANTY, or TYRANTY, MY SON (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

TYROLESE ARE JOLLY, THE (Game song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Hornby, 108 wm

UDDER WORL' IS NOT LAK DIS, DE (Spiritual with floating title line. 1st. I er's walkin' 'long de udder day...)-see: Odum (NHS), 123 wo. Also see: RUN, MARY, RUN & TELL ALL THE WORLD, JOHN

UGLY MUG (vt)-see: ALL ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

UGLY SON, THE (vt)-see: INDEPENDENT LOVER, THE

UH-UH, NO! (ct)-see: COURTING CASE III, IV & V

ULYSSES GRANT (Political song)-see: MB

UN BAMBOCHEUR aka A VAGABOND LOVE (Fr. "rakish" lover song. 1st. Un jour je dis â ma mère...OR: One day I said to mother...)-see: Berry, 39 wm

UNBELIEVING SOULS (Spiritual)-see: MB

UN CANADIEN ERRANT aka FROM HIS CANADIAN HOME (Fr.-Can. song, based upon revolt of 1837-38 and the years of exile that followed. 1st. Same as title ...)-see: Gibbon, 94 wm; Shekerjian, 118 wm

UNCLE BUD (Country dance song)-see: MB
UNCLE EPH (Country dance song)-see: MB
UNCLE EPH'S, or EP'S GOT THE COON AND GONE ON (vt)-see: UNCLE EPH
UNCLE JIM'S WIFE (Nursery song)-see: MB
UNCLE JOE (Country dance song)-see: MB
UNCLE JOE CUT OFF HIS TOE (Composite song, with stanzas borrowed from: Possum Up A Gum Stump; The Raccoon Has A Bushy Tail; If I Had A Scolding Wife; Liza Jane & The Jaybird. 1st. The Squir'l he has a bushy tail...)-see: Brown, III, 132 wo
UNCLE JOHN (Game song)-see: MB
UNCLE JOHN IS ILL IN BED (vt)-see: UNCLE JOHN
UNCLE JOHN IS VERY SICK (vt)-see: UNCLE JOHN
UNCLE JOHNNY, or JOHNNY'S SICK ABED (vt)-see: UNCLE JOHN
UNCLE NED (Plantation-type song, by Stephen Foster, 1848. 1st. Dar was an old nigger an' dey called him Uncle Ned...OR: Jes lay down de shovel an' de hoe...)-see: Brown, III, 505 & V, 280 wm; Carmer (SRA), 134 wm; Ford (OTFM), 22 mo; Gumbo Chaff, 58 wm; Mackenzie (SH), 44 wo; Minstrel, 84 wm; Randolph, II, 335 wm; Talley, 61 wo; Wier (SWWS), 198 wm
UNCLE PAUL (Dance tune)-see: Thede, 158 mo
UNCLE RAT, or RAT'S COURTSHIP (vt)-see: FROG AND THE MOUSE, THE
UNCLE SAM AND MEXICO (War song)-see: MB
UNCLE SAM AND THE MORMONS (Pro-Mormon song. 1st. Yes, Uncle Sam is trying his best...)-see: Davidson (MS), 289 wo; Lingenfelter, 236 wo; Quarterly (UH), IX, 1941, 166
UNCLE SAM'S FARM (Socio-political song)-see: MB
UNCLE SAM SIMMIE (vt)-see: UNCLE JIM'S WIFE

UNCLE SAM'S SONG TO MISS TEXAS (vt)-see: UNCLE SAM TO TEXAS

UNCLE SAME TO TEXAS (War song)-see: MB

UNCLE SAM WHAT AILS YOU? (Civil War song, by C. C. Sawyer & J. M. Loretz. 1st. Uncle Sam, wake up! wake up!...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 62 wm

UNCLE TAHIAH, or TOHIDO (vt)-see Index: AGED INDIAN, THE

UNCLE TOM COBLEY (vt)-see: OLD UNCLE TOM COBLEY

UNCLE TOM'S RELIGION (Secular song with religious theme. 1st. Far away from wife and children...) -see: Jordan, 344 wm

UNCO KNICT'S VOWING (vt)-see: RIDDLE SONG I

UNCONSTANT LOVER, or LOVYER, THE (ct)-see: CUCKOO IS A PRETTY BIRD, THE & UNHAPPY LOVER II

UN DATT WATT'S BESSER GEH (vt)-see Index: AND LIFE WILL BE BETTER THERE

UNDAUNTED FEMALE, THE (ct)-see: BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE, THE & BRAVE SERVANT GIRL, THE

UNDAUNTED MARY (vt)-see: BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE, THE

UNDAUNTED SEAMAN, THE (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN II B

UNDER GOTHIC ARCHES (vt)-see Index: SERENATA

UNDER THE CREEP-O-MELLOW TREE (vt)-see: GALLOWS TREE, THE

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE (Play song, 17th cent. 1st. In summer-time when flow'rs do spring...)-see: Armitage, I, 36 wm

UNDER THE JUNIPER TREE (vt)-see: JUNIPER TREE, THE

UNDER THE LILY-WHITE DAISIES (Game song. 1st. Johnny is his first name...)-see: Babcock, 244 wo; Newell, 243 wo

UNDER THEM BOILERS SLEEPING (Roustabout song)-see: MB

UNDER THE RAIL (Work-gang song. 1st. Under the rail, under the tie...)-see: Odum (NHS), 260 wo

UNDER THE WEEPING WILLOW (Plantation song with ct, by Stephen Foster. 1st. Under the willow she's laid with care...)-see: Belden (BS), 484 wo; Randolph, IV, 172 wo. Also see: BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW

UNDER THE WILLOW TREE (vt)-see: BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW

UN, DEAUX, TROIS (vt)-see: CAROLINE

UNFAITHFUL LOVER I, II, III & IV (Love laments with ct)-see: MB

UNFORTUNATE LAD, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE I, THE

UNFORTUNATE LIFE I, II, III, IV & V (Life-gone-wrong songs with ct)-see: MB

UNFORTUNATE MAN, THE (Music Hall song)-see: MB

UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILY, THE (Ghost song)-see: MB

UNFORTUNATE RAKE, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE I, THE

UNFRIENDLY WORLD (Spiritual)-see: MB

UNGRATEFUL KNIGHT, THE (vt)-see: FAIR AND FOOLISH MAIDEN

UNHAPPY JEREMIAH (vt)-see Index: BRATS OF JEREMIAH, THE

UNHAPPY LOVER I thro VIII (Love complaints)-see: MB

UNHAPPY MAID'S MISFORTUNE, THE (vt)-see: OAK AND THE ASH, THE

UNHAPPY MINER, THE (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER XVII

UNHAPPY TIMES (Colonial "Tory" song. 1st. Unhappy times of late we've seen...)-see: Brand (S-76), 161 wm

UN ICH BIN EM DAADI SEI LUSCHDICHER BU! (vt)-see Index: I'M MY DADDY'S OWN GAY LITTLE BOY

UNICORN (Seamen's ballad. 1st. When I was young and in my prime...)-see: Creighton (SBNS), 326 wm

UNION BLUES (Occupational song. 1st. President Roosevelt is a friend to de laborin' men...)-see: Korson (CDF), 311 wo

UNION BOYS ARE WE (Occupational song. 1st. Union boys are we, happy as can be...)-see: Korson (CDF), 307 wo

UNION BREAK OF DAY, THE (vt)-see: PRAY ON I

UNION GROWING STRONG, DE (Occupational song. 1st. Now doan forgit John L. Lewis...)-see: Korson (CDF), 311 wo

UNION LABEL BABY, A (Married "Union members" have a baby. 1st. I va a chonny Mitchell man...)-see: Korson (CDF), 151 wo

UNION MAID (Organized labor song, by Woody Guthrie. Tune: Red Wing. 1st. There once was a union maid ...)-see: Fowke (SWF), 17 wm; Whitman, 69 wm

UNION MAN (Organized labor song. 1st. I think I sing that little song...)-see: Fowke (SWF), 62 wm; Korson (PSL), 393 wm

UNION RIVER DRIVERS, THE (Lumbermen's song. 1st. Here's Johnny Archer, that blacksmity of skill...)-see: Ives (LG), 90 wo

UNION OF SAINT JOHN, THE aka THE BRIG UNION (Sea disaster ballad. 1st. It was on the ninth of February...OR: Come all ye jovial seamen bold ...)-see: Eckstorm, 273, 276 wo

UNION TRAIN (Organized labor song. Tune: Old Ship of Zion. 1st.
...)-see: Fowke (SWF), 34 wm

UNION VOLUNTEER, THE (Civil War song. 1st. It's oh, my dearest Molly, you and I must part...)-see: Randolph, II, 296 wm. Also see: ON THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR

UNION WAGON, THE (Political song with ct. Sung in support of Millard Fillmore's Presidential campaign, 1856. 1st.
...)-see: Also see: WAIT FOR THE WAGON III

UNITED ORDER, THE (Mormon "way of life" song. 1st. Forty years ago and over, God's command was given ...)-see: Cheney, 90 wm; Fife (SSS), 325; Hubbard, 396 wm

UNKIND SHEPHERDESS, THE (vt)-see Index: YOUNG SHEPHERD, THE

UNKNOWING SUITOR, THE (vt)-see: COURTING CASE IX

UNMARRIED BLISS I, II & III (Humorous songs)-see: MB

UN PAJARITO aka A FICKLE MAIDEN (Sp.-Ca. love song. 1st. Un pajarito yo tania, se me volo...OR: I held a little bird, and, lo! it fled one day...)-see: Hague (ESCF), 20 wm

UNQUIET GRAVE, THE (vt)-see: BROKEN-HEARTED LOVER, THE

UNRECONSTRUCTED REBEL, THE (vt)-see: I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL

UNSER SALWI HOT EN KALDI (vt)-see Index: OUR SALOME HAS A COLD

UNSOCIABLE PIG, THE (vt)-see Index: PIG AND THE INEBRIATE, THE

UNSUCCESSFUL SUITOR, THE (vt)-see: COURTING CASE V

UNTIL I DIE (Shout song. 1st. I'm goin' tuh set in the humble chair...)-see: Parrish, 62 wm

UNTIL I REACH-A MA HOME (Spiritual. 1st. O, some say gimme silver...OR: Same as title...)-see: Dett, 76 wm; Johnson (BANS), 177 wm

UNTRUE LOVER, THE (vt)-see: DROWSY SLEEPER, THE

UNWILLING BRIDE, THE (vt)-see: YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE

UP ABOVE MY HEAD (Freedom Movement song, by Betty Mae Fikes. 1st. Up over my head, I see freedom in the air...)-see: Carawan, 52 wm

UP AND DOWN (vt)-see: CHASE THE SQUIRREL A

UP AND DOWN THE CENTER WE GO (vt)-see: CHASE THE SQUIRREL A

UP AND DOWN THE RAILROAD TRACK (Country dance song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Fife, 276 wo; Jour (AFL), XXVII, 302

UP AND DOWN THE VALLEY (vt)-see: ROUND AND ROUND, IN AND OUT, MARCHING, WALKING

UP ECHO CANYON (vt)-see Index: ECHO CANYON

UP, ELIZA, POOR GIRL (vt)-see: LIZA JANE

UP HEAD AN' SCATTER, BOYS (Occupational song. 1st. Up head an' scatter, boys, to learn how to row...)-see: Wheeler (SD), 84 wm

UPIDEE aka THE UPIDEE SONG (Traditional "glee" song, popular with 19th cent. college students, by D. G. Knight and A. E. Blackmar. Not related to Ger. Sea shanty of like title. 1st. The shades of night were falling fast...)-see: Best, 73 wm; Chamberlain, 188 wm; Chapple (HS), 88 wm; Glass (SS-2), 161 wm; Lewis, 120 wm; Most (PCS), 66 wm; Songs (15), 88 wm; Wier (SWWS), 170 wm

UPIDEE UPIDAH (Ger. shore & sea song. 1st. Ich bin der allerbeste Koch...OR: In the Flying Pline I served my time...)-see: Hugill (1), 485 wm

UPI DEI DI aka THAT BURLER (Par. of Upidee. Sung by Confederate soldiers. 1st. The shades of night were falling fast...)-see: Dolph, 300 wm

UP IN A BALLOON (19th cent. "pop" song. 1st. Up in a balloon, here we sit and sing....OR: I am, as you know, a Madison belle...)-see: Gardner (FSH), 223 wo; Jordan, 155 wm; Lloyd, 182 wm; Spaeth (REW), 72 wm

UP JUMPED THE CROW (vt)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE III B

UPON A LOWLY MANGER (Christmas hymn. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Wier (YAM), IV, 19 wm

UPON DE MOUNTAIN, or UP ON DE MOUNTAIN (Secular spiritual. 1st. Way up on de mountain, Lord!...)-see: Downes (1943), 396 wm; Johnson (BANS), 64 wm

UP ON ELK LAKE (Lumbermen's song. 1st. I stand and gaze at a little stream...)-see: Beck (LLC), 296 wo

UPON THE BANKS OF CLYDE (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER VIII B

UPPER CALIFORNIA, THE (Mormon inspirational song. 1st. The Upper California—oh, that's the land for me...)-see: Cheney, 68 wm

UP ROANOKE AND DOWN THE RIVER (Corn-shucking song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 239 wo

UP SHE GOES aka BALTIMORE (Shanty. 1st. He kissed her on the face...)-see: Colcord, 92 wm; Hugill (1), 418 wm

UP SHE RISES aka ROSE, ROSE, UP SHE RISES (Play-party song. Adapt. from Drunken Sailor. 1st. Same as aka title...)-see: Seeger (1), 145 wm; Sharp, II, 368 wm; Winn, 14 wm. Also see: EARLY IN THE MORNING I

UP THE LAKE AND DOWN THE LEVEL (vt & 1st line)-see Index: LAURA LEE

UP THE TRAIL (Composite cowboy song. 1st. The gay jolly cowboy is up with the sun...OR: I'm ridin' tonight round the dam bed-ground...OR: I would be a cowboy and with the cowboys stand...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 1, 2 wo. Also see: LONGINGS

UP-TOWN AND DOWN-TOWN (Dance tune)-see: Durlacher, 100 mo

UP, UP, MY BOYS, UP A HILL (Shore & sea shanty. Tune: Blow the Man Down. 1st. There once was a family living on a hill...)-see: Hugill (1), 215 wo

UP! UP! WITH JEFF (vt)-see: JEFFERSON DAVIS II

UP ZION HILL (vt)-see Index: THEY NAIL HIM TO THE CROSS

U. S. A. RECRUIT, THE (Civil War song. 1st. Now list to my song, it will not take me long...)-see: Lomax (CS-1919), 249 wo

USED-UP MAN, A (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER XVIII

U. S. U. RANGE (Cowboy song. 1st. Oh, come, cowboys, and listen to my song...)-see: Lomax (CS-1919), 92 & (CS-1938), 96 wo

UTAH CARL (vt)-see: UTAH CARROLL

UTAH CARROLL (Cowboy ballad)-see: MB
UTAH HORROR, THE (Mormon massacre song)-see: MB
UTAH IRON HORSE, THE (Railroad song)-see: MB
UTANG (vt)-see Index: JUTANG. Also see: Owens (ST), 73

VACANT CHAIR, THE aka THERE WILL BE ONE VACANT CHAIR (19th cent. pop song, by H. S. Washburn & George F. Root. 1st. We shall meet, but we shall miss him...)-see: Chapple (HS), 32 wm; Glass (SS-2), 233 wm; Lawrence, 375 wo; Luther, 175 wo; Mackenzie (SH), 67 wo; McCaskey, III, 131 wm; Pound (SFSN), IX, No. 2 wo; Songs (15), 27 wm; Staton, 132 wo
VAGABOND LOVE, A (vt)-see Index: UN BAMBOCHEUR
VAIN DREAMER, THE (vt)-see: ARMS OF LOVE I
VAIN MAN (Hymn)-see: MB
VALES OF BEULAH (Spiritual. 1st. We are walkin' down the valley...)-see: Kennedy (M-2), 56 wm
VALIANT LADY, THE (Adventure-love ballad)-see: MB
VALIANT SOLDIER, THE (vt)-see: SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, THE
VALLEY OF THE SHADOWS (Spiritual)-see: MB
VALLEY WALTZ (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 139 mo
VALPARAISO ROUND THE HORN (vt)-see Index: PADDY, GET BACK
VAN BUREN VS CASS & TAYLOR (Political song)-see: MB. Also see: HARRISON VS VAN BUREN I, II, III & IV
VANCE SONG, THE (vt)-see: MURDER OF LEWIS HORTON, THE
VAN DIEMAN'S LAND (Prison ballad)-see: MB
VARSOVIENNE No. 1 & No. 2 (Dance tunes. The Varsovienne was imported from Europe and became a popular "Round dance." )-see: Ford (TMA), 150 mo; Ryan, 192 mo. Also see: ALL ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

VENDOR'S CALL (Occupational cry. 1st. Heah's yo' coal, heah's yo coal...)-see: Work (ANSS), 244 wm

VENETIAN HORNPIPE (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 97 mo

VENEZUELA (Sailor song, by J. J. Niles. 1st. I met her and loved her in Venezuela...)-see: Best, 29 wm; Edwards (CHSB), 115 wm; Niles (SMM), 16 wm

VENISON (Hunting song. 1st. 'Twas Sunday morning, and the ground all covered with snow...)-see: Brown, V, 420 wm; Baring-Gould (EFSS), 50 wm; Chappell (PMOT), I, 346 wm; Seeger (3), 34 wm

VENOMOUS BLACK SNAKE, THE (vt)-see: SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN. Also see: Cox (TBFS), 125

VERDIGRIS BOTTOM (Dance tune)-see: Thede, 152 mo

VERMONT (Semi-religious song, by Wm Billings. 1st. In vain we lavish out our lives...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 1 wm; White & King, 180 wm

VERMONT BOYS IN GARDNER, THE (Experience song. Adapt. from The Dreary Black Hills. 1st. The boys from Vermont to Gardner did go...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 110 wm

VERMONT FARMER'S SONG, THE (Rural "character" song. 1st. Did you ever hear tell of the farmers that live among the hills?...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 102 wm

VERSOS DE LOS BANDIDOS DE NORIAS (Mex. border song. 1st. Somingo ocho de agosto...OR: Sunday the eighth of August...)-see: Boatright (MBB), 27 wm

VERSOS DE MONTALGO (Mex. revenge-murder song. 1st. En el mil nueve cientos y diez...OR: In the year 1910—and I give the date without uncertainty...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 302 wm

VESPER (Hymn, with tune adapt. from Sprig of Thyme. 1st. The day is past and gone...)-see: Jackson (SFS), 89 wm

VETERAN'S SONG, THE (Civil War song, by J. R. Dicks. 1st. Come, gather round the campfire...)-see: Brown, III, 467 wo

VICAR OF BRAY, THE (Religious satire)-see: MB

VICKSBURG BLUES (Country blues. 1st. I've got those Vicksburg blues...)-see: Silverman, II, 22 & (FB), 41 wm

VICKSBURG 'ROUND THE BEND (Roustabout song)-see: MB

VICKSBURG SOLDIER (vt)-see: BUENA VISTA BATTLEFIELD

VICKSBURG SONG (vt)-see: LIFE ON THE VICKSBURG BLUFF

VICTIM, THE (Marital humor)-see: MB

VICTORIA! (vt)-see Index: Å KOM TILL MIG PÅ LORDAG KVALL. Also see next listing.

VICTORIA aka ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS (Composite spiritual with ct. 1st. Alas! and did my saviour bleed...)-see: Jackson (SFS), 226 wm; White & King, 290 wm. Also see: NOAH'S ARK I & ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

VICTORIOUS MARCH (Civil War ballad about Gen. Grant's march on Vicksburg. 1st. In the early part of May, so the books of record say...)-see: Belden (BS), 369 wo

VICTORY WON AT RICHMOND, THE (Civil War song. 1st. The Southern boys may longer lie...)-see: Cox (FSS), 266 wo

VIEW THAT LAND (Spiritual)-see: MB

VIEW THE HEAVENLY LAND (vt)-see: VIEW THAT LAND

VIGILANTES, THE (Cowboy poem, by Margaret Ashmun. 1st. We are the whirlwinds that winnow the West ...)-see: Lomax (SCT), 150 wo

VIGNDIG A FREMD KIND (Jewish lullaby)-see: MB

VILIKENS AND DINAH (Parody)-see: MB

VILLAGE CHURCHYARD, THE (Mourning song. 1st. In the dear old village churchyard...)-see: Gainer, 130 wm; Pound (SFSN), IX, No. 3 wo

VILLAGE HORNPIPE (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 102 mo

VILLAGE PRIDE, THE (ct)-see: MARY OF THE WILD MOOR & MASQUERADING WOMAN VII

VILLIKENS, or VILLIKINGS AND DINAH (vt)-see: VILIKENS AND DINAH

VINIE (Amer. slave & love song. 1st. I loves coffee, an' I loves tea...)-see: Talley, 130 wo

VINTON'S HORNPIPE (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 109 mo

VIRDEN MARTYRS, THE (Labor Union strike song. 1st. 'Twas down at Virden where bold Lukins...)-see: Korson (CDF), 380 wo

VIRGINAL THREE, THE (vt)-see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE

VIRGIN AND THE SAILOR, THE (vt)-see Index: YOUNG VIRGIN, A

VIRGINIA (Composite Play-party song. 1st. Great big white house, nobody living in it...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 339 wo

VIRGINIA JONES (Game song)-see: MB

VIRGINIA MARSEILLAISE (Confederate song, by F. W. Rosier & Rouget de Lisle. 1st. Virginia hears the dreadful summons...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 35 wm

VIRGINIAN LOVER, THE (Love lament. 1st. I am a gay young gentleman from old Virginia came...OR: There was a man of pleasure...)-see: Sharp, II, 149 wm

VIRGINIA REEL (Dance tune)-see: MB

VIRGINIA'S BLOODY SOIL (Civil War song. 1st. Come all you loyal Unionists...)-see: Lomax (FSNA), 99 wm; Silverman, II, 324 wm

VIVE LA CANADIENNE (vt)-see: PAR DERRIÈR' CHEZ MON PÈRE

VIVE L'AMOUR (Drinking song. 1st. Let every good fellow now join in a song...)-see: Winn (2), 208 wm

VIVE NAPOLEON (Dance & work song from Fr. Canada. 1st. Quand j'é-tais chez mon père...)-see: Gagnon, 76 wm. Also see: QUAND J'ÉTAIS CHEZ MON PÈRE

VOCAL MINER, THE (Goldrush life-style song. Tune: Do They Miss Me At Home? 1st. When the miner returns from his labor...)-see: Dwyer, 156 wm

V'LÀ L'BON VENT! aka WIND SO GAY (Fr.-Canadian song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Barbeau (JSOQ), 103 wm

VOICI LE PRINTEMPS aka SPRINGTIME IS COME (Fr. Canadian song. 1st. Voici le printemps, la saison nouvelle...)-see: Barbeau (JSOQ), 114 wm

VOILA LÀ RÉCOMPENSE aka MUST I ENTREAT IN VAIN? (Fr.-Can. song. 1st. Passant par la grand rue, je vois une clarté...)-see: Barbeau (JSOQ), 42 wm

VOLUNTEER, THE (vt)-see: GIRL I LEFT BEHIND I, THE

VOLUNTEER BOYS, THE (vt)-see: BOLD VOLUNTEER, THE

VOLUNTEER ORGANIST, THE (Socio-religious song. 1st. The preacher in a village church...)-see: Randolph, IV, 346 wo

VOLUNTEER'S MARCH, THE aka CAPTAIN LOVEWELL'S BATTLE; THE FRANKLIN BALLAD & LOVEWELL'S FIGHT (Murder ballad, 1775. 1st. Of worthy Captain Lovewell my purpose is to sing...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), IV, 3 wm; Gray, 122, 134 wo; Hale, 69 wo

VON HERTZEN (vt)-see Index: LET US SING FROM THE HEART

VOODO MAN, THE (Minstrel song. 1st. Oh! Coon for me had a great infatuation...)-see: Brown, III, 516 & V, 287 wm; White, 206 wo

VOTE FOR BELL OF TENNESSEE (1860 Presidential Campaign song for Union Party. 1st. Don't you hear that rumbling sound...)-see: Lawrence, 343 wo. Also see: ABRAHAM LINCOLN I hn

VOTE FOR OLD TIPPECANOE (vt)-see: HARRISON VS VAN BUREN XI

VOWELS, THE (Spelling chant. 1st. B-a ba, B-e be...)-see: Brown, III, 188 & V, 110 wm; Davis (FSV), 185 wo; Pub (TFLS), VI, 227

VOYAGE, THE aka LE VOYAGE (Fr.-Amer. river song. 1st. Ah! c'est un mariage...OR: Oh! it's like a marriage...)-see: Botkin (MRF), 582 wm

VOYAGERS (vt)-see: DANS LES CHANTIERS

VOYAGEUR'S SONG (Fr.-Can. song. 1st. Joy to thee, my brave canoe...OR: Paddle together where the water's deep and blue...)-see: Carmer (SRA), 143; Luther, 11 wm; Oberndorfer, 54 wm

VOYEZ CE MULET LA (vt)-see: MUSIEU BAINJO

## W

WABASH CANNONBALL (Railroad song)-see: MB

WADE IN THE WATER (Spiritual)-see: MB

WAGGONER, or WAGGONERS, THE (Occupational song with ct. 1st. September last, on the seventh day...)-see: Belden (BS), 300 wo; Shaw, 387 wo. Also see: UNHAPPY LOVER IV, THE

WAGNER aka THE CRAZY WAG'NER; THE WAGONEER & THE WAG'NER ONE STEP (Dance-fiddle tune)-see Ford (TMA), 28 mo; Thede, 34, 35 mo. Also see: UNHAPPY LOVER IV, THE

WAG'NER ONE STEP, THE (vt)-see Index: WAGNER

WAGONEER, THE, or WAGONER BOY (ct)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER LOVER IV, THE. Also see Index: WAGNER

WAGONERS, THE (ct)-see: JACKET SO BLUE B & UNHAPPY LOVER IV, THE

WAGONER'S CURSE ON THE RAILROAD, THE (Occupational song. Tune: Green on the Cape. 1st. Come, all ye bold wag'ners, turn out man by man...)-see: Botkin (RFL), 68 wm; Korson (PSL), 255 wm

WAGONER'S LAD, THE (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER IV, THE

WAILIE, WAILIE (vt)-see: O WALY, WALY

WAISTCOAT AND BRITCHES (vt)-see: DOG AND GUN

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER (vt)-see Index: THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS

WAIT A LITTLE WHILE (vt)-see: WE WILL SING A NEW SONG

WAIT FOR THE MUSIC (par.)-see: MB

WAIT FOR THE WAGON I, II, III & IV (4 "good-time songs with ct)-see: MB

WAIT FOR THE WAGONS! (Union Army par.)-see: MB

WAITING FOR A TRAIN (Hobo song)-see: HOBO SONG IV

WAIT, MISTER MACKRIGHT (Amer. slave song. 1st. Wait, Mister Mackright, an' e yedde what satan say ...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 43, or 88 wm

WAIT ON DE LORD (Composite song. 1st. I wonder where Spence is gone...)-see: Brown, III, 404 wo

WAITRESS AND THE SAILOR, THE (Humorous song. 1st. Once there was a waitress in the Prince George Hotel...) -see: Niles (SMM), 144 wm

WAIT TILL I GET ON MY ROBE (vt)-see: OH, YES! OH, YES!

WAKE AND SING (Round. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Taylor (BR), 2 wm

WAKEFIELD GAOL (vt)-see: PRISONER'S SONG VII

WAKE ME ( Secularized spiritual. 1st. Got to do lot befo' I do...)-see: Work (ANSS), 246 wm

WAKE NICODEMUS (Minstrel song, by Henry Work. 1st. Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 92 wm; Grand Army, 150 wm; Ives (SB), 234 wm; Johnson (FS), 480 wm; Pound (SFSN), XXIII, No. 24 wo; Silverman, II, 98 wm

WAKE, SNAKES (Composite "call-up" song. 1st. Wake, Snakes! Day's a-breaking...)-see: Richardson (AMS), 104 wm. Also see: HOE CAKE & WAKE UP, JACOB!

WAKE UP, JACOB! (Spiritual & work song)-see: MB

WAKE UP, JONAH aka REELIN' AND A-ROCKIN' ON THE SHIP SO LONG (Work song. 1st. Wake up, Jonah, you are the man...)-see: Courlander, 223 & (NSA), 16 wm

WAKE UP, SUZY (Dance tune)-see: MB

WAKE UP! WAKE UP! (Round. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Taylor (BR), 7 wm

WAKE UP, YOU DROWSY SLEEPERS (vt)-see: DROWSY SLEEPER, THE

WAKKEN (vt)-see: JOAQUIN MURIETA I

WAL, I SWAN (vt)-see: JOSHUA EBENEZER FRY

WALK ABOUT ZION (vt)-see Index: SABBATH HAS NO END

WALK ALONG, JOHN (Minstrel song)-see: MB. Also see: SHOCK ALONG, JOHN

WALKALONG, MISS SUSIANA BROWN aka MISS JULIANA BROWN (Stevedore shanty. 1st. My dou dou she's a flash one...)-see: Hugill (1), 391 wm

WALKALONG, MY ROSIE (West Indies shanty. 1st. Oh, I am here, an' Rosie there...)-see: Hugill (1), 363 wm

WALKALONG, YOU SALLY BROWN (vt)-see: SALLY BROWN

WALK AND TALK WITH JESUS aka NEW INDIAN SONG (Camp-ground spiritual with floating 1st stanza. 1st. When I can read my title clear...)-see: Jackson (SFS), 227 wm; McCurry, 45 wm. Also see: ON MY JOURNEY HOME

WALK AWAY SHANTY (vt)-see: EARLY IN THE MORNING I

WALK HIM ALONG, JOHN (vt)-see Index: GENERAL TAYLOR

WALK IN DE PARLOR (vt)-see: EDUCATED MAN I, THE

WALKING IN THE LIGHT aka LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE ALL OVER THE WORLD (Spiritual. 1st. Same as aka title ...)-see: Odum (NHS), 137 wo

WALKING IN THE LIGHT OF GOD (vt)-see Index: WALK YOU IN DELIGHT

WALKING JOHN (Cowboy song. 1st. Now Walking John was a big rope hoss...)-see: Larkin (1931), 70 & (1963), 79 wm; Lee (TTGC), 90, 234 wm; Ohrlin, 61 wm

WALKING ON THE GREEN GRASS (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS

WALKING ON THE ICE (Dance tune & work song. 1st. Lead a man, di-dee-o, lead a man...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 115 wm

WALKING ON THE LEVEE, or LEVY (vt)-see: ROUND AND ROUND, IN AND OUT, MARCHING, WALKING

WALKING ROUND THE VALLEY, or VILLAGE (vt)-see: ROUND AND ROUND, IN AND OUT, MARCHING, WALKING

WALKING UP AND DOWN ONE DAY (vt & 1st line)-see Index: COBBLER, THE

WALKING UP THE GREEN GRASS (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS

WALK IN JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN (Spiritual)-see: MB

WALK IN THE PARLOR (vt)-see: EDUCATED MAN I, THE

WALK IN, WALK IN, I SAY (vt)-see: EDUCATED MAN I, THE

WALK, JAW-BONE (Minstrel song)-see: MB

WALK JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN (vt)-see: WALK IN JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN

WALK, MARY, DOWN THE LANE (Spiritual. 1st. Three long nights, an' three long days...)-see: Johnson (SBNS), 147 wm

WALK ME ALONG, JOHNNY (vt)-see Index: GENERAL TAYLOR

WALK, TALK, CHICKEN WITH YOUR HEAD PECKED (Farm song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Talley, 4 wo

WALK THAT LONESOME VALLEY (vt)-see: LONESOME VALLEY I

WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY (vt)-see: WE SHALL WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE

WALK TOGETHER, CHILDREN (vt)-see: THERE'S A GREAT CAMP-MEETING

WALK, TOM WALKER (Minstrel "banjo" song. 1st. As I walked out by the light o' the moon...)-see: Arnold, 30 wm

WALK, TOM WILSON (Minstrel song. 1st. Ole Tom Wilson, he had 'em a hoss...)-see: Talley, 68 wo

WALK YOU IN THE LIGHT aka WALKING IN THE LIGHT OF GOD (Spiritual. 1st. O children, do you think it's true...)-see: Dett, 24 wm

WALKY-TALKY JENNY (Minstrel song. 1st. Yonder comes dat ole Joe Brown...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 48 wm

WALL-FLOWERS (Game song)-see: MB

WALLING AND JACKSON (vt)-see: MURDER OF PEARL BRYAN, THE

WALTER LESLY ("Kidnapping" ballad. 1st. On the second of October, a Monday at noon...)-see: Buchan (ABS), II, 139; Child, V, 168 wo

WALTZING MATILDA (Australian song)-see: MB

WALTZ THE HALL (Play-party song. Related to Skip to My Lou. 1st. First couple out, couple on the right...)-see: Randolph, III, 291 & (Ozarks), 143 & (OPP), 204 wm

WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONNY (vt)-see: O WALY, WALY

WANDERER, THE aka A DISTANT LAND TO ROAM (Sentimental song. 1st. I remember very well on one dark and dreary day...)-see: Allsopp, II, 201; Randolph, IV, 374 wm

WANDERIN' (Hobo song)-see: MB

WANDERING BOY, THE (Sentimental song. 1st. Out in the cold world, so far away from home...)-see: Fuson, 149 wo; Randolph, IV, 370 wo

WANDERING COWBOY, THE aka HOME, SWEET HOME; A GROUP OF COWBOYS & THE LONE STAR RANGER (Cowboy song with ct. 1st. A jolly group of cowboys on a Franklin ranch one night...OR: We was laying on the prairie at French ranch, or Slaughter's ranch one night...)-see: Brown, II, 619 wo; Dobie (BSFF), 165 wm; Larkin (1931), 144 wm; Lingenfelter, 416 wm; Lomax (CS-1938), 124 wo; Randolph, II, 204 wm. Also see next listing.

WANDERING COWBOY, THE (Occupational song. 1st. I am a wandering cowboy, from ranch to ranch I roam...) -see: Lomax (CS-1938), 305 wo; Patterson (SRR), 54 wm

WANDERING LABORER'S SONG, THE (Hard-luck song. 1st. It was up on the Moffat Tunnel...)-see: Lingenfelter, 80 wo; Milburn, 278 wo

WANDERING STEAMBOATMAN, THE (Roustabout song. Tune is similar to The Roving Gambler. 1st. I am a wandering steamboatman...)-see: Botkin (MRF), 592 wo

WANN ICH VUM DEM BAND REI KUMM (vt)-see Index: WHEN I CAME TO THIS COUNTRY

WANN'S NET [illegible] UNSERE BAUERE WAER (vt)-see Index: IF IT WASN'T FOR OUR FARMER FOLK

WANTED! CORNBREAD AND COON (Slave song. 1st. I'se gwine now a-huntin'...)-see: Talley, 37 wo

WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE (vt)-see: I WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE I & II

WAR AND WASHINGTON (vt)-see: GEORGE WASHINGTON II

WAR BIRD'S BURLESQUE, A (WWI ballad. 1st. A portly Roman Senator was sipping his rock and rye...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 438 & (NAS), 29 wm

WARD AND WASHINGTON (vt)-see: GEORGE WASHINGTON II

WAR DEPARTMENT (Indian wars' song)-see: MB

WARD THE PIRATE aka THE DEMON OF THE SEA (Forecastle shanty. 1st. Come spread your sails with steady gales...)-see: Bantock, 61 wm; Huntington, 78 wm; Jour (FSS), II, 163 wm; Sharp (ECFS), 72 wm

WARFARE aka TILL THE WARFARE IS ENDED (vt)-see: WHEN THIS WARFARE'LL BE ENDED. Also see: Jackson (SFS), 235

WARFARE IS RAGING, THE (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN II

WAR IN CAMP (Goldrush song, by J. A. Stone. Tune: Woodman, Spare That Tree. 1st. Partner, leave that grub...)-see: Dwyer, 99 wo

WARING OF SONORA TOWN (Cowboy song. 1st. The heat acrost the desert was a-swimmin' in the sun...) -see: Lee (TTGC), 89, 235 wm

WAR IN MISSOURI IN '61, THE aka THE JOLLY UNION BOYS (Civil War pro-Union song. 1st. Come all my jolly Union boys...)-see: Belden (BS), 366 wo; Randolph, II, 311 wo. Also see: Missouri Historical Review, Apr. 22, 1928, 364-365

WAR IS A-RAGING, THE (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN II

WAR IS NOW RAGING AND JOHNNY MUST FIGHT (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN II

WARNING (vt)-see: LITTLE SPARROW

WARNING DEATHS, THE (vt)-see: SILVER DAGGER, THE

WARNING FOR MARRIED WOMEN, A (vt)-see: CARPENTER'S WIFE, THE

WARRANTY DEED, THE (Humorous song)-see: MB

WARREN AND FULLER (vt)-see: MURDER OF PALMER WARREN, THE

WARRENTON (Hymn with floating 1st stanza. 1st. Come, thou fount of every blessing...)-see: Cobb (SH), 223 wm; White & King, 145 wm. Also see Index: BALL HILL; FAMILY CIRCLE; GLORIOUS NEWS; HALLELUJAH THIRD; OLNEY; PALMS OF VICTORY & RESTORATION

WARS OF AMERICA, THE (Irish ballad. 1st. I have two sons and a son-in-law...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 43 wm

WARS OF GERMANY, THE (ct)-see: DISGUISED LOVER IV & MASQUERADING WOMAN III & VIII

WAR SONG (Generic title, used by collectors for versions of various songs)-see: HURRAH! FOR SOUTHERN RIGHTS; MASQUERADING WOMAN VIII & TEXAS RANGERS, THE. Also see next listing.

WAR SONG (Generic title. Civil War song. 1st. Come all you jolly soldiers...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 534 wm; Luther, 29; Thomas (DD), 146 wm. Also see Index: REBEL'S ESCAPE, THE & WAR IN MISSOURI IN '61, THE

WAR SONG OF THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY (Civil War song. 1st. Down in Bowling Green, such a sight was never seen...)-see: Cox (FSS), 270 wo

WAR SONG OF THE REVOLUTION (Homiletic song. 1st. Come ye Americans and tremble...)-see: Belden (BS), 295 wo

WAR SONG OF THE TEXAS RANGERS (vt)-see: TEXAS RANGERS, THE

WARWICK (vt)-see Index: AMAZING GRACE

WARY BACHELORS (Marital complaint. 1st. Come all you wary bachelors...)-see: Thomas (DD), 126 wm

WAS DRÂGT DI GANS UFF IHREM SCHNAWWEL? (vt)-see Index: WHAT DOES THE GOOSE CARRY ON HER BILL?

WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB (vt)-see Index: O REDEEMED

WASHING DAY (Humorous domestic song. 1st. The sky with clouds was over-cast...)-see: Glass (SW), 44 wm; Jordan, 255 wm; Linscott, 296 wm

WASHING SONG (Spiritual-type song. 1st. Some of these brethren gone wrong...)-see: Arnold, 142 wm

WASHINGTON (Tribute song with ct. 1st. We have a bold commander...)-see: Fuson, 196 v wo. Also see: GEORGE WASHINGTON I, II & III. Also see next listing.

WASHINGTON aka GIVE EVERY FETTERED SOUL RELEASE (Old hymn with ct. 1st. Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord...)-see: Jackson (SFS), 87 wm

WASHINGTON AND COUNT DE GRASSE (Tribute son. 1st. Come, jolly brave Americans, and toss the glass around...)-see: Lawrence, 90 wo. Also see: GEORGE WASHINGTON I

WASHINGTON BADGE (Temperance song, 1843. Tune: Rosin the Bow and/or Lord Randal. 1st. Come join our temperance army...)-see: Jackson (WSSU), 180 wm; Lloyd, 51 wm

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE (Tribute ballad, by Seba Smith, 1847. 1st. Dark and gloomy was the hour...)-see: Lawrence, 67 wo

WASHINGTON'S GRAND MARCH (vt)-see: GEORGE WASHINGTON III

WASHINGTON'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE (vt)-see: GEORGE WASHINGTON I

WASHINGTON THE GREAT (Political tribute song. 1st. I suppose you've heard of Washington, of Washington the great...)-see: Emrich (FAL), 406 wm

WASH THE LADIES' DISHES (Game song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Bolton (CRC), 113; Gardner (FSH), 233 wo; Johnson (WTS), 176

WASHTUB BLUES, THE (Occupational song. 1st. I washed dat woman's clothes...)-see: Brown, III, 269 wo

WAS IST DAS? (Cumulative dialect song. 1st. Was ist das, mein Sohn?...)-see: Leisy (SPS), 162 wm

WASN'T IT A MIGHTY DAY? aka WASN'T THAT A MIGHTY DAY? (Spiritual. 1st. O wasn't that a mighty day?...)-see Kennedy (M-2), 35 wo; Work (AMSS), 214 wm

WASN'T THAT A MIGHTY STORM? (Topical song. 1st. In Galveston's sea-wall...)-see: Botkin (SFL), 728 wm

WASN'T THAT A WITNESS FOR MY LORD? (vt)-see Index: WITNESS

WASN'T THEM HARD TRIALS? (vt)-see: AIN'T THEM HARD TRIALS?

WASP BITE NOBI ON HER CONCH EYE, A (Bahama song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 86 wm

WASSAIL BOUGH, THE (vt)-see: WASSAIL SONG

WASSAIL SONG (Carol)-see: MB

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT (ct)-see Index: BALLAD OF ALFRED PACKER & YOU NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY

WAS YOU DERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED JESUS? (vt)-see: WERE YOU THERE?

WAS YOU EVER DOWN IN MOBILE BAY? (vt & 1st line)-see: MOBILE BAY

WAS YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED JESUS? (vt)-see: WERE YOU THERE?

WAS WACHST IN DIESEM WALD? (vt)-see Index: WHAT GROWS IN THE FOREST?

WAS WACHST UFF DIESEM BAM? (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS GREW ALL ROUND, THE

WATCHER, THE (19th cent. sentimental song. 1st. The night was dark and fearful...)-see: Jordan, 104 wm

WATCHET SAILOR, THE (vt)-see: JACK THE JOLLY SAILOR IV

WATCHMAN'S CALL, THE (Hymn. 1st. The watchman blows the trumpet loud...)-see: Brown, V, 491 wm

WATER BIRCH (vt)-see: JEW'S DAUGHTER, THE

WATER BOY (vt)-see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER I

WATER CRESSES (vt)-see Index: DAIRY FARMER, THE

WATER CRESS GIRL, THE (vt)-see: QUAND J'ETAIS CHEZ MON PERE

WATERFALL, THE (Dance tune with ct)-see: Ford (TMA), 86 mo. Also see Index: GIRL THAT WORE A WATERFALL, THE

WATERFORD BOYS, THE (Humorous Irish song. 1st. Well, boys, for diversion we're all met together...)-see: Delaney (ISB-2), 19; Greenleaf, No. 72 wo; O'Conor, 115 wm; Songster (44), 52; (97), 28; (112), 34; (130), 52; (151), 22; (171), 60; (192), 52

WATERFORD GIRL, or TOWN (vt)-see: KNOXVILLE GIRL, THE

WATER IS WIDE, THE (Love lament. Adapt. from O Waly, Waly. 1st. The water is wide, I cannot get o'er ...)-see: Leisy, 346 wm; Okun, 172 wm; Seeger (6), 77 wm; Silverman, I, 157 wm. Also see: O WALY, WALY

WATERLOO ("Pressed into service" ballad with ct. 1st. It was on one Monday morning in the lovely month of June...)-see: Peacock, III, 1020 wm. Also see: DISGUISED LOVER VIII B; DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO & PLAINS OF WATERLOO. Also see Index: PRESS GANG, THE. Also see: Greenleaf, 165

WATERMELON HANGING ON THE VINE (Minstrel song)-see: MB

WATERMELON ON THE VINE (vt)-see: WATERMELON HANGING ON THE VINE

WATERMELONS aka WATERMELONS GOIN' BY (Street huckster cry. 1st. Same as aka title...)-see: Cohen (LS), 52 wm; Siegmeister, 87 wm

WATER O' GAMRIE, THE (vt)-see: RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW

WATER ON THE WHEEL aka WATER BOY (Work song with ct. 1st. Water boy, water boy!...)-see: Courlander (NSA), 78 wm. Also see: JOHN HENRY AND THE HAMMER I

WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL, THE (vt)-see: MYRA BELLE LEE

WATER'S GLIDING, THE (vt)-see: NIGHTINGALE I, THE

WATER, WATER, WILD FLOWER (vt)-see: WALL-FLOWERS

WATT'S CRADLE HYMN (Lullaby. 1st. How much better art thou attended...)-see: Thomas (DD), 119 wo

WAT WI DOHT aka DAVID STRAAT & HURRAH, HURRAH, HURRAH! (Ger. shanty. 1st. Un wenn wi nu na Hamborg...OR: And when we now to Hamburg come...)-see: Hugill (1), 138 wm

WAVES OF TORY, THE (vt)-see: RAKES OF MALLOW, THE

WAXFORD GIRL, THE (vt)-see: KNOXVILLE GIRL, THE

WAY BACK IN ALABAMA (vt)-see Index: JOHN HENRY'S DEAD

WAY BACK IN HEAVEN (Spiritual. 1st. Way back in heaven, don't you want to go...)-see: Brown, V, 492 wm

WAY BEYOND THE MOON (vt)-see Index: GOING TO OUTSHINE THE SUN

WAY DOWN BELOW (Composite song. 1st. Oh, a good beef-steak an' a mutton chop...)-see: Brown, III, 555 wo. Also see: CHASE THE SQUIRREL B

WAY DOWN DE RIBBER ROAD (vt)-see Index: NUMBER NINETY-NINE

WAY DOWN IN CAIRO (vt)-see: I HEAR MY TRUE LOVE CRY

WAY DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN (vt)-see: APPRENTICE BOY II

WAY DOWN IN EGYPT LAND (vt)-see Index: COME DOWN, LORD

WAY DOWN IN LONE GREEN VALLEY (vt)-see: JEALOUS LOVER, THE

WAY DOWN IN LONE VALLEY (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER V, THE

WAY DOWN IN MEXICO (War song. 1st. O boys, we're goin' for to fight...OR: O boys, we're goin' far tonight ...)-see: Dolph, 385 wo; Lomax (CS-1919), 314 & (CS-1938), 365 wo

WAY DOWN IN OLE VIRGINIA (Work song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 225 wo

WAY DOWN IN RACKENSACK (Humorous song. 1st. Somebody stole my old coon dog...)-see: Randolph, III, 35 wo; Wood (MGO), 51 wo

WAY DOWN IN TENNESSEE (vt)-see Index: POOR OLD SLAVE, THE

WAY DOWN IN THE BACKWOODS (vt)-see Index: CODE OF THE MOUNTAINS, THE

WAY DOWN IN THE LONE VALLEY (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER V, THE

WAY DOWN IN THE OLE PEEDEE (Dance song. 1st. I wish that gal of mine...)-see: Parrish, 122 wm

WAY DOWN IN THE PAW-PAW PATCH (vt)-see: PAW-PAW PATCH, THE

WAY DOWN NEAR ALPENA IN A FAR-DISTANT LAND (1st line of untitled lumbermen's song...)-see: Beck (LLC), 311 & (SML), 99 wo; Rickaby, 130 wo

WAY DOWN ON BINGO FARM (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG VI

WAY DOWN ON THE OLE PEE DEE (Plantation song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Carmer (SRA), 110 wm. Also see: OLE PEE DEE, THE

WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE aka DOWN SOUTH ON THE RIO GRANDE (Humorous cowboy song. 1st. From way down south on the Rio Grande...)-see: Lomax (CS-1919), 331 & (CS-1938), 362 wo

WAY DOWN SOUTH WHERE I WAS BORN (vt)-see: DING DONG DINGLE O!

WAY DOWN THE OHIO (Composite love song with floating lines. 1st. Way down the Ohio, my little boat I steer...)-see: Downes (1943), 113 wm; Sharp, II, 275 wm

WAY DOWN THE RIVER ROAD (vt)-see Index: AIN'T I GONE, GONE, GONE

WAY DOWN TO ROCKINGHAM (vt)-see Index: AIN'T I GONE, GONE, GONE

WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER (vt)-see: OLD FOLKS AT HOME

WAY DOWN YONDER A LONG WAY OFF (vt)-see: JAYBIRD

WAY DOWN YONDER IN PASQUOTANK aka PASQUOTANK (Nursery rhyme. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 226 & V, 130 wm; Davis (FSV), 151 wo; Jour (AFL), XXVI, 135 & XLIV, 425; White, 244 wo. Also see: DUMMY LINE, THE

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD (vt)-see: WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE PAW-PAW PATCH (vt)-see: PAW-PAW PATCH, THE

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE WOODS aka DADDE DRUNNE IN DEM WALD (Pa.-Dutch play-party song. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Boyer, 135 wm

WAY DOWN YONDER ON CEDAR STREET (Minstrel song: a parody of a spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 541 & V, 311 wm; White, 138 wo. Also compare: Randolph, II, 388

WAYFARING PILGRIM, THE (vt)-see: WAYFARING STRANGER, THE

WAYFARING STRANGER, THE (Secular hymn)-see: MB

'WAY, HEY, JERUSALEM (vt)-see Index: I'M OFF TO BOISE CITY

'WAY HIGH UP IN THE MOKIONES (vt)-see: RUSTY JIGGS AND SANDY SAM

'WAY, HO, A-ROLLING GO (vt)-see: SALLY BROWN

'WAY, HO! THE CHERRY O! (vt)-see: FARMER IN THE DELL

'WAY IN THE KINGDOM (Spiritual)-see: MB

'WAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR (ct)-see: EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL. Also see: JOHN SAW THE HOLY NUMBER. Also see: Odum (NHS), 105

'WAY, ME SUSIANA! (Shanty. 1st. We'll heave him up an' away we'll go...)-see: Hugill (1), 378 wm

'WAY, O, JULIANNA (vt)-see: BAY OF MEXICO, THE

WAY OUT IN IDAHO, or IDYHO (Humorous "hard times" song, with ct. Tune: Sam Bass. 1st. Come all you jolly railroad men, and I'll sing you if I can...)-see: Botkin (RFL), 440 & (SWFS), 554 wm; Emrich (SWM), 229; Lingenfelter, 78 wm; Lomax (OSC), 269 wm; Lynn (CS), 11 wm. Also see: IN THE HILLS OF ARKANSAS

WAY OUT WEST (Cowboy ballad, by Chas. Siringo. 1st. 'Twas good to live when all the range...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 333 wo

WAY OUT WEST IN ARKANSAS (vt)-see: IN THE HILLS OF ARKANSAS

WAY OUT WEST IN KANSAS (Humorous song)-see: MB. Also see: Ford (TMA), 356 mo

WAY OVER IN MY SOUL aka INDIAN SONG (Religious song. 1st. Oh, sinner, what'd you do that day?...)-see: Arnold, 29 wm

WAY OVER IN THE BLOOMING GARDEN (Game song. 1st. Sweet peas and roses...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 293 wm

'WAY OVER IN THE HEAVENS (Spiritual)-see: MB

'WAY OVER IN THE NEW BURYIN' GROUN' (vt)-see Index: HAMMERS KEEP RINGING, THE

'WAY OVER IN THE PROMISED LAND (ct)-see: PROMISED LAND, THE & SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND

'WAY OVER JORDAN (vt)-see: VIEW THAT LAND

'WAY OVER YONDER IN MONTGOMERY (Freedom Movement song. Tune: Church Bells Tolling. 1st. I wonder can you hear that Freedom Bell tolling...)-see: Carawan, 165 wm

WAY SING SALLY (Shanty. 1st. Sally am de gal just like a daisy...)-see: Harlow, 87 wm

WAYS OF ARKANSAS, THE (vt)-see: ADVICE TO AMERICAN GIRLS

'WAY, STORMALONG JOHN aka MISTER STORMALONG JOHN (One of many "Stormalong John" shanties. 1st. A good ol' skipper to his crew...)-see: Hugill (1), 77 wm. Also see: STORMALONG I, II & III

WAY THEY EMIGRATE, THE (Mormon socio-cultural song. Tune: The Female Auctioneer. 1st. Of all the systems I can name...)-see: Lingenfelter, 205 wo; Willes, 38

WAY TO HEAVEN, THE (vt)-see Index: RAILROAD TO HEAVEN, THE

WAY UP IN DE MIDDLE OF DE AIR (vt)-see: EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL

WAY UP ON CLINCH MOUNTAIN (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER VII, THE

WAY UP ON OLD SMOKY (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER VIII, THE

WAYWARD YOUTH, THE (Moralistic song)-see: MB

WAY WE CROSSED THE PLAINS, THE (Mormon song. 1st. In a shaky wagon we ride...)-see: Cheney, 54 wm

W. B. A. (Occupational dialect song. 1st. An' fwat ar yez wantin' Paddy from Cork?...)-see: Korson (MMP), 220 wo

WEALTHY MERCHANT, THE (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN VIII
WEALTHY MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, THE (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN VIII
WEALTHY OLD MAID, THE (vt)-see: WARRANTY DEED, THE
WE ARE. Also see: WE'RE
WE ARE ALL A-PANNING (vt)-see: ALL PANNIN'
WE ARE ALL LITTLE GIRLIES (Game song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Hornby, 86 wm
WE ARE "ALL THE GO" (Minstrel-type song. 1st. Yes! we's "all-de-go," boys,...)-see: Talley, 52 wo
WE ARE ALMOST HOME (Spiritual)-see: MB
WE ARE BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA (vt)-see: HEAVE AWAY IV
WE ARE BUILDING ON A ROCK (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Dett, 115 wm
WE ARE CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER (ct)-see: JACOB'S LADDER I. Also see Index: I AM ON MY WAY
WE ARE CLIMBING THE HILLS OF ZION (Spiritual)-see: MB
WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM (Por-Union Civil War song. Tune: Wearing of the Green. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Emrich (FAL), 431 wo; Glass (SS-2), 113 wm; Kennedy (TAB), 166 wo; Lawrence, 364 wo; Luther, 180 wo. Also see next listing.
WE ARE COMING, FODDER ABRAHAM (Parody of above listed song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lawrence, 365 wo
WE ARE FOUR BUMS aka FOUR BUMS (Humorous song. 1st. We are four bums, four jolly good chums...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 192 wm
WE ARE MANY MILES APART (vt)-see Index: MANY MILES APART
WE ARE MARCHING ON (Religious song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 679 & V, 402 wm; Hull (JC), 12 wm. Also compare: Work (ANSS), 164. Also see: ON CANAAN'S HAPPY SHORE
WE ARE MARCHING ON TO RICHMOND (Pro-Union Civil War song, by E. W. Locke. 1st. Our knapsacks sling, and blithely sing...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 214 wm

WE ARE MARCHING TO QUEBEC (vt)-see: WHITE OAK TREES
WE ARE OLD TIME CONFEDERATES (vt)-see: OLD TIME CONFEDERATES
WE ARE THE BOYS OF POTOMAC'S RANKS (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG IV
WE ARE THE OLD NAVY (vt)-see Index: OLD NAVY, THE
WE ARE THE ROMANS, or ROVERS (vt)-see: ROMAN SOLDIERS, THE
WE ARE THE SONS OF WESLEY (vt & 1st line)-see Index: I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER
WE ARE THE SOUNDING BURGLERS (Game song. 1st. Here come the sounding burglers...)-see: Hornby, 92 wm
WE ARE THREE BRETHREN OUT OF SPAIN (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING
WE ARE THREE JEWS. or LORDS (vt)-see: KNIGHTS A-RIDING
WE ARE WALKING DOWN THE VALLEY (vt & 1st line)-see Index: VALES OF BEULAH, THE
WE ARE WALKING IN THE LIGHT (Spiritual. 1st. Hallelujah to de Lamb...)-see: Dett, 116 wm
WEARING OF THE BLUE aka CANADEE-I-O (Masquerading woman song. 1st. It's of a gallant lady all in her tender youth...)-see: Karpeles, 169 wm
WEARING OF THE GRAY (vt)-see: WEARING OF THE GREY
WEARING OF THE GREEN (Irish song)-see: MB
WEARING OF THE GREY (Civil War song)-see: MB
WEARISOME LIFE, A (ct)-see: COWBOY'S LIFE, A & LUMBERMEN'S LIFE, A
WEARY COWBOY, THE (vt)-see: COWBOY'S MEDITATION II
WEARY DAYS ARE A TAILOR'S (vt)-see Index: OT AZOY NEYT A SHNAYDER
WEARY PLOUGHMAN, THE (vt)-see Index: MOWER, THE
WEARY, TIRED COWBOY (vt)-see: COWBOY'S MEDITATION II
WEARY TRAVELER (vt)-see Index: LET US CHEER THE WEARY TRAVELER

WEARY WILLIE (Hobo song. 1st. A weary Willie wandered down the track...)-see: Shay (DFW), 75 wm

WEASEL AND THE RAT, THE (vt)-see: ANIMALS B, THE

WEAVER, THE (vt)-see: FOGGY DEW, THE

WEAVER HAD A WIFE, THE aka IN BED WITH THE MAJOR (Domestic triangle ballad. 1st. There was a rambling at the door...)-see: Henry (FSSH), 306 wo; Hubbard, 227 wo

WEAVER IS HANDSOME, THE (Masquerade-love ballad. 1st. Some say I'll go crazy, some say I'll run...OR: I am a young girl, my fortune is sad...)-see: Gardner (BSSM), 173 wm

WEAVE-ROOM BLUES (Occupational song. 1st. Workin' in a weave-room...)-see: Silverman, II, 62 wm; Whitman, 67 wo

WEAVER'S BONNIE (vt)-see: RIDDLE SONG I

WEAVILY WHEAT (vt)-see: CHARLIE IS A NICE YOUNG MAN

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS (Sailor song. 1st. We be three poor mariners, newly come from the seas...)-see: Shay (ASSC), 120 wm

WE CAUGHT A YOUNG SQUIRREL (Dance-game song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 345 wo

WEDDING, THE (vt)-see: BRIDE'S DEATH, THE

WEDDING BELLS (vt)-see: FATAL WEDDING, THE

WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN, THE (Irish song. 1st. Long life and success to a true Irish bawd...)-see: Berry (CS), 60; Blake (SS) 324; Delaney (ISB, No. 1), 13; Mackenzie, 342; O'Conor, 63; Songster (152), 44 wo

WEDDING OF BEAN ROCK HOLLOW (Story song. 1st. 'Twas on a night so windy...)-see: Arnold, 24 wm

WEDDING OF THE FROG AND THE MOUSE (vt)-see: FROG AND THE MOUSE, THE

WEDDING POSTPONED (vt)-see: FROG AND THE MOUSE, THE

WED LADY, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

WEDLOCK (vt)-see: ADAM AND EVE
WEDNESDAY NIGHT WALTZ (Dance tune)-see: Thede, 145
WE DONE QUIT (Coal-mining song. 1st. Went up on de top house...)-see: Korson (CDF), 436 wo
WE DON'T GET NO JUSTICE HERE IN ATLANTA (Prison song. 1st. Oh, we don't get no justice...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 313 wm
WEE COOPER O' FIFE (vt)-see: YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE
WEEK'S WORK,A (vt)-see: HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT I
WEE LITTLE PIUTE (Lullaby. 1st. Wee little Piute, hi yi ya...)-see: Fife, 237 wm
WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW (vt)-see: KEEL ROW, THE
WEE MESSGROVE (vt)-see: LITTLE MARTY GRAY
WEEPING KATE (vt)-see: KATIE'S ROMANCE
WEEPING MARY I, II & III (Religious ballad & two spirituals)-see: MB
WEEPING PILGRIM (vt)-see: PILGRIM V
WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY (Love song)-see: MB
WEEPING SAVIOUR (Hymn, by J. P. Rees. 1st. Did Christ o'er sinners weep...)-see: Luther, 84 wo; White & King, 33 wm
WEEPING WILLOW, THE (ct)-see: BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW & JEALOUS LOVER B, THE. Also see: Henry (BMFSB), '40
WEEPING WILLOW TREE, THE (ct)-see: BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW & GOLDEN VANITY, THE
WEEP-O-MELLOW TREE (vt)-see: GALLOWS TREE, THE
WEEP-WILLOW TREE, THE (vt)-see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE
WEEVILY WHEAT (vt)-see: CHARLIE IS A NICE YOUNG MAN
WEE, WEE MAN, THE (Eng.-Scot. "mystic-seer" ballad. 1st. As I was walking all alone...OR: Oh, I went walking one fine day...)-see: Brown, II, 47 wo; Child, I, 329 wo; Herd MSS, 153; Johnson (SMM), No. 370; Kinsley, 11 wm; Quiller-Couch, 51 wo

WE FIGHT FOR BREAD (Labor Union song. 1st. Come, boys, we'll stand together...)-see: Korson (CDF), 415 wo

WE FOUGHT LIKE THE DIVIL (vt)-see Index: LARRY O'GAFF

WE GONNA HAVE A GOOD TIME (Spiritual. 1st. Way bye and bye, way bye and bye...)-see: Arnold, 161 wm

WE GOT ON OUR TRAVELIN' SHOES (Labor Union song. 1st. Dere is people of ev'ry nation...)-see: Korson (CDF), 309 wm

WE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD SHAKIN' (Freedom Movement song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Carawan, 206 wm

WE HAVE. Also see: WE'VE

WE HAVE A PIG IN THE PARLOR (vt)-see: PIG IN THE PARLOR

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER aka SHALL ANGER PART US NOW?

WE HAVE FATHERS GONE TO HEAVEN (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Combs (FSUS), 191 wo

WE HAVE FATHERS OVER YONDER (ct)-see: PROMISED LAND, THE. Also see Index: OVER YONDER OCEAN

WE HAVE LOVED ONES OVER YONDER (Hymn. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 679 wo

WE HAVE MET AND WE HAVE PARTED (vt)-see: FALSE LOVER II

WE HAVE THE NAVY (Civil War song. 1st. Well, we have the navy an' we have the men...)-see: Randolph, II, 257 wm

WE HUNTED AND WE HOLLERED (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

WE JOURNEY TO AMERICA aka WIR REISEN NOCH AMERIKÂ (Ger. song. 1st. The day and hour are here...OR: Jetzt is di Zeit' un Schtunde dâ...)-see: Korson (PSL), 66 wm

WE KEPT KISSING ON (vt)-see: KISSING SONG II, THE

WELCOME, MOTHER JONES (Labor Union song. 1st. All hail, Mother Jones, to Mehaska...)-see: Korson (CDF), 347 wo

WELCOME SOULS (Hymn with floating 1st stanza. 1st. He comes, He comes, the Judge severe...)-see: McCurry, 48 wm

WELCOME TABLE, THE (ct)-see: ONE OF THESE DAYS & SHINE, SHINE II

WELDON (vt)-see: ROUND UP FOUR IN LONDON. Also see: Owens (ST), 84

WE LIVE ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO (Plantation son. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 256 wo

WE'LL. Also see: WE WILL

WE'LL ALL GO DOWN TO ROWSER, or ROWSERS (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG VIII

WE'LL ALL GO TO BOSTON (vt)-see: GOING TO BOSTON

WE'LL ALL PRAISE GOD (Hymn. 1st. Come, taste along with me...)-see: Jackson (SFS), 194 wm

WE'LL ALL PULL THROUGH (vt)-see: WE'LL PULL THROUGH

WE'LL ALL SHOUT TOGETHER IN THE MORNING (ct)-see Index: BURGES & SWEET MORNING

WE'LL ANCHOR BY AND BY (vt)-see: STAND THE STORM

WE'LL CHASE THE BUFFALO (vt)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE II & III

WE'LL BLOW THE OLD MAN DOWN (Shanty. Come all ye lads who sail the sea...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 31 wo

WE'LL CROWN THEM WITH ROSES (Temperance song. 1st. We'll take up our stand...)-see: Randolph, II, 430 wo

WE'LL DIE IN THE FIELD (vt)-see: GOSPEL WAR, THE

WELL DONE, LIAR (vt)-see Index: HURRAH, LIE!

WE'LL END THIS WAR (vt)-see: DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE II

WE'LL GET HOME TO HEAVEN BIME-BYE aka O'ER THE CROSSING (Spiritual. 1st. Bendin' knees a achin', body racked wid pain...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 72, 123 wm

WE'LL GET THERE ALL THE SAME (Temperance song. 1st. When Moses led the Hebrews out...)-see: Randolph II, 419

WE'LL GO DOWN OURSELVES (Civil War song, by Henry C. Work. 1st. What shall we do as the years go by? ...)-see: Lawrence, 389 wo

WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING (vt)-see: JOLLY BEGGAR I, THE

WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE (Shanty. 1st. No more I'll haul on a lee fore brace...)-see: Hugill (1), 581 wm

WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE DANCE TONIGHT, BOYS (Minstrel song. Similar to: Dance By the Light of the Moon. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 555 wo

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER DRINK BEFORE THE BOAT SHOVES OFF (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG X

WE'LL HUNT THE BUFFALO (ct)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE II A, III, IV & V

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO (vt)-see: PLAINS OF WATERLOO, THE

WELL IS DEEP, THE (vt)-see: QUAND J'ETAIS CHEZ MON PERE

WE'LL MARCH AROUND JERUSALEM (Hymn. 1st. O brehren, will you meet me?...)-see: Jackson (SFS), 190 wm; White, 439 wo. Also see: Dett, 78

WE'LL MEET OVER JORDAN (Spiritual)-see: MB

WE'LL MEET THERE BYE AND BYE (vt)-see: WE'LL MEET OVER JORDAN

WELL MET, WELL MET, MY OLD TRUE LOVE (vt)-see: CARPEN* TER'S WIFE, THE

WE'LL OVERTAKE THE ARMY aka YES, MY LORD (Spiritual. 1st. I've enlisted, and I will fight...)-see: Marsh (SJS), 203 wm

WE'LL PRESS FOR CANAAN'S SHORE (vt)-see: LONESOME DOVE B, THE

WE'LL PULL THROUGH (Humorous song: par.)-see: MB
WE'LL PUT JOHN ON THE ISLAND (Spiritual)-see: MB
WE'LL RALLY ROUND THE CANE BRAKE (vt)-see; INVITATION TO ADVENTURE III C
WE'LL RANZO RAY, or WAY (vt)-see: RANZO RAY
WE'LL ROAM ACROSS THE PRAIRIE (vt)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE V
WE'LL ROAM THE FOREST OVER (vt)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE I B
WE'LL ROAM THE PRAIRIES OVER (vt)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE V
WE'LL ROLL THE CHARIOT ALONG (vt)-see: ROLL THE CHARIOT
WE'LL ROLL THE GOLDEN CHARIOT ALONG (vt)-see: ROLL THE CHARIOT B
WE'LL SAIL AWAY TO HEAVEN (vt)-see: DON'T BE WEARY
WELLS AND FARGO LINE (Cowboy ballad. 1st. Come listen to my story, I'll not detain you long...)-see: Fife, 46 wm
WELL, SHE ASKED ME IN THE PARLOR (Work song. Adapt. from The Roving Gambler. 1st. Same as title...) -see: Odum (NHS), 258 wo
WE'LL SHOOT THE BUFFALO (vt)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE III, IV & V
WE'LL SHOUT AND GIVE HIM GLORY (Hymn. 1st. Oh, how I love my Savior!...)-see: Hauser (OL), 254 wm; Jackson (SFS), 180 wm
WE'LL SHOW YOU WHEN WE COME TO VOTE (Anti- women's suffrage song, 1869, by Frank Howard. 1st. Oh, how we suffer, maids and wives...)-see: Lawrence, 453 wm
WELL SOLD THE COW (vt)-see: HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED I
WE'LL STAND THE STORM (vt)-see: STAND THE STORM
WE'LL STEM THE STORM (Hymn)-see: MB. Also see: JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS III & STAND THE STORM
WE'LL STICK TO THE HOE (Farm song. 1st. Same as title ...)-see: Talley, 123 wo

WE'LL STRIKE IT aka THE MINER'S SONG (Goldrush song. 1st. In a rusty worn out cabin sat a broken-hearted leaser...)-see: Lomax (CS-1919), 25 wo; Sherwin (SGM), 45 wm

WE'LL SWEEP THEM OFF THE LAND! (Militant Mormon song)-see: MB

WELL, THE DAY I LEFT MY PO' MAMA'S DOOR aka IF TROUBLE DON'T KILL ME (Country blues. 1st. Same as title...) -see: Owens (TFS), 180 wm

WE'LL VOTE FOR HAYES AND WHEELER (Presidential campaign song, 1876. 1st. In the land of corn and the land of cotton...)-see: Lawrence, 460 wo

WE LOVED BUT WE PARTED (Composite love song. 1st. We loved, but we parted when she said goodbye...)-see: Brown, III, 272 wo. Also see: FALSE LOVER II

WE LOVE THE NAME OF TEXAS (Patriotic song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Moore (BFSS), 302 wm

WENT DOWN TOWN (Rural dance song. 1st. Went down to town, didn't mean no harm...)-see: Brown, III, 562 & 325 wm

WENT OUT A-SPARKIN' (vt)-see: WHEN YOU GO A-COURTIN'

WENT TO THE RIVER (vt)-see Index: I WENT TO THE RIVER AND COULDN'T GET ACROSS. Also see: Randolph, II, 330

WENT UP ON THE MOUNTAIN aka SUGARTOWN (Rural dance song with ct. 1st. Went up on the mountain to give my horn a blow...)-see: Henry (FSSH), 429 wo; Lomax (PB), 39 wm; Richardson (AMS), 50 wm. Also see: LIZA JANE

<u>WE'RE. Also see: WE ARE</u>

WE'RE ALL A-NODDIN' (vt)-see: ALL NODDIN'

WE'RE ALL A-SINGING (Game song. 1st. Oh, we're all a-singing, a-sing, sing, singing...)-see: Brown, III, 131 wo

WE'RE ALL AWAY TO SEA (vt)-see: HEAVE AWAY II

WE'RE ALL BOUND TO GO (vt)-see: HEAVE AWAY II

WE'RE ALL DODGING (vt)-see Index: DODGER, THE

WE'RE ALL GONNA SHINE TONIGHT ("Rallying" song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Winn (2), 206 wm

WE'RE ALL HERE (vt)-see Index: SONG OF THE FREEDMEN, THE

WE'RE ALL NODDIN' (vt)-see: ALL NODDIN'

WE'RE ALL SURROUNDED (Stevedore shanty. 1st. Martha wept and Mary cried...)-see: Harlow, 6 wm

WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA (vt)-see: HEAVE AWAY IV

WE'RE BOUND FOR, or TO THE RIO GRANDE (vt)-see: AWAY, RIO!

WE'RE CLIMBING THE HILLS OF ZION (vt)-see: WE ARE CLIMBING THE HILLS OF ZION

WE'RE COMING, ARKANSAW (vt)-see: IN THE HILLS OF ARKANSAS

WE'RE COMING, COLORADO (Labor Union song. Tune: Battle Cry of Freedom. 1st. We will win the fight today, boys...)-see: Korson (CDF), 388 wo

WE'RE COMING, IDAHO (vt)-see: IN THE HILLS OF ARKANSAS B

WE'RE GONNA KILL THE OLD RED ROOSTER (vt)-see: SHE'LL BE COMING 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

WE'RE GONNA MARCH IN ST. AUGUSTINE TONIGHT, MY LORD (Freedom Movement song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Carawan, 24 wm

WE'RE GONNA MARCH WHEN THE SPIRIT SAY "MARCH" (Social protest song, c. 1965. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Seeger (4), 107 wm

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND (vt)-see: HOMEWARD BOUND I

WE'RE INDEPENDENT NOW (Labor Union song. 1st. Now we don't care what the operators say...)-see: Korson (CDF), 321 wo

WE'RE MARCHING DOWN TO OLD QUEBEC (vt)-see: WHITE OAK TREES

WE'RE MARCHING DOWN TO ROUSER'S (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG VIII

WE'RE MARCHING ON TO WAR (Hymn. 1st. Same as title...) -see: Randolph, IV, 71 wm

WE'RE MARCHING ROUND A PRETTY GIRL (Play-party song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Van Doren, 495. Also see: SUGAR AND TEA

WE'RE MARCHING 'ROUND THE LEVEE, or LEVY (vt)-see: ROUND AND ROUND, IN AND OUT, MARCHING, WALKING

WE'RE MARCHING ROUND THE SOAPSTICK (1st line of untitled Play-party song...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 229 D wo

WE'RE MARCHING TO QUEBEC (vt)-see: WHITE OAK TREES

WE'RE NOT GUILTY (Labor Union song. 1st. In the little town of Goodwill...)-see: Korson (CDF), 320 wo

WE'RE OFF FOR CHINA'S SHORE (Parody)-see: MB

WE'RE POOR OLD MAIDS (Nursery song)-see: MB

WE'RE TENTING TONIGHT (vt)-see: TENTING TONIGHT ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

WE'RE THE BOYS FOR MEXICO (Amer. war song)-see: MB

WE'RE THE NOBLE LADS OF CANADA (vt)-see Index: NOBLE LADS OF CANADA, THE

WERE YOU EVER IN DUMBARTON? (Scot. song. 1st. Were you ever in Dumbarton, where they wear the tartan?...)-see: Doerflinger, 307 wm

WERE YOU EVER IN RIO GRANDE? (vt)-see: AWAY, RIO!

WERE YOU THERE? (Spiritual)-see: MB

WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD? (1st line and vt)-see: WERE YOU THERE?

WE RODE ALONG TOGETHER (Bawdy ballad)-see: MB

WE SHALL BE FREE (vt)-see: CHILDREN, WE ALL SHALL BE FREE

WE SHALL MARCH THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE (vt)-see: WE SHALL WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED (Organized Labor adapt. of Just Like a Tree. 1st. We're fighting for our freedom...)-see: Berger, 51 wm; Fowke (SWF), wm; Korson (CDF), 315 wo; Scott (BA), 344 wm; Seeger (4), 109 wm; Silverman, I, 400 wm; Whitman, 72 wm. Also see: I SHALL NOT BE MOVED

WE SHALL OVERCOME (Freedom Movement song. 1st. We shall overcome, we shall overcome...)-see: Arnett, 216 wm; Fowke (SWF), 34 wm; Scott (BA), 352 wm; Shekerjian, 128 wm; Silber (HSB), 94 wm; Whitman, 17 wm

WE SHALL RISE, HALLELUJAH! (Hymn, 1904. 1st. We shall sing until we die...)-see: Randolph, IV, 73 wm

WE SHALL WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE (Spiritual) -see: MB

WESLEY SHACKERS, THE (Criminal activity song. 1st. It was in the town of Wesley...)-see: Eckstorm, 128 wo

WEST BRANCH SONG, THE (vt)-see Index: DROWNING OF JOHN ROBERTS, THE

WEST COUNTREE, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE

WEST-COUNTRY DAMOSEL'S COMPLAINT, THE (Eng.-Scot. ballad of rejected lover. 1st. When will you marry me, William?...)-see: Child, V, 157 wo

WEST COUNTRY WAGER, THE (vt)-see: MERRY GREEN FIELDS, THE

WESTERN HOME, THE (vt)-see: HOME ON THE RANGE A & B

WESTERN OCEAN (Shanty. 1st. Oh, I only got one cap, and the crown of it's all gone...)-see: Creighton (SBNS), 133 wm

WESTERN PLAINS, THE aka THE TEXAS PLAINS (Cowboy song. 1st. Each night in my dreams...)-see: Lee (TTGC), 6, 236 wm

WESTERN RANGERS (Pioneer song. 1st. Come all you western rangers...)-see: Flanders (CSV), 30

WESTERN SETTLER, THE (vt)-see: LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY I

WEST PALM BEACH STORM aka THE 1928 STORM (Natural disaster song. 1st. On the sixteenth day of September...)-see: Morris, 101 wm

WEST TEXAS (Social satire. 1st. Where you can go farther and see less...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 413 wo

WEST VIRGINIA BOYS (vt)-see: ADVICE TO AMERICAN GIRLS

WEST VIRGINIA FARMER, THE (Humorous country song. 1st. Oh, the West Virginia hills...)-see: Gainer, 109 wm

WEST VIRGINIA FEUD SONG, A aka THE LINCOLN COUNTY CREW (Family feud song, 1890. Actually a re-working of The Tolliver-Martin Feud Song. 1st. Come all you young men and ladies, and fathers and mothers too...)-see: Cox (FSS), 205 wo

WEST VIRGINIA HILLS (vt)-see: RUNNING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

WEST VIRGINIA SONG OF FREEDOM (Labor Union song. Tune: Wearing of the Green. 1st. There's a call from West Virginia...)-see: Korson (CDF), 428 wo

WESTWARD HO! (Cowboy song. 1st. I love not Colorado where the faro table grows...)-see: Lingenfelter, 20 wo; Lomax (CS-1919), 37 & (CS-1938), 415 wo; Thorp (1921), 161 wo

WE THE BOYS OF SANPETE COUNTY (vt & 1st line)-see Index: BOYS OF SANPETE COUNTY, THE

WE-TON SONG (Amer. Dakota-Sioux song, sung by women. No Eng. words available...)-see: Fletcher (2), 81 wm

WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA, A (Eng. naval song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Huntington, 49 wm; Trident, 66 wm

WE'VE. Also see: WE HAVE

WE'VE DONE OUR HITCH IN HELL (Soldier song. 1st. I'm sitting here a-thinking...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 552 wo

WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN ("Ol' buddy" song, by M. O'Reilly and J. G. Clark. 1st. There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours...)-see: Dolph, 364 wm; Glass (SS-2), 240 wm

WE WAS LOGGING IN KENTUCKY (1st line of untitled "tall tale" song...)-see: Smith (SCB), 30 wo

WE WERE COMRADES TOGETHER IN THE DAYS OF THE WAR (Post-Civil War song, by Col. Joe Whitfield and Collin Coe. 1st. We were comrades close together when the boys marched away...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 238 wm

WE WHOOPED AND WE HOLLERED (vt)-see: THEY WHOOPED AND THEY HOLLERED

<u>WE WILL. Also see: WE'LL</u>

WE WILL ALL HAVE RELIGION JUDGMENT DAY (vt)-see: SINNER-MAN IV

WE WILL ALL PRAY TOGETHER aka ONE OF TONIGHT (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 663 wo

WE WILL MARCH THROUGH THE VALLEY (vt)-see: WE SHALL WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE

WE WILL OVERCOME (vt)-see Index: WE SHALL OVERCOME

WE WILL ROAM THE FOREST OVER (vt)-see: INVITATION TO ADVENTURE I <u>B</u>

WE WILL SING A NEW SONG (Spiritual)-see: MB

WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG VII

WEXFORD CITY (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN IX

WEXFORD GIRL, or LASS (vt)-see: KNOXVILLE GIRL, THE

WEXFORD STREET (vt)-see: CROPPY BOY, THE

WHALE, THE (Fishermen's song. 1st. Oh, 'twas in the year of ninety-four...)-see: Glass (SS-1), 38 wm; Harlow, 223 wm; Shay (ASSC), 122 wm. Also see: GREENLAND FISHERY

WHALE CATCHERS, or WHALE-FISH SONG, THE (vt)-see: GREENLAND FISHERY

WHALEMAN'S LAMENT, THE (Occupational song. 1st. 'Twas on the briny ocean...)-see: Huntington, 15 wm

WHALEN'S FATE aka GEORGE WHALEN; JAMES PHALEN, or WAYLAND, or WHALEN; JIMMIE, or JIM WHALEN (Tragic lumbermen's ballad, based upon the drowning death of an Ontario shanty-boy, about 1878. Tune: Lamentation Air. 1st. Come all ye jolly raftsmen...OR: Come all you tender Christians...)-see: Beck (LLC), 227 & (SML), 141 wo; Doerflinger, 243 wm; Eckstorm, 122 wo; Gardner (BSSM), 274 wo; Jour (AFL), XXXV, 383; Lomax (ABFS), 445 wm; Rickaby, 20 wm; Tolman & Eddy, 383 wo. Also see Index: LOST JIMMIE WHALEN, THE

WHALERS' SONG, THE (Occupational shanty. 1st. There she lies, there she lies...)-see: Huntington, 17 wm

WHALE SONG (Humorous soldier song with ct. 1st. Now listen to me, brothers, and to you I'll tell a tale...)-see: Niles (SS), 10 wm. Also see: BLOW, YE WINDS, HIGH-O & GREENLAND FISHERY

WHALE SWALLOWED BROTHER JONAH, THE (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: White, 98 wo. Also see Index: JONHA AND THE WHALE V. Also see next listing.

WHALE SWALLOWED JONAH (vt)-see Index: JONAH AND THE WHALE V

WHALING SCENE (Occupational song. 1st. A whaling scene I'll now relate...)-see: Huntington, 21 wo

WHALING SONG, THE (ct)-see: BLOW, YE WINDS, HIGH-O & GREENLAND FISHERY. Also see: Armitage, I, 112

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE? aka NEWS FRAE MOIDART CAM' YESTRE'EN (Jacobite song. 1st. Same as aka title...)-see: Hopekirk, 148 wm; Johnson (FS), 484 wm

WHAR DID YOU CUM FROM? (vt)-see: WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WHAR SHALL I BE? (Spiritual. 1st. Moses lived till he got old...)-see: Odum (NHS), 134 wo

WHAT A COURT HATH OLD ENGLAND (Amer. Revolution era song. Tune: Derry Down. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Downes (1941), 52 & (1962), 58 wm; Ives (SB), 86 wm; Loesser, 64 wm; Rabson, 16 wm; Vinson, 36 wm

WHAT A HAPPY NEW YEAR (Spiritual)-see: MB

WHAT ARE LITTLE BABIES MADE OF? (vt)-see: NATURAL HISTORY I

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS, or GIRLS MADE OF? (vt)-see: NATURAL HISTORY I

WHAT ARE WE MADE OF? (vt)-see: NATURAL HISTORY I

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR? (vt)-see: EARLY IN THE MORNING I

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH THE BABY-O? (vt)-see: WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH THE BABY-O?

WHAT A TRYING TIME (Spiritual. 1st. O Adam, where are you?...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 74, 126 wm

WHAT BLOOD ON THE POINT OF YOUR KNIFE? (vt)-see: MARK OF CAIN, THE

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE? (vt)-see: JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR

WHAT CARE I FOR GOLD AND SILVER? (vt)-see: COURTING CASE V

WHAT DID YOU HAVE FOR YOUR SUPPER? (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

WHAT DOES THE GOOSE CARRY ON HER BILL? aka WAS DRÂGT DI GANS UFF IHREM SCHNAWWEL? (Ger. song. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Korson (PSL), 71 wm

WHAT DO THE COLONELS AND THE GENERALS DO? (WWI song. 1st. Colonel said that Kaiser William surely was a pest...)-see: Niles (SMM), 221

WHAT FOLKS ARE MADE OF (vt)-see: NATURAL HISTORY I

WHAT GROWS IN THIS FOREST? aka WAS WACHET IN DIESEM WALD? (Ger. cumulative song. 1st. Same as titles ...)-see: Korson (PSL), 75 wm

WHAT GROWS ON THIS TREE? (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS GROWS ALL AROUND, THE

WHAT HARM HAS JESUS DONE? (Spiritual. 1st. Tell me, what harm has Jesus done?...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 174 wm

WHAT IS. Also see: WHAT'S

WHAT IS DE MATTER WID DE MOURNER aka JUBALEE (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...OR: What is the matter the church won't shout...)-see: Johnson (SBNS), 142 wm; Work (ANSS), 248 wm

WHAT IS DIS? (Semi-religious song. Actually a ver. of All Is Well, in Revival Melodies, or Songs of Zion, 1842, pp. 18-19.)-see: Pub (TFLS), VII, 109

WHAT KIND-A SHOES YOU GWINE TO WEAR? (vt)-see: HEAVENLY CHOIR

WHAT KIND OF CROWNS DO THE ANGELS WEAR? (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 683 wo. Also see: HEAVENLY CHOIR

WHAT KIND OF PANTS DOES THE GAMBLER WEAR? (Composite blues song. 1st. What you gwain do when the meat gives out, my baby...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 240 wm

WHAT KIND OF SHOES ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR? (vt)-see: HEAVENLY CHOIR, THE

WHAT'LL. Also see: WHAT WILL

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR? (vt)-see: EARLY IN THE MORNING I

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE BABY-O? (vt)-see: WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH THE BABY-O?

WHAT LUCK, YOUNG JOHNNY? (vt)-see: JACK THE JOLLY SAILOR III

WHAT MAKES THE WILD CAT WILD? (Humorous harmonizing song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, V, 419 wm

WHAT MAKES US STRIKE? (Political "labor union" song. 1st. How far to Pottsville? Stranger, did you say?...)-see: Korson (MMP), 219 wo

WHAT MY MAMMA TOLD ME (Farm "work" song. 1st. What my Mamma told me is bound to come to pass...)-see: Arnold, 37 wm

WHAT'S DE MATTER, SUSEY? aka WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUSIE? (Minstrel song by Dan Emmett. 1st. Sambo had a son born, he thought it was a daughter...)-see: White, 149 wo

WHAT SHALL I DO? aka I'M SO GLAD (Spiritual. 1st. I'm so glad trouble don't last alway...)-see: Work (ANSS), 162 wm

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY OLD SOW'S NOSE? (vt & 1st line)-see: SOW SONG, THE

WHAT SHALL I GIVE THEE? (Lovers "parting" song. 1st. What shall I give thee? Dear, we must part...)-see: Gainer, 107 wm

WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN WE ALL GET OUT? (Game song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Seeger (1), 59 wm

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR? (Vt)-see: EARLY IN THE MORNING I

WHAT'S. Also see: WHAT IS

WHAT'S ON YOUR SWORD? (vt)-see: MARK OF CAIN, THE

WHAT'S STIRRIN', BABE? (Country blues. 1st. Went up town 'bout four o'clock...)-see: Odum (NHS), 190 wm

WHAT'S THE LADY'S MOTION? (Game song. 1st. Skip o'er the mountain...)-see: Brown, III, 124 wo; Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 119

WHAT'S THE MATTER? (Civil War song about "copper-heads." 1st. See the people turning out...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 53 wm

WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW? (Eng. song. 1st. My seventeenth year scarce over...)-see: Belden (BS), 255 wo

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUSIE? (vt)-see Index: WHAT'S THE MATTER, SUSEY?

WHAT'S THE USE? (Humorous "downbeat" sttitude song. 1st. Some call this the best old world...)-see: Shay (PF-2), 127 & (PF-3), 198 wo

WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE GIRL? (vt)-see Index: QU'AVEC-VOUS, OUI, BELLE BLONDE

WHAT THE LORD HAS DONE FOR YOU (vt)-see Index: RISE, MOURNERS

WHAT THE OLD COCK ROBIN SAID (Lumbermen's song. 1st. I took a walk one sunny day...)-see: Eckstorm, 91 wo

WHAT TO DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR (vt)-see: EARLY IN THE MORNING I

WHAT TO KNOW ABOUT GIRLS (Parody)-see: MB

WHAT TOM SAW IN ARKANSAS (vt)-see: STATE OF ARKANSAS, THE

WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES? (Goldrush song)-see: MB

WHAT WILL I DO WITH THE BABY, OH? (vt)-see: WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH THE BABY-O?

WHAT WILL YOU DO IN SUMMER-TIME? (Game song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Hornby, 67 wo

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME IF I GET UP? (vt)-see: LAZY MARY

WHAT WONDROUS LOVE (vt)-see: WONDROUS LOVE

WHAT YOU GOIN' TO DO (ct)-see: SINNER MAN I. Also see Index: POOR SINNER

WHAT YOU GOIN' TO DO WHEN THE RENT COMES ROUND? (Nonsense song. 1st. Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown...)-see: Silverman, II, 396 wm; White, 182 wo

WHAT YOU GON'ER DO THAT DAY? (Spiritual. 1st. Venus, Venus, beautiful star...)-see: Brown, III, 680 wo

WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH THE BABY-O? (Dance song)-see: MB

WHAT YOU GWINA DO WHEN THE WORLD'S ON FIRE? (Minstrel & work song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 541 & V, 311 wm; White, 282 wo. Also see: ROCK OF AGES

WHAT YOU GWINE TO DO WHEN YO' LAMP BURN DOWN? (vt)-see Index: POOR SINNER

WHEAT (vt)-see Index: OLD PORT ROCKWELL

WHEEL, THE (Spiritual. 1st. Zeki made a wheel, made it on the groun'...)-see: White, 117 wo

WHEEL IN A WHEEL, A (Hymn. 1st. A wheel in a wheel, oh, my Lord...)-see: Dett, 184 wm

WHEEL IN THE MIDDLE OF A WHEEL (Spiritual. 1st. O sinner man, how can it be?...)-see: Odum (NHS), 81 wo

WHEN ADAM WAS CREATED, or FIRST CREATED (vt)-see: ADAM AND EVE

WHEN A FELLOW FALLS IN LOVE (vt)-see: KISSING SONG I

WHEN A MAN FALLS IN LOVE WITH A LITTLE TURTLE DOVE (vt)-see: KISSING SONG I

WHEN A MAN'S IN LOVE (Irish love song. Tune: Star of County Down. 1st. When a man's in love, sure he fears no cold...)-see: Creighton (TSNS), 214 wm; Lomax (FSNA), 146 wm

WHEN ARTHUR RULED THIS LAND (vt)-see: THREE ROGUISH CHAPS

WHEN A WOMAN BLUE (Country blues. 1st. When a woman blue, when a woman blue...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 236 wm

WHEN BARNEY FLEW OVER THE HILLS (vt)-see: BARNEY AND KATIE

WHEN BERTIE GOES TO THE BALL (Game song. Tune: A-Hunting We Will Go. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Hornby, 37 wm

WHEN BOB GOT THROWED (Cowboy song. 1st. That time when Bob got throwed...)-see: Lomac (SCT), 92 wo

WHEN BOYS GO A-COURTIN' (Opinion song)-see: MB

WHENCE COME YOU, SHEPHERD MAIDEN?, or WHENCE, O, SHEPHERD MAIDEN (vt)-see: D'OÙ VIENS-TU, BERGÈRE

WHEN COCKLE-SHELLS TURN SILVER BELLS (vt)-see: O WALY, WALY C

WHEN COLONEL DIED (vt)-see: WHEN I DIE

WHEN DARKIES ARE SAD (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 112 mo

WHEN DEATH SHALL SHAKE THIS FRAME (Spiritual)-see: MB

WHEN DE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY (Minstrel song. 1st. )-see: Odum (NHS), 235 wo

WHEN DE CHICKENS ROOS' SO HIGH (vt)-see Index: WHEN THE CHICKENS ROOST SO HIGH

WHEN DE LAWD SPREADS HIS GUIDIN' WINGS (Spiritual. 1st. Me t'inks I hears de angels callin'...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), IX, 13 wm

WHEN DO WE MEET AGAIN? (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 41, 83 wm

WHEN E'RE I TAKE MY WALKS ABRAOD (Hymn. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Randolph, IV, 90 wo

WHEN FANNING FIRST TO ORANGE CAME ("N. C. "Regulator" song, about Edw. Fanning, who enriched himself in public office. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, II, 648 wo

WHEN FIRST I SEEN THIS LOVELY QUEEN (Love song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 349 wo

WHEN FIRST I WENT TO SERVICE (ct)-see: BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS & HOME, DEARIE, HOME B

WHEN FIRST TO THIS COUNTRY (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER V B

WHEN FIRST TO THIS COUNTRY A STRANGER I CAME (Lament. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 315 wm. Also see: UNHAPPY LOVER V B

WHEN FIRST UNTO THIS COUNTRY (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER V B

WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR RULED THIS LAND (vt)-see: KING ARTHUR

WHEN GRANDPA WAS YOUNG (vt)-see: GREAT GRANDDAD

WHEN HARVEST DAYS WERE ENDED (Occupational song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Eckstorm, 171 wo

WHEN HIS TRAIN COMES ALONG (Hymn)-see: MB

WHEN I AM FAR AWAY SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE (WWI song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, V, 469 mo. Also see Index: ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART

WHEN I AM OLD AND GRAY (vt)-see Index: OLD AND GRAY

WHEN I CAME FIRST TO THIS COUNTRY (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER V B

WHEN I CAME TO THIS COUNTRY aka WANN ICH VUN DEM LAND REI KUMM (Ger. song. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Korson (PSL), 68 wm

WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR (1st line of floating stanza and vt...)-see: ON MY JOURNEY HOME I. Also see Index: I WANT TO GO TO GLORY; NINETY-FIFTH; SAINT'S DELIGHT & WALK AND TALK WITH JESUS

WHEN I COME HOME FULL OF BEER aka WANN ICH HEIMKUMM VOLL BIER (Pa.-Dutch marital song. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Boyer, 155 wm

WHEN I DIE (Drinking song with ct)-see: MB. Also see next listing.

WHEN I DIE (Spiritual with ct)-see: DON'T YOU GRIEVE AFTER ME & I WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE. Also see Index: I WANT TO DIE EASY WHEN I DIE & OH, WHEN I DIE. Also see next listing.

WHEN I DIE DON'T WEAR NO BLACK (Superstition theme. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 554 wo; Odum (NHS), 129 wo.

WHEN I FALL ON MY KNEES (vt)-see: WE'LL MEET OVER JORDAN

WHEN I GET ON YONDER HILL (Irish song. Adapt. of Shule Aroon. 1st. When I get on yonder mountain top...)-see: Randolph, III, 209 wo

WHEN I GET OUT FOR GLORY (Religious song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Gainer, 196 wm

WHEN I GO A-COURTIN' (vt)-see: WHEN YOU GO A-COURTIN'

WHEN I GO TO MARRY (Marriage song. 1st. When I goes to marry, I wants a girl wid money...)-see: Talley, 144 wo

WHEN I GO UP TO SHINNUM PLACE (Amer. Indian-type religious song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 171 wm

WHEN I LAYS DOWN (Humorous song. 1st. When I lays down and dies...)-see: Niles (SMM), 218; Silverman, II, 12 wm

WHEN I LAY THIS BODY DOWN (vt)-see: LAY THIS BODY DOWN

WHEN I LEFT THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS (vt)-see: ERNEST LOVE II B

WHEN I LEFT THE STATES FOR GOLD (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER VII

WHEN I'M DEAD (vt)-see: DON'T YOU GRIEVE AFTER ME B

WHEN I'M GONE (Spiritual with ct. Adapt. of Don't You Grieve After Me. 1st. I'm gonna fly from mansion to mansion...)-see: Lomax (FSNA), 471 wm. Also see Index: O MOTHER, DON'T YOU WEEP

WHEN I'M GONE TO COME NO MO' (Work song. 1st. You're goin' to miss me for my walk...)-see: Parrish, 251 wo

WHEN IN DEATH I CALMLY RECLINE (vt)-see: DRINKING SONG XII

WHEN I RISE CRYIN' HOLY (Spiritual. 1st. Oh, my Lord, this is needed time...)-see: Parrish, 148 wm

WHEN I ROCK THE DEAR SNOOKUMS TO SLEEP (vt)-see Index: ROCK THE BABIES TO SLEEP

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLIE HOME (vt)-see: QUILTING PARTY, THE

WHEN I'SE A LITTLE BOY (Children's nonsense song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Owens (TFS), 140 wm

WHEN I SET OUT FOR GLORY (Religious song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Gainer, 196 wm

WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING (Waiting lover song. 1st. When I wake in the morning I go to my window...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 91 wm

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR (vt)-see: HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT I

WHEN I WAS A BRAVE COWBOY (Occupational song. 1st. I Once had a gal and I loved her well...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 228 wm

WHEN I WAS A COWBOY aka WESTERN COWBOY (Country blues, by Leadbelly. 1st. When I was a cowboy way out on the Western plains...)-see: Fife, 86 wm; Lingenfelter, 567 wm; Lomax (ABFS), 379 wm; Lomax (FSNA), 381 & (NFS), 210 wm. Also see: PRISONER' SONG VI hn

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY (ct)-see: PRISONER'S SONG VI & SWAPPING SONG, THE

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY I LIVED AT MARKET SQUARE (vt) -see: PRISONER'S SONG VI

WHEN I WAS A MAID, or MAIDEN (vt)-see: UNMARRIED BLISS I

WHEN I WAS A RICH MAN (Dance-fiddle song. 1st. Same Same as title...)-see: Morris, 232 wo

WHEN I WAS A ROUSTABOUT (vt)-see: HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT I

WHEN I WAS A SHOEMAKER (vt)-see: THIS-A WAY, THAT-A WAY B

WHEN I WAS A WEE THING (vt)-see: SWAPPING SONG, THE

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GIRL, or MAID (ct)-see: THIS-A WAY, THAT-A WAY & UNMARRIED BLISS I

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN (Biographical-type song. 1st. When I was a young man, I took delight in love...) -see: Creighton (SBNS), 101 wm. Also see: UNMARRIED BLISS III

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG THING (Humorous sailor song. 1st. When I was a young thing I lived with my granny ...)-see: Peacock, III, 893 wm

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME (vt)-see: SEEDS OF LOVE, THE

WHEN I WAS LOST IN THE WILDERNESS (Spiritual. 1st. King Jesus handed the candle down...)-see: Brown, III, 682 wo

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY (Reckless life song. 1st. When I was one-and-twenty my daddy set me free ...)-see: Cox (FSS), 404 wo. Also see Index: BACKWOODSMAN, THE

WHEN I WAS SINGLE (vt)-see: UNMARRIED BLISS II & III

WHEN I WAS YOUNG (vt)-see Index: LOOK OUT

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND FOOLISH (Experience song. Similar to Bell Bottom Trousers. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 219 wm

WHEN I WENT A-COURTIN' (vt)-see: WHEN YOU GO A-COURTIN'

WHEN I WENT DOWN TO SYCAMORE TOWN (vt & 1st line)-see Index: REDBIRD AND JAYBIRD

WHEN I WENT OFF TO PROSPECT (vt)-see: GOLD SEEKER XIX

WHEN I WORE MY FLOUNCES (Game song. Adapt. of When I Was a Lady. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Hornby, 69 wm. Also see: THIS-A WAY, THAT-A WAY

WHEN JESUS BROUGHT THE LIGHT TO ME (Spiritual. 1st. 'Twas dark as midnight...OR: 'Twas down in the valley...)-see: Kennedy (M-1), 40 wm

WHEN JESUS CHRIST WAS HERE BELOW (Hymn. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 198 wm

WHEN JESUS WEPT (Religious round, by Wm Billings. 1st. When Jesus wept, the falling tear...)-see: Downes (1940), 23 & (1962), 49 wm; Lloyd, 13 wm; Vinson, 136 wm

WHEN JIM GETS TO KLONDIKE (Occupational song. 1st. Good mornin', and how do you do, Mrs. Murray...) -see: Korson (MMP), 236 wo

WHEN JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW (Eng. SS. Rare in Amer., but many adaptations and parodies have been recovered. Original song dates from 1594. 1st. There were seven jovial fellows...)-see: Bell (APBS), 197; Buck (OSB), I, 194 wo; Chappell (PMOT), I, 194 wm; Dewitt (MSS), 18; Ebsworth (RB), VII, 164 wo; Ford (VSBS), II, 130; Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 343 wm; Reeves, 133 wo; Williams (FSUT), 276 wo. Also see Index: WHEN JOHNSON'S ALE WAS NEW

WHEN JOHNNIE COMES DOWN TO HILO (vt)-see: POOR OLD MAN II

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME (Civil War song)-see: MB

WHEN JOHNSON'S ALE WAS NEW (Sailors' par. of When Joan's Ale Was New. 1st. And the next who came in was a sailor...)-see: Doerflinger, 168 wm

WHEN LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL WALTZ (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 138 mo

WHEN MOSES SMOTE THE WATER (Spiritual)-see: MB

WHEN MY BLOOD RUNS CHILLY AND COLD (Composite spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 610 & (USA), 360 wm. Also see: LORD, REMEMBER ME

WHEN MY CHARLEY IS AWAY (Love ballad)-see: MB

WHEN MY GOOD LORD WAS HERE (vt)-see: MY GOOD LORD'S BEEN HERE

WHEN MY LORD CALLS ME I MUST GO (Spiritual. 1st. I'm goin' to cross that ocean by mysel'...)-see: Parrish, 156 wo

WHEN MY WIFE DIES (Minstrel song. 1st. W'en my wife dies, gwineter git me anudder one...OR: Railly, w'en I'se been dead...)-see: Odum (NHS), 175 wo; Talley, 26 wo

WHEN O'CONNOR DREW HIS PAY (Lumbermen's song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Beck (LLC), 96 & (SML), 89 wo; Korson (MMP), 35 wo

WHEN OLD MAUCH CHUNK WAS YOUNG (Coal-mining song, 1840s. Tune: John Anderson, My Jo. ;st/ Same as title...)-see: Korson (MMP), 35 wo

WHEN PAPPY GOES TO TOWN (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 66 mo

WHEN PAT MALONE FORGOT THAT HE WAS DEAD (vt)-see Index: IRISH WAKE, THE

WHEN POOR MARY CAME WANDERING HOME (vt)-see: MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

WHEN SHALL I GET THERE (vt)-see Index: THERE'S A HEAVENLY HOME UP YONDER

WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS? (vt)-see Index: O, WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS?

WHEN SHE COMES (vt)-see: SHE'LL BE COMING 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA (vt)-see: SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER (Spiritual. 1st. Herodias went down to the river one day...)-see: Kennedy (M-1), 12 wo

WHEN THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY (Humorous song. 1st. See dat mule a-comin'...)-see: Odum (NHS), 235 wo

WHEN THE BATTLE IT WAS WON aka THE DESERTER (War-time confession ballad. 1st. Come all you aged people...)-see: Greenleaf, 361 wo; Mackenzie, 297 wo; Peacock, III, 994 wm

WHEN THE BLACK DIAMOND BREAKER WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND (Coal-mining ballad. Tune: Rakes of Mallow. 1st. Sure the East End's in mourning...)-see: Korson (MMP), 31 wo

WHEN THE BOYS ARE FEELING GOOD (Humorous coal-mining song. 1st. I wonder how the old soaks are tonight ...)-see: Korson (CDF), 113 wo

WHEN THE BREAKER STARTS UP ON FULL TIME (Coal-mining song. 1st. Our troubles are o'er, Mrs. Murphy...) -see: Korson (MMP), 29 & (PSL), 383 wm & (SBAM), 44 wo

WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMES (vt)-see: TEN VIRGINS, THE

WHEN THE CHARIOT COMES (Spiritual. 1st. O, who will drive the chariot when she comes?...)-see: Sand-burg (AS), 373 B wm. Also see: SHE'LL BE COMING 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

WHEN THE CHICKENS ROOST SO HIGH (Social commentary song. 1st. Well, I wonder what de po' nigger gwinder do...)-see: White, 373 wo

WHEN THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER (vt)-see: WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY

WHEN THE CURTINS OF NIGHT ARE PINNED, or PULLED BACK (vt)-see: I'LL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE, IN MY PRAYERS

WHEN THE FIRST TRUMPET SOUNDS (vt)-see: SINNER MAN I B

WHEN THE GENERAL ROLL IS CALLED WE'LL BE THERE (vt)-see: I'LL BE THERE

WHEN THE GOOD LORD SETS ME FREE (ct)-see: O, MOURNER I & YOU SHALL BE FREE. Also see next listing.

WHEN THE GOOD LORD SETS YOU FREE (ct)-see: YOU SHALL BE FREE. Also see next listing.

WHEN THE GOOD LORD SETS YOU FREE aka DR. PECK (Hard luck song with ct. 1st. There was an old Nigger, his name was Dr. Peck...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 197 wo. Also see: YOU SHALL BE FREE & next listing.

WHEN THE GOOD LORD SETS YOU FREE aka GREAT BIG NIGGER SITTIN' ON A LOG (Work song with ct. 1st. Jakey went out a-huntin'...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 176 wo. Also see: YOU SHALL BE FREE

WHEN THE GUNS ARE ROLLING YONDER (WWI par. of hymn, When the Roll is Called up Yonder. 1st. Every soldier leaves behind...)-see: Dolph, 131 wm

WHEN THE HEAVENLY ROLL IS CALLED (vt)-see: I'LL BE THERE

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN (vt)-see: WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, THE

WHEN THE KYE COMES HOME (Scot. courting song. 1st. Come, all ye jolly shepherds...)-see: Gems, 207 wm; Hopekirk, 27 wm; Johnson (FS), 255 wm; Macfarren, 220 wm

WHEN THE LAST TRUMP SHALL SOUND (vt)-see: SINNER-MAN I. Also see: Randolph, IV, 89

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 138 mo

WHEN THE LOCKOUT IS ALL OVER (Labor Union song. Tune: When the Roll is Called up Yonder. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Korson (CDF), 427 wo

WHEN THE LOGS COME DOWN IN THE SPRING (Lumbermen's song. 1st. When the cold winter's chains and its fetters of frost...)-see: Beck (SML), 115 wo

WHEN THE MASTER CALLS ME HOME aka WANN DER HA MICH HOOLET HEIM (Pa.-Dutch hymn. 1st. O how glorious it will be...OR: O wie seelich watt es sei...)-see: Boyer, 213 wm

WHEN THE PARLEY DEW IS FADED (Moralistic song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Arnold, 59 wm

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED IN HEAVEN, I'LL BE THERE (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Courlander (NSA), 62 wm. Also see: I'LL BE THERE

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER (vt)-see: I'LL BE THERE

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN BESIDE, or ON THE RIVER (Pop love song. 1st. They were strolling thro the gloaming...)-see: Cambiaire, 96 wo; Fuson, 123 wo. Also see Index: I'LL BE WITH YOU WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN (Spiritual)-see: MB

WHEN THE STARS BEGIN TO FALL (Spiritual)-see: MB

WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW (vt)-see: SAILOR'S LIFE, A

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN (vt)-see: EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY (Dance song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Ford (TMA), 384 mo; Staton, 141 wo

WHEN THE TATERS ARE ALL DUG (Early Amer. broadside. 1st. 'Way up in Aroostook county...)-see: Gray, 173 wo

WHEN THE TIDE RUNS HIGH (vt)-see: FLOWERS, OARS AND SAILS

WHEN THE TRAIN COMES ALONG (vt)-see: WHEN HIS TRAIN COMES ALONG

WHEN THE WHALE GET STRIKE (Shanty. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 89 wm

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS (vt)-see: HUSH-A-BYE, BABY, ON THE TREE TOP

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS EAST AND THE WIND BLOWS WEST (vt)-see Index: OH, SEE MY FATHER LAYIN' THERE

WHEN THE WORK IS DONE THIS FALL (vt)-see: WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL (Cowboy song)-see: MB

WHEN THE WORLD IS ON FIRE (Spiritual with ct. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 682 wo; Jackson (WNS), 164 wm; White, 282 wo. Also see: ROCK OF AGES. Also compare: Steely, 243

WHEN THE WORLD'S ON FIRE (vt)-see: ROCK OF AGES

WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD (vt)-see: WERE YOU THERE?

WHEN THEY SHALL LAY ME IN THE VALLEY (vt)-see Index: FEW MORE MONTHS, A

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER (vt)-see: WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY

WHEN THIS OLD HAT WAS NEW (vt)-see: HARRISON VS VAN BUREN VII

WHEN THIS WARFARE'LL BE ENDED (Spiritual)-see: MB

WHEN UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE GLORY (Civil War "reply" song: an answer to <u>Weeping</u>, <u>Sad and Lonely</u>)-see: MB

WHEN WE ALL GET UP TO HEAVEN (Spiritual with floating 1st stanza. 1st. O, when shall I see Jesus, and reign with him above...)-see: Jackson (SFS), 196 & (WSSU), 217 wo. Also see Index: O, WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS

WHEN WE DO MEET AGAIN (Amer. slave "work" song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 41, 83 wm

WHEN WE GO MARCHING HOME (Military song. 1st. We've been upon the border...)-see: Lingenfelter, 294 wm

WHEN WE WERE UNDER THE KING (vt)-see: THREE ROGUISH CHAPS

WHEN YE GANG AWA', JAMIE, or JEMMY (vt)-see: JEANIE AND JAMIE

WHEN YOU AND I MUST PART (Love song. 1st. Times are swiftly drawing nigh...)-see: Fuson, 112 wo. Also see: IRISH GIRL II, THE

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE (Memory song)-see: MB

WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE MOANING aka IT AIN'T NOTHING BUT LOVE (Spiritual. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Courlander, 238 & (NSA), 22 wm

WHEN YOU GO A-COURTIN' (Advice song)-see: MB

WHEN YOU GO AWAY, JAMIE (vt)-see: JEANIE AND JAMIE

WHEN YOU HEAR THAT WHISTLE BLOW aka NINETY MILES AWAY (Home-sick & love song. Mod. adapt. of this is Five Hundred Miles. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Henry (FSSH), 424 wo; White, 65 wo. Also see: OLD REUBEN'S TRAIN

WHEN YOU HEAR THE WHIPPORWILL CALLING (Love lament. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Davis (FSV), 100 wo

WHEN YOUNG MEN GO A-COURTING (vt)-see: WHEN BOYS GO A-COURTIN'

WHEN YOU'RE THROWED (Cowboy poem. 1st. If a feller's been a-straddle...)-see: Lomax (SCT), 97 wo

WHEN YOUR POTATO'S DONE (Creole song)-see: MB

WHERE ALL IS PEACE AND LOVE (vt)-see Index: CHRISTIAN'S HOPE

WHERE AM I TO GO, ME JOHNNIES? (Shanty. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Hugill (1), 169 wm

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, ABE LINCOLN? (vt)-see: ABRAHAM LINCOLN VIII

WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY GOOD OLD MAN? (vt)-see: MY SWEET HONEY LAMB

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY LITTLE MAID, or MISS? (vt)-see: ZESTFUL WOOER II & IV

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID? (vt)-see: ZESTFUL WOOER IV

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO RUN TO? (vt)-see: SINNER MAN I

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? (Minstrel song)-see: MB

WHERE DO WOMEN DANCE? aka WU DANZE DANN DI WEIWER? (Pa.-Dutch "quiz" song. 1st. Same as titles...) -see: Korson (PSL), 111 wm

WHERE'D YOU GET YO' WHISKEY? (Country dance song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Botkin (SFL), 711 wm

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE? (Novelty song)-see: MB

WHERE HAST THOU BEEN TODAY? (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

WHERE HAS YOUR HIGHLAND LADDIE GONE? (vt)-see: BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND, THE

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN A-WANDERING? (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, BILLY BOY? (vt)-see: BILLY BOY

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MY OWN DEAREST ONE? (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

WHERE IS ADAM? (Spiritual. 1st. Oh, Eve, where is Adam?...)-see: Botkin (SFL), 659 wo

WHERE IS THE QUEEN? (Eng. ballad. 1st. Where is the Queen to lead us in battle?...)-see: Berger, 31 wm

WHERE IS YOUR BOY TONIGHT? (Moralistic=song. 1st. Life is teeming with evil snares...)-see: Kennedy (AB), 56 & (TAB), 209 wo

WHERE IS YOUR HIGHLAND LADDIE GONE? (vt)-see: BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND, THE

WHERE MY LORD WENT TO PRAY (Spiritual. Adapt. of He Never Said A Mumbling Word. 1st. Way over yonder behind the mountain...)-see: Brown, III, 683 & V, 403 wm

WHERE NOW ARE THE HEBREW CHILDREN? (vt)-see: SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND

WHERE, OH WHERE? (Parody)-see: MB

WHERE, OH WHERE ARE THE VERDENT FRESHMEN? (vt)-see: WHERE, OH WHERE

WHERE, OH WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE? (vt)-see: WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

WHERE, O WHERE IS DEAR, or PRETTY LITTLE SUSIE? (vt)-see: PAW-PAW PATCH, THE

WHERE, O WHERE IS OLD ELIJAH? (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 92 wm; Silverman, II, 81 wm. Also see: SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND

WHERE SHALL I BE (Hymn with ct. 1st. When Judgment Day is drawing nigh...)-see: Sandburg (NAS), 14 wm. Also see: NO HIDING PLACE I & II & SINNER MAN II

WHERE SHALL I BE WHEN THE FIRST TRUMPET SOUND? (vt)-see: SINNER MAN II

WHERE SHALL I GO? (vt)-see: SINNER MAN II

WHERE THE BRAVEST COWBOYS LIE (Tribute song. 1st. I will long remember well...)-see: Fife, 155 wm

WHERE THE BULLETS FLY (vt)-see: EARLY IN THE SPRING

WHERE THE CHILLY WINDS DON'T BLOW (Country blues)-see: MB

WHERE THE GRIZZLY DWELLS (Cowboy ballad. 1st. I admire the artificial art of the East...)-see: Lomax (SCT), 174 wo

WHEN THE LAST TRUMP SHALL SOUND (vt)-see: SINNER MAN I

WHERE THE OLD ALLEGHENY AND MONONGAHELA FLOW (River song. 1st. I want to go back once more...)-see: Korson (PSL), 434 wm

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY (Philosophical song, 1867, by Harry Clifton. 1st. This life is a difficult riddle...)-see: Wilder, 52 wm

WHERE THE STORMY WINDS BLOW (vt)-see Index: BEAVER ISLAND BOYS, THE

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES (vt)-see: IN THE PINES

WHERE THE WORK'S BEING DONE (vt)-see: WORK'S BEING DONE, THE

WHERE THEY WERE (vt)-see: I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THEY WERE

WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT? (Humorous song, now used primarily as a dance tune. 1st. When a child I used to go to bed at eight each night...)-see: Ford (TMA), 313 wm; Luther, 240 wm

WHERE WAS PETER WHEN THE CHURCH FALL DOWN? (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Parrish, 64 wm

WHERE WILL YOU STAND? (vt)-see Index: GREAT DAY

WHERE WUZ YOU LAS' NIGHT? (vt)-see: UNDER THEM BOILERS SLEEPING

WHERE YOU BEEN, PO' MOURNER? (vt)-see Index: RELIGION IS A FORTUNE

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? (Organized labor & social protest song. 1st. Come all you good workers...OR: Come all you freedom lovers...)-see: Fowke (SWF), 54 wm; Seeger (4), 77 & (6), 94 wm; Siegmeister, 90 wm; Silber (HSB), 84 wm. Also see: Scott (BA), 342 wm

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING (vt)-see: SINNER MAN II

WHILE DANCING ON THE GREEN (Minstrel song. 1st. Oh, 'way down in South Carolina...)-see: White, 209 wo

WHILE STROLLING THROUGH NORFOLK (vt)-see: FIRE SHIP III

WHILE THE RAGING SEAS DID ROAR (vt)-see: MERMAID'S CURSE, THE

WHIP JAMBOREE (vt)-see Index: JAMBOREE

WHIP MURDER, THE (vt)-see Index: JAMES MacDONALD

WHIP-POOR-WILL'S SONG (1865 "pop" song, by Harrison Millard. 1st. Oh, meet me when daylight is fading ...)-see: Wilder, 103 wm

WHISKER'S ON THE BABY'S FACE (vt)-see: DRUNKARD XII, THE

WHISKEY BILL (Frag. of cowboy song. 1st. A-down the road and gun in hand...)-see: Lomax (SCT), 145 wo

WHISKEY FOR MY JOHNNY (vt)-see: WHISKEY JOHNNY

WHISKEY IN THE BAR, or JAR (vt)-see: ROBBER, THE

WHISKEY JOHNNY (Shanty)-see: MB

WHISKEY SELLER, THE (Temperance song. Tune: Little Brown Jug. 1st. Of all the crimes that ever has been...)-see: Randolph, II, 408 wm

WHISKY, YOU'RE MY DARLING (Shanty. 1st. For 'tis goodbye Mick and goodbye Pat...)-see: Hugill (1), 454 wm

WHISPERING HOPE (Religious song)-see: MB

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU (vt)-see Index: O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD

WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE (Humorous dialogue song)-see: MB

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T (Scot. love song, with words by Rob't Burns. 1st. First when Maggie was my care ...)-see: Knight, 205 wo; Macfarren, 132 wm. Also see: SING KENTUCKY-O

WHISTLE PIG (vt)-see: GROUND HOG

WHISTLE, WHISTLE, AULD WIFE (vt)-see: WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE

WHISTLING GIRLS AND CROWING HENS (vt)-see: GRANDMA GRUNTS

WHISTLING GYPSY, THE (vt)-see: GYPSY ROVER, THE

WHISTLING RUFUS (Rural comment song with ct. 1st. This nigger would go to a ball or a party....) -see: Randolph, II, 367 wm

WHITE (vt)-see: LAY THIS BODY DOWN I

WHITE AS A SNOWFLAKE (vt)-see Index: BLANCHE COMME LA NEIGE

WHITE AS THE SNOW (vt)-see Index: BLANCHE COMME LA NEIGE

WHITE CAPTIVE, THE (vt)-see: AMANDA AND ALGIN

WHITE COCKADE (Dance tune)-see: MB

WHITE COPPER ALLEY (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE II, THE

WHITE CORAL BELLS (Round. 1st. White coral bells upon a slender stalk...)-see: Best, 142 wm; Silverman, II, 234 wm

WHITE CREEK (Dance tune)-see: MB

WHITE FISHER, THE (Eng.-Scot. ballad about woman who has a baby fathered by a priest. 1st. It is a month and is na mair...)-see: Buchan (ABS), I, 200 wo; Child, IV, 435 wo

WHITE FOLKS GO TO COLLEGE (Social comparison song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 543 wo

WHITE FOLKS IN THE PARLOR (Social comparison song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 544 wo. Also see, compare: HAM BEATS ALL MEAT in Talley, 67

WHITE GAL, YALLER GAL, BLACK GAL (vt)-see: RICH GAL, POOR GAL

WHITE HARE, THE (Eng. song. Unknown in Amer. tradition. 1st. When they came to the place where the white hare used to lie...)-see: Kidson (TT), 139 wm

WHITE HAWK, THE (vt)-see Index: EL QUELÉLE

WHITE-HEADED BOY, THE aka CUPID BENIGHTED ( Ballad derived from Ode 3 by Anacreon, written 560 yrs BC. 1st. In the dead of the night...)-see: Flanders (BMNE), 180 wo

WHITE HORSE PAWIN' IN THE VALLEY aka ANGEL OF BABYLON & IN THE VALLEY (Spiritual. 1st. My Lord command me to go in de wilderness...)-see: Kennedy (M-2), 151 wm

WHITE HOUSE BLUES, THE (vt)-see: McKINLEY II
WHITE HOUSE CHAIR, THE (vt)-see: BUCHANAN VS FREMONT
WHITE MAIDEN CAPTIVE, THE (vt)-see: AMANDA AND ALGIN
WHITE MAN, LET ME GO (vt)-see Index: INDIAN'S PLEA, THE
WHITE MARBLE STONE, THE (Spiritual. 1st. Sister Dolly, light the lamp...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 42, 84 wm
WHITE OAK TREES (Play-party & marching song)-see: MB
WHITE OWL WITH THE WHITE HEAD, THE (vt)-see: BIRD SONG I, THE
WHITE PATERNOSTER (Elizabethan carol. 1st. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John...)-see: Flanders (BMNE), 33 wo
WHITE PILGRIM (vt)-see: LONE PILGRIM, THE
WHITE RIVER SHORE, THE (vt)-see: SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, A
WHITE ROSE, THE (vt)-see Index: LITTLE WHITE ROSE, THE
WHITE ROSES, THE aka LES ROSES BLANCHES (Fr. voyageur song. 1st. Early at sunrise, I leave my bed...)-see: Barbeau (JSOQ), 108 wm
WHITE SLAVE OF THE MINE, A (Occupational song. 1st. I'm a little collier lad...)-see: Korson (MMP), 114 & (SBAM), 120 wo.
WHITE WINGS (Love song. 1st. Sunset and star over the plain...OR: White wings, they never grow weary ...)-see: Finger (FB), 7 wo; Luther, 265 wo; Randolph, IV, 295 wm; Shay (DFW), 146 wm
WHITTINGHAM FAIR (vt)-see: TRUE LOVER OF MINE, A
WHOA BACK, BUCK aka WHOA, BUCK (Farming song. Rewrite by Huddie Ledbetter, c. 1936, 1959. 1st. Sometimes I plow my old gray mare...OR: Tom done buck and Bill won't pull...)-see: Arnett, 168 wm; Lomax (FSNA), 532, (NFS), 85, (OSC), 284 & (USA), 232 wm; Silverman, I, 358 wm. Also see Index: WHOA! HA! BUCK AND JERRY BOY

WHOA! HA! BUCK AND JERRY BOY (Mormon song)-see: MB

WHOA HO DOBBIN (Dance tune)-see: Shaw, 385 mo

WHO AM DAT A-WALKIN' IN DE CO'N? (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Combs (FSUS), 192 wo

WHOA, MULE! (Rural song with ct. 1st. Say, look here, Jane...)-see: Odum (NHS), 155 wo. Also see: KICKING MULE, THE & LIZA JANE. Also see next listing.

WHOA, MULE! CAN'T GET THE SADDLE ON (Children's song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Seeger (3), 64 wm

WHOA! MULE! WHOA! (vt)-see: KICKING MULE, THE

WHOA! PINTO! WHOA! (vt)-see Index: PINTO

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, LARRY, WHOA! (Anti-Irish song. 1st. Larry went out to plow in his corn...)-see: Morris, 448 wo

WHO BUILT THE ARK? NOAH BUILT THE ARK (Spiritual with ct. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Creighton (FSNB), 164 wm; Scarborough (NFS), 222 wm; Seeger (1), 128 wm; White, 99 wo. Also see: NOAH'S ARK II hn

WHO DAT? (vt)-see Index: WHO'S THAT TAPPING AT THE WINDOW? Also see: DROWSY SLEEPER, THE

WHO DAT A-COMIN' OVAH YONDAH? (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Johnson (BANS), 104 wm

WHO DID, WHO DID, WHO DID SWALLOW JONAH, JONAH? (Humorous spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Silverman, I, 317 wm; White, 99 wo; Winn (1), 102 wm

WHO IS AT MY BEDROOM WINDOW? (vt)-see: DROWSY SLEEPER, THE

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR? (Fr. of moralistic song. 1st. Who is my neighbor? Hear the poor Jew cry...)-see: Brown, III, 91 & V, 47 wm

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE? (Spiritual. 1st. Let me tell you what is nat'rally de fac'...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 56, 104 wm

WHO IS TAPPING AT MY BEDROOM WINDOW? (vt)-see: DROWSY SLEEPER, THE

WHO IS THE MAN? (Hymn, and one of the first to be sung in Amer. 1st. Who is the man that life doth will...)-see: Downes (1940), 18 & (1943), 26 wm

WHO IS THE REAPER? (vt)-see: WHO'LL BE THE BINDER?

WHO IS THE ROCK? (vt)-see Index: KING JESUS IN THE ROCK

WHO IS THIS SO LATE? (Fr. game song. 1st. Who is this so late doth come?...)-see: Hornby, 132 wm

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN? (Children's song)-see: MB

WHO KILLED POOR ROBIN? (vt)-see: WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

WHOLE HOG OR NONE, THE (Humorous "prize fighting" song. 1st. The great prize-fight is over, so all the papers tell...)-see: Randolph, III, 280 wm

WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS, THE (vt)-see: HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

WHO'LL BE A WITNESS FOR MY LORD? (vt)-see Index: WITNESS

WHO'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE? (vt)-see Index: WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

WHO'LL BE THE BINDER? (Game song)-see: MB

WHO'LL JINE DE UNION (Spiritual. 1st. Oh, Hallelujah...my lovely brethren...)-see: Dett, 142 wm

WHO MOAN FOR ME? (vt)-see: BALTIMORE

WHOOPEE HIGH OGIE (vt)-see: WHOOPEE TI YI YO

WHOOPEE TI YI YO (Cowboy song)-see: MB

WHOOP JAMBOREE (vt)-see Index: JAMBOREE

WHOOP-TI-YIDDLE-LIM-YEA (vt)-see Index: RIDING AROUND THE CATTLE. Also see: CHISHOLM TRAIL, THE

WHORE'S LAMENT, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE II, THE

WHO'S BEEN HERE SINCE I'VE BEEN GONE? (Dance song)-see: MB

WHOSE, or WHO'S OLD COW? aka BRANDS (Cowboy song, by Jack Thorp. 1st. 'Twas the end of roundup the last day of June...)-see: Branch, 125 wo; Lomax (CS-1919), 362 & (CS-1938), 117 wo; Pacific Northwest, 30; Thorp (1908), 42 & (1921), 166 wo; Thorp & Fife, 248 wo

WHO'S GOING TO CLOSE MY DYING EYES? aka O ANGEL, O ANGEL (Spiritual. 1st. O, I don't wan' be buried in de stawn...)-see: Kennedy (M-1), 69 wm

WHO'S GOING TO SHOE YOUR FOOT? (vt)-see: LASS OF ROCH ROYAL, THE & TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE

WHO'S GOING TO SHOE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE FOOT, or FEET? (vt)-see: LASS OF ROCH ROYAL, THE & TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE

WHO'S GONNA GLOVE YOUR HAND? (vt)-see: LASS OF ROCH ROYAL, THE & TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE

WHO'S GONNA LOVE YOU, HONEY? (Frag. of love song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 357 & V, 216 wm

WHO SHALL DELIVER POOR ME? (vt)-see: PAUL AND SILAS I

WHO'S OLD COW? (vt)-see Index: WHOSE OLD COW?

WHO'S THAT AT MY BEDROOM WINDOW? (vt)-see: DROWSY SLEEPER, THE

WHO'S THAT CALLING SO SWEET? (Cowboy song. 1st. The herds are gathered...)-see: Lomax (SCT), 85 wo

WHO'S THAT TIPPING AT THE WINDOW? aka WHO DAT? (Lullaby. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 154 wm; Seeger (1), 52 wm

WHO'S THE PRETTY GIRL MILKIN' THE COW? (vt)-see: PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW II

WHO STOOPS LAST? (vt)-see: LEAVES ARE GREEN, THE

WHO THREW THE OVERALLS IN MISTRESS MURPHY'S CHOWDER? (Humorous "pop" song. 1st. Mistress Murphy gave a party just about a week ago...)-see: Best, 85 wm; Winn (2), 16 wm

WHO TOLE YOU SO? aka SHAWNEETOWN (Roustabout song. 1st. Shawneetown is burning down...)-see: Botkin (MRF), 590 wo

WHO WILL BOW AND BEND LIKE A WILLOW? (vt)-see: I WILL BOW AND BEND

WHO WILL CARE FOR MY MOTHER NOW? (Sentimental Civil War song. 1st. Why am I so weak and weary?...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 261 wm; Staton, 142 wo

WHO WILL HOLD MY STOVE-PIPE HAT? (Par. of Eng. "Music Hall" song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Owens (TFS), 127 wm

WHO WILL SHOE YOUR FEET, or PRETTY LITTLE FEET? (vt) -see: LASS OF ROCH ROYAL, THE & TRUE LOVER'S FARE-WELL, THE

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HARMON (N. C. "Regulator" song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, II, 653 wo

WHUMMIL BORE, THE (Eng.-Scot. ballad. 1st. Seven lang years I hae served the king...)-see: Barry (BBM), 437 wo; Bronson, I, 316 & (BAS), 50 wm; Child, I, 255 wo; Davis (MTBV), 89 wo; Journal (AFL), XX, 156; Motherwell MS, 191

WHY CAN'T I CATCH A BEAU? (Local lament. 1st. I think it is awful cruel...)-see: Morris, 143 wo

WHY DOESN'T MY GOOSE (Round. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Taylor (BR), 7 wm. Also see Index: WHY SHOULDN'T MY GOOSE

WHY DO YOU BOB YOUR HAIR, GIRLS? (Moralistic song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 88 wo; Randolph, IV, 83 wm

WHY, EDWARD, YOU LOOK SO HEALTHY NOW (vt)-see: DRUNKARD V, THE

WHY, HE'S THE LORD OF LORDS (Spiritual. 1st. I will not let you go, my Lord...)-see: Dett, 151 wm

WHY SHOULDN'T MY GOOSE (Ver. of Eng., Why Doesn't My Goose. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Best, 142 wm; Silverman, II, 232 wm; Winn (1), 189 wm

WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY? (vt)-see Index: HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND

WHY THE WOODPECKER'S HEAD IS RED (Rural song. 1st. Bill Dillix say to dat woodpecker bird...)-see: Talley, 203 wo

WHY WAS THE DARKIE BORN? (vt)-see: QUESTION AND ANSWER SONG

WICKED DAUGHTER, THE (vt)-see: DOWNWARD ROAD IS CROWDED, THE

WICKED GIRL, THE (vt)-see: DOWNWARD ROAD IS CROWDED, THE

WICKED KNIGHT, THE (vt)-see: MYRA BELLE LEE

WICKED POLLY (vt)-see: DOWNWARD ROAD IS CROWDED, THE

WICKED REBELS, THE (Tory-Loyalist song. 1st. On the ninth day of November at the dawning in the sky ...)-see: Brand (S-76), 17 wm

WICKED STEPMOTHER, THE (Song based on ancient folk tale. 1st. Mammy killed me! Daddy eat me!...)-see: Chase (AFTS), 48 wm

WIDDECOMBE FAIR (vt)-see: OLD UNCLE TOM COBLEY

WIDE AWAKE YANKEE (Millard Fillmore Presidential campaign song, 1856. Tune: Yankee Doodle. 1st. Come Uncle Sam, be "wide awake"...)-see: Silber (SAVB), 75 wo

WIDE MISSOURI, or MIZZOURA, THE (vt)-see: SHENANDOAH

WIDE RIVER (vt)-see: ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

WIDOW IN THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA aka IN A COTTAGE BY THE SEA (Sentimental "pop" song, 1868. 1st. Just one year ago today, love...)-see: Brewster (MSI), 175 wo; Brown, II, 347 wo; Ford (TMA), 334 wm; Neely, 225; Randolph, IV, 160 wm; Quarterly (SFL), IV, 182

WIDOW MALONE (Irish "seduction" song. 1st. Did you hear of the Widow Malone, Ohone?...)-see: Colum, 37 wo; Ditson (100-SI), 21 wm

WIDOW OF McCARTY, THE (Humorous Irish song. 1st. About a week ago today I takened me a wife...)-see: Owens (TFS), 104 wm

WIDOW OF THE LAND (Game song)-see: MB

WIDOW'S A-COURTIN' (Humorous Mormon song. 1st. The widow's a-courtin'...)-see: Hubbard, 237 wo. Also see, compare: Jour (AFL), LII, 23

WIDOW'S DAUGHTER, THE (Eng.-Amer. broadside, 1830s. 1st. A widow's daughter whose name was Nancy...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 129 wo. Also see: BEAUTY BRIGHT, A

WIDOW'S LAMENT, THE (Moralistic song. 1st. My sister, hear and I will relate...)-see: Fuson, 138 wo

WIDOW'S OLD BROOM, THE (Humorous adapt. of Courting the Widow's Daughter. 1st. I was out in the country one beautiful night...OR: Last Saturday night I entered the house...)-see: Randolph, III, 107 wm. Also see, compare: Belden (BS), 248 & Treat, 23

WIDOW'S PLEA, THE (Sympathetic song about mother's plea for son who committed a crime. 1st. I strolled into a courtroom...)-see: Gardner (BSSM), 355 wo

WIDOW'S SINGLE DAUGHTER, THE (Play-party song)-see: MB

WIDOW WITH DAUGHTERS TO MARRY, THE (ct)-see: JUNIPER TREE, THE & WIDOW OF THE LAND, THE

WIE KUMM ICH AN DES GROSSVADDER'S HAUS? (vt)-see Index: HOW DO I GET TO GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE?

WIFE BEREAVED OF HER HUSBAND, A (Semi-religious song. 1st. My head and stay is loof away...)-see: Belden (BS), 467 wo

WIFE LAPPED IN MORREL'S SKIN (vt)-see: YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE

WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY (Eng.-Scot. ballad. 1st. There was a wealthy farmer...)-see: Flanders (BMNE), 191 wo. Also see: OLD MAN GRUMBLE

WIFE OF KELSO, THE (vt)-see: VICTIM, THE
WIFE OF THE FREE, THE (vt)-see: THREE DEAD SONS
WIFE OF USHER'S WELL, THE (vt)-see: THREE DEAD SONS
WIFE WHO WAS DUMB, THE (vt)-see: DUMB! DUMB! DUMB!
WIFE WHO WOULDN'T SPIN TOW, THE (Lazy wife song. lst. Come all you wary bachelors...)-see: Randolph, III, 123 wm. Also see: YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE
WIFE WRAPPED IN A WETHER'S SKIN, THE (vt)-see: YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE
WIGGIE THE WOOL (Game song. lst. With my hands and my fingers...)-see: Winn (2), 12 wm
WILD AMERICAY (Irish "dialogue" song. lst. You gentle birds of Erin's Isle...)-see: Cazden, I, 44 wm
WILD AND RECKLESS HOBO, A (One of several similar hobo songs. lst. A wild an' reckless hobo who had left his happy home...)-see: Cambiaire, 3 wo; Randolph, IV, 360 wm. Also see: HOBO SONG I. Also see, compare: Milburn, 231
WILD AND WICKED YOUTH (vt)-see: PRISONER'S SONG V
WILD ASHE DEER, THE (Animal ballad. lst. Away and away we're bound o'er the mountain...)-see: Brown, III, 250 & V, 199 wm
WILD BILL JONES (Jealousy-murder song)-see: MB
WILD BOAT OF THE ATLANTIC (vt)-see: DREADNAUGHT, THE
WILD BOY I, II, III & IV (Badmen ballads)-see: MB
WILD BRONC PEELER (Cowboy song. lst. Well, I'm a wild cowboy...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 85 wo
WILD BUCKAROO (Cowboy song. lst. I've been riding for cattle for most of my life...)-see: Fife, 105 wm
WILD COLLONINA, or COLLO'NA BOY (vt)-see: WILD BOY II, THE
WILD COLONIAL BOY, THE (vt)-see: WILD BOY II, THE
WILD COWBOY, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE III, THE

WILDERNESS LADY, THE aka A HEALTH TO THE KING (Duel & toast song. 1st. A lord's house in London, great merriment held...)-see: Karpeles, 136 wm

WILD FLOWER (vt)-see: WALL-FLOWERS

WILD GOOSE, THE (vt)-see: RANZO RAY

WILD GOOSE CHASE (Dance tune)-see: Botkin (NEF), 900 mo

WILD GOOSE NATION, THE (ct)-see: RANZO RAY & SALLY BROWN C

WILD GOOSE NEST, THE (Verbatim account of religious meeting and funeral sermon. 1st. Wild goose nest, wild goose nest...)-see: Smith (SCB), 21 wo

WILD GOOSE SHANTY (vt)-see: RANZO RAY

WILD HORSE (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 35 mo

WILD LUMBERJACK, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE IV, THE

WILD MIZ-ZOU-RYE, THE (Old Cavalry song and sea-shanty. Adapt. of Across the Wide Missouri. 1st. For seven long years I courted Nancy...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 544 wm. Also see: SHENANDOAH

WILD MONTANA BOY, THE (Cowboy adapt. of Wild Colonial Boy. 1st. There was a wild Montana boy...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 167 wo

WILD MONTANA FLOWER ("Bragging" song. 1st. I'm a wild Montana 'flower...)-see: Shay (DFW), 107 wm

WILD MOOR, THE (vt)-see: MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

WILD MUSTARD RIVER, THE aka JOHNNY STILE ("Accidental death" song. 1st. Come all you good men of this river...OR: Down on the Wild Mustard...OR: Oh, down by the wild Mustard River...)-see: Beck (LLC), 202 & (SML), 149 wm; Gardner (BSSM), 276 wo; Glass (SFRF), 38 wm; Lomax (OSC), 229 wm; Manny, 307 wm

WILD NEGRO BILL (Badman song. 1st. I'se wild Nigger Bill frum Redpepper Hill...)-see: Odum (NHS), 213 wo; Talley, 94 wo

WILD OATS aka TURN, YOUNG MEN (Moralistic song. 1st. Turn, young men, from your evil ways...)-see: Brown, III, 96 wo. Also see, compare: Ames (MPP), 314; Backus, 297; Botkin (APPS), 36, 58 & 170

WILD RATTLING COWBOY, A (Badman song. 1st. I am a cowboy by my trade...)-see: Lomax (CS-1938), 221 wo

WILD RIPPLING WATER, THE (vt)-see: NIGHTINGALE I, THE

WILD ROVER, THE (Deception to test friendship song. 1st. I've been a wild rover these many long years ...)-see: Ashton (MSB), 353 wo; Creighton (SBNS), 134 wm; Hubbard, 274 wm; Korson (CDF), 105 wo; Randolph, IV, 118 wo. Also see next listing.

WILD ROVERS, THE (Marital advice song. Similar to Bachelor's Hall. 1st. Come all you wild rovers and listen to me...)-see: Hubbard, 174 wm; Lomax (CS-1919), 383 wo; Randolph, IV, 117 wo

WILD, WILD TEXAS BOY, THE (vt)-see: WILD BOY III, THE

WILDWOOD FLOWER (Love lament)-see: MB

WILKES LOVELL (Lawman ballad, 1890s. 1st. 'Twas on the fourteenth day of March...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 217 wm

WILKINS AND DINAH (vt)-see: VILIKENS AND DINAH

WILL DAVY, MY SON (Tragic ballad)-see: MB

WILLIAM AND DINAH, or DIANA (vt)-see: VILIKENS AND DINAH

WILLIAM AND ELLEN (vt)-see: ELLEN'S ELOPEMENT

WILLIAM AND HARRIET (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN V

WILLIAN AND HIS DINAH (vt)-see: VILIKENS AND DINAH

WILLIAM AND LADY MARGARET (vt)-see: ELLEN'S ELOPEMENT

WILLIAM AND MARGARET (ct)-see: ELLEN'S ELOPEMENT & MARGARET'S GHOST

WILLIAM AND MARY (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER IX

WILLIAM AND NANCY (Tragic love ballad with ct)-see: MB. Also see: MASQUERADING WOMAN I C

WILLIAM AND NANCY'S PARTING (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN I C

WILLIAM AND PHYLLIS (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN V hn

WILLIAM AND POLLY (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN I A

WILLIAM A. TREMBLETOE (Game song. 1st. William A. Trembletoe, he's a good fisherman...)-see: Beckwith (FGJ), 13 wo; Bolton (CRC), 117 wo; Brown, I, 134, 160 wo; Johnson (FC), 165; Jour (AFL), XXVI, 141; XXXI, 41, 150, 526 & LIV, 169; Newell, 203 wo; Pub (TFLS), VI, 66; Quarterly (SFL), I, 43

WILLIAM BAKER (Murder song. 1st. Come ye people of every nation...)-see: Combs (FSUS), 169 wo; Laws dF, 48 wo

WILLIAM BEADLE (Murder ballad. 1st. A bloody scene I'll now relate...)-see: Burt, 6 wo

WILLIAM BLUET (Criminal's song. 1st. There was a woman lived in Hampshire...)-see: Combs (FSUS), 151 wo

WILLIAM COOK (Religious song. 1st. Hark! hark! my young friends...)-see: Randolph, IV, 40 wm

WILLIAM CRAIG AND BOLD MANONE (vt)-see: MANNING THE PIRATE

WILLIAM GLEN aka BONNIE ANNIE & SIR WILLIAM GOWER (Eng.-Scot. "superstition" ballad. 1st. There was a ship, and a ship of fame...)-see: Christie, I, 241 wm; Leach (BB), 697 wo

WILLIAM HALL, or WILLIAM HALL'S RETURN (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER VII

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON (vt)-see: HARRISON VS VAN BUREN

WILLIAM KIDD (vt)-see: CAPTAIN KIDD

WILLIAM OF ORANGE (vt)-see: KING WILLIAM AND KING JAMES

WILLIAM O'REILLY, or O'RILEY (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER VIII

WILLIAM REILLY AND COLLEEN BAWN (Love ballad)-see: MB

WILLIAM REILY'S COURTSHIP (vt)-see: WILLIAM REILLY AND COLLEEN BAWN. Also see next listing.

WILLIAM RILEY (Love song with ct. 1st. My true love is a fisherman...)-see: Thomas (DD), 167 wo. Also see: WILLIAM REILLY AND COLLEEN BAWN & YOUNG JACK RILEY

WILLIAM S. SHACKLEFORD alias J. F. DAVIS aka THE LAST WORDS OF WILLIAM SHACKLEFORD (Murder ballad: Shackleford was executed for killing his employer, John D. Horton, on Nov. 15, 1889. 1st. Though I am doomed to be hanged...)-see: Brown, II, 677 wo. Also see next listing.

WILLIAM SHACKLEFORD'S FAREWELL SONG (One of several songs dealing with same murder event. 1st. My warfare will soon be ended...)-see: Brown, II, 682 wo

WILLIAM TAYLOR (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN XII

WILLIE. Also see: WILLY.

WILLIE (ct)-see: IT'S SINFUL TO FLIRT. Also see Index: ISLE OF MAN SHORE & THERE WAS A LADY IN THE EAST

WILLIE AND EARL RICHARD'S DAUGHTER aka THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD (Eng.-Scot. ballad. Related to Willie O Douglas Dale. 1st. Money ane talks o the grass, the grass...OR: O Willie's large o limb and lith ...)-see: Buchan (ABS), II, 1 wo; Child, II, 412 wo; Jamieson, II, 44 wo

WILLIE AND JOHNNY (vt)-see: TWO BROTHERS

WILLIE AND KATE (vt)-see: KATIE'S ROMANCE

WILLIE AND LADY MAISRY, or MARGERIE (Eng.-Scot. ballad. Similar to Clerk Saunders. 1st. Willie was a widow's son...OR: Sweet Willie was a widow's son ...)-see: Child, II, 167 wo; Kinsley, 121 wo; Motherwell, 370; Muir, 243 wo

WILLIE AND MARGARET (vt)-see Index: CLYDE'S WATER

WILLIE AND MARY (ct)-see: DROWSY SLEEPER, THE; DISGUISED LOVER IX. Also see Index: WILLIE WAS A FINE SAILOR

WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET (vt)-see Index: CLYDE'S WATER

WILLIE AND NANCY (vt)-see Index: IT'S SEVEN LONG YEARS

WILLIE CAME OVER THE MAIN WHITE OCEAN (vt)-see: MYRA BELLE LEE

WILLIE CAME OVER THE OCEAN, or SEA (vt)-see: MYRA BELLE LEE

WILLIE CAMPBELL (vt)-see: JAMIE CAMPBELL

WILLIE, DARLING (vt)-see: DROWSY SLEEPER, THE

WILLIE DEAR (Love lament. 1st. I wisht I could see my Willie dear...)-see: Randolph, IV, 339 wo

WILLIE DOWN BY THE POND (vt)-see: IT'S SINFUL TO FLIRT

WILLIE LEE (Love song. 1st. 'Twas long ago one autumn day...)-see: Gardner (FSH), 222 wo

WILLIE LEONARD (vt)-see: LAKE OF COLD FINN, THE

WILLIE MacINTOSH aka BONNY WILLIE MacINTOSH & BRUNING OF AUCHINDOWN (Eng.-Scot. murder-revenge-battle ballad. 1st. As I cam in by Fiddich-side...OR: Turn, Willie MacIntosh, turn, I bid you...)-see: Barry (BBM), 264 wo; Child, III, 456 wo; Finlay, II, 89 wo; Friedman, 266 wo; Houseman, 219 wo; Moore (BFSS), 95 wo; Quiller-Couch, 704 wo; Sanders, 8 wo; Whitelaw, 248 wo

WILLIE McGEE McGAW (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS C, THE

WILLIE MOORE (Unidentified song. 1st. Willie Moore was young...)-see: Randolph, IV, 309 wm; Silverman, I, 167 wm

WILLIE O (Ghost-love ballad. 1st. Willie he shipped on board of a tender...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 113 wm

WILLIE O DOUGLAS DALE aka DAME OLIPHANT & DOUGLAS DALE (Scot. love song. 1st. O Willy was as brave a lord...)-see: Barry (BBM), 454 notes; Child, II, 406 wo; Leach (BB), 310 wo; Muir, 162 wo

WILLIE OF HAZELGREEN (vt)-see: JOHNNY HAZELGREEN

WILLIE O'REILLY, or WILLIE O'RILEY'S RETURN (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER VIII

WILLIE O WINSBURY aka LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRIE, or WINESBERRY (Eng.-Scot. ballad. Source for Fair Mary, or Johnny Barbour. Bronson II & IV has 22 tunes. 1st. As I looked over the castle wall...OR: The King he hath been a prisoner... OR: There was a lady fine and gay...)-see: Barry (BBM), 224 wo; Buchan (ABS), II, 212 & (GSEI), 127; Bulletin (FSSN), IX, 6 wm; Child, II, 398 & V, 418 wm; Combs (FSMEU), 140 & (FSUS), 123 wo; Flanders, III, 57 wm; Greig & Keith, 75; Karpeles, 73, (FSE), I, 121 & (FSN), I, 25 wm; Kinloch (ASB), 89, 92; Leach, No. 7 & (BB), 308 wo; Peacock, 534 wm; Reeves, 149 & (EC), 278 wo; Sedley, 247 wm; Sharp (FSFS), 37 & (100), 38 wm

WILLIE RILEY (vt)-see: WILLIAM REILLY AND COLLEEN BAWN

WILLIE'S DROWNED AT GAMERIE (vt)-see: RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW

WILLIE'S FATAL VISIT (Eng.-Scot. ghost ballad. 1st. 'Twas on an evening fair...)-see: Buchan (ABS), 259; Leach (BB), 623 wo

WILLIE'S LADY aka SIMON'S LADY & SWEET WILLY (Eng.-Scot. "witchcraft" ballad. 1st. Willie has taen him o'er the fame...OR: Willy's gone over the falt fea foam...)-see: Child, I, 81 wo; Flanders, I, 124 wo; Friedman, 18 wo; Leach (BB), 64 wo; Muir, 142 wo; Quiller-Couch, 36 wo

WILLIE'S LYKE-WAKE aka BLUE FLOWERS AND YELLOW & WILLIE, WILLIE (Scot. ballad about man feigning death. 1st. O Willie, my son, what makes you sae sad?...)-see: Child, I, 247 wo; Flanders, I, 242 wo; Leach (BB), 110 wo; Quiller-Couch, 280 wo

WILLIE TAYLOR (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN XII
WILLIE THE SAILOR, or SAILOR'S RETURN (ct)-see: DISGUISED LOVER VII & IX
WILLIE THE WEAVER (vt)-see: WILL THE WEAVER
WILLIE THE WEAVER (vt)-see: WILL THE WEAVER
WILLIE THE WEEPER (vt)-see: WILLY THE WEEPER
WILLIE WAS A FINE SAILOR aka MARY AND WILLIE & WILLIE AND MARY (Eng. "ghost" song. 1st. Same as title...) -see: Manny, 308 wm
WILLIE, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON
WILLIE, WILLIE (vt)-see Index: WILLIE'S LYKE-WAKE
WILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH (vt)-see: VILIKENS AND DINAH
WILLING MAID, THE (vt)-see Index: TOO YOUNG
WILLING THE MILL (vt)-see: MILLER II, THE
WILL OF THE OLD MILLER, THE (vt)-see: MILLER II, THE
WILLOW GARDEN, THE (vt)-see Index: ROSE CONNELLY
WILLOW TREE, THE (Sentimental song with ct. 1st. The mournful night wind sweepeth...)-see: Randolph, IV, 172 wo. Also see: MYRA BELLE LEE & SEEDS OF LOVE
WILL RAY (vt)-see: BILLY GRIMES
WILLST DU WIEZEN (vt)-see: SHALL I SHOW YOU HOW THE FARMER
WILL STEWART AND JOHN aka TRING DILLY (Eng.-Scot. love song. 1st. Adlatts parks is wife and broad ...OR: Speak for yourself, John Stewart...)-see: Child, II, 432 wo
WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN? (Religious song)-see: MB
WILL THE UNITED NATIONS SING? (Mod. song. 1st. Nor on this land alone...)-see: Sandburg (NAS), 10 wm
WILL THE WATERS BE CHILLY? (vt)-see Index: SHOW PITY, LORD! Also see: McDowell, 56
WILL THE WEAVER (Wife-cheating song)-see: MB
WILL WATCH (Smuggling song, ca. 1820. 1st. One morn when the wind from the northwood blew keenly...) -see: Whall (SSS), 41 wm

WILLY. Also see: WILLIE

WILLY DOO (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

WILL YE GANG TO THE HIGHLANDS, LEEZIE LINDSAY? (vt) -see: GEORDIE

WILLY MAGEE MAGAR (vt)-see: HUNGRY CROWS C, THE

WILL YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR? (vt)-see Index: SPIDER AND THE FLY, THE

WILL YOU COME OUT TONIGHT? (vt)-see: DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER? (Love song)-see: MB

WILL YOU GO OUT WEST? (Amer. pioneer song. 1st. Where is the girl who will go out West with me?...)-see: Cazden, I, 54 wm

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD? (19th cent. pop song. 1st. I would ask of you, my darling...)-see: Brown, III, 321 & V, 190 wm; Neely, 241; Pound (SFSN), XIV, No. 2 wo; Randolph, IV, 344 wo. For parody, see: Henry (SSSA), 30

WILL YOU WEAR RED? (vt)-see: JENNY JENKINS

WILLY RANSOME (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

WILLY REILLY (vt)-see: WILLIAM REILLY AND COLLEEN BAWN

WILLY'S LADY (vt)-see Index: WILLIE'S LADY

WILLY TAYLOR (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN XII

WILLY THE WEEPER (Drug addict song)-see: MB

WILLY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON

WILLY, WILLY (Sentimental song. 1st. Where is my little one hiding tonight?...)-see: Randolph, IV, 176 wo

WILSON PATENT STOVE aka THE FIRST OLD COOKING STOVE; TWENTY YEARS AGO; FORTY YEARS AGO; SIXTY YEARS A-GO & SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO (Satirical song. 1st. How wondrous are the changes...OR: Well do I remember...)-see: Brown, III, 392 & V, 233 wm; Henry (FSSH), 23 wo; Randolph, III, 251 wm

WILSON'S BARROOM (Dance song. 1st. Hurrah for the Wilson barroom...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 354 wm
WILSON'S CLOG (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 100 wo
WILY AULD CARLE, THE (vt)-see: VICTIM, THE
WILY HAWK (vt)-see: CHICKAMY CRANEY CROW
WIND ACROSS THE WILD MOOR (vt)-see: MARY OF THE WILD MOOR
WIND BLEW UP, THE WIND BLEW DOWN, THE (vt)-see: BROKEN-HEARTED LOVER, THE
WIND BLOW EAST, THE (Children's song. 1st. Oh, the wind blow east...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 80 wm; Seeger (1), 66 wm
WIND BLOWS SO HIGH, THE (Game song. 1st. Three times round goes the gallant shep...)-see: Hornby, 80 wm
WINDHAM (Hymn. 1st. Broad is the road that leads to death...)-see: Cobb (SH), 213 wm; McCurry, 118 wm; White & King, 30 wm
WINDING SHEET COFFIN, THE (Moralistic song. 1st. How swiftly the years of our pilgrimage fly...)-see: Randolph, IV, 94 wo
WINDING UP THE BARROOM (Dance & game song. 1st. We're winding up the barroom...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 355 wm
WIND IT BLEW UP THE RAILROAD TRACK, THE (vt)-see: COLD WIND BLEW, THE
WIND SO GAY (vt)-see Index: V'LÀ L'BON VENT!
WINDS THAT BLEW O'ER THE WILD MOOR (vt)-see: MARY OF THE WILD MOOR
WINDS THAT BLOW ACROSS THE WILD MOOR, THE (vt)-see: MARY OF THE WILD MOOR
WIND THAT BALL (Game song. 1st. We're goin' to wind this ball...)-see: Brown, V, 550 wm
WIND THAT BLEW O'ER THE WILD MOOR (vt)-see: MARY OF THE WILD MOOR
WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY, THE (Dance tune)-see: MB

WIND THE BALL (vt)-see Index: STOOPING ON THE WINDOW.
Also see, compare: Brown, V, 550

WINDY BILL (Humorous cowboy song)-see: MB

WINGS OF THE GONEY, THE (Whaling song. "Goney" is a bird of Albatross family, commonly called "Gooney bird." 1st. If I had the wings of a goney...)-see: Huntington, 40 wo

WINK 'EM aka WINKUM, WINKUM (Game song. 1st. Winkum, winkum, shut your eye...)-see: Bertail, 26 wm; Grahame, 71 wm; Wier (YAM), I, 21 wm

WINNEPEG WHORE, THE (vt)-see: WITCHITA WHORE, THE

WINNSBORO COTTON MILL BLUES, THE (Labor movement song. 1st. Old man Sargent sittin' at the deak ...)-see: Fowke (SWF), 74 wm; Leisy, 370 wm; Silber (HSB), 88 wm; Silverman, II, 35 & (FB), 46 wm

WINTER, THE (Spiritual. 1st. O de vinter, O de vinter, O de vinter'll soon be ober...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 78, 132 wm

WINTER CAMP, THE (vt)-see: DANS LES CHANTIERS

WINTER DAYS AGAIN ARE HERE (Round. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Taylor (BR), 4 wm

WINTER DESIRES (Lumbermen's song. 1st. The break-up is near...)-see: Beck (SML), 87 wo

WINTER OF SEVENTY-THREE, THE aka McCULLAM CAMP (Lumbermen's song, by Larry Gorman. 1st. All men who follow the lumber woods...)-see: Doerflinger, 214 wm; Eckstorm, 114 wo; Ives (LG), 55 wm; Manny, 191 wm

WINTER'S ALMOST OBER, CHILLUNS (Spiritual. 1st. O look up yonder, whut I see...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), X, 22 wm; Dett, 82 wm

WINTER'S GONE AND PAST, THE (Lover's farewell song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Broadwood (ECS), 104; Joyce (OIFMS), 427 wm; Karpeles, 182 & (FSN), II, 10 wm

WINTER'S NIGHT (Composite song. 1st. As I rode out last winter's night...)-see: Arnold, 14 wm; Lomax (FSNA), 214 wm. Also see: TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE

WIR REISEN NOCH AMERIKÂ (vt)-see Index: WE JOURNEY TO AMERICA

WIR SIND DIE MOORSOLDATEN (vt)-see Index: PEAT BOG SOLDIERS, THE

WISCONSIN EMIGRANT aka THE KENTUCK SONG & WISCONSIN'S EMIGRANT SONG (Marital "dialogue" song. 1st. Oh, husband, remember that land of delight...OR: Since times are so hard, I've thought, my true heart...) -see: Flanders (CSV), 32 & (NGMS), 106 wm; Jour (AFL), XXXV, 409; Scott (BA), 161 wm

WISCONSIN SOLDIER BOY, THE (vt)-see: DYING RANGER, THE

WISE FARMER, THE (vt)-see: HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED II

WISH I'D LIVED AN OLD MAID (vt)-see: DRUNKARD IX, THE

WISH I HAD A JUG O' RUM (1st line of untitled song fragment...)-see: Henry (FSSH), 439 wo

WISH I HAD A NEEDLE AND THREAD (Composite dance song, similar to Liza Jane. 1st. I wish I had a needle and thread...)-see: Brown, III, 143 A wo

WISH I HAD A PIG IN A PEN (Composite dance song, similar to Liza Jane. 1st. I wish I had a pig in a pen...)-see: Brown, III, 144 & V, 79 wm

WISH I'S IN HEAVEN SETTIN' DOWN aka WISH I WAS IN HEAVEN SITTIN' DOWN (Spiritual. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Work (ANSS), 95 wm

WISH I WAS A MORMONITE (vt)-see: I WANT TO BE, OR I WISH I WAS F

WISH I WAS IN LONDON (ct)-see: IRISH GIRL I & II

WITCH, THE (vt)-see: CHICKAMY CRANEY CROW

WITCHITA WHORE, THE (Bawdy song)-see: MB

WITCH SONG, THE aka THE DROWNING LADY (Witchcraft song with ct. 1st. She bobbed it up, she bobbed it down...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 13 wm. Also see: CHICKAMY CRANEY CROW

WITH A ROLL OF THE DRUMS (vt)-see: WITH THE ROLL OF HIS DRUMS

WITH A HEY-DING-DING (Danish game song. 1st. In the sweet scented meadows...)-see: Hornby, 112 wm

WITH FEELING (vt)-see: IRISH GIRL I, THE

WITH FIFE AND DRUM HE MARCHED AWAY (vt)-see: SHULE AROON

WITH HER DOG AND GUN (vt)-see: DOG AND GUN

WITH HIS OLD GREY BEARD A-HANGING (vt)-see: COURTING CASE VIII

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO TOWN (Scot. song by Italian composer. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Elson, 94 wm; Johnson (FS), 410 wm; Macfarren, 86 wm

WITH MY FACE TO THE RISIN' SUN (vt)-see: WE'LL MEET OVER JORDAN

WITH RIFLES IN OUR HAND (vt)-see Index: SONG OF THE MEMPHIS VOLUNTEERS

WITH THE DIRT BEHIND THEIR EARS (vt)-see: ARTILLEREE, THE

WITH THE GIRLS ESPECIALLY aka BESONDERS BEI DE MEED & BUNDLING SONG (Pa.-Dutch "courting" song. Tune: Oh, Susanna! 1st. I had a dream the other night ...)-see: Boyer, 77 wm

WITH THE GLORY IN MY SOUL (vt)-see Index: I'M CLIMBING UP THE HILLS OF MOUNT ZION

WITH THE GREEN GRASS GROWING ALL AROUND (vt)-see: GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND, THE

WITH THE ROLL OF HIS DRUMS (Soldier love song)-see: MB

WITNESS aka MY SOUL IS A WITNESS FOR MY LORD; THAT'S ANOTHER WITNESS FOR MY LORD; WASN'T THAT A WITNESS FOR MY LORD; WHO'LL BE A WITNESS FOR MY LORD & WITNESS FOR MY LORD (Spiritual. Exists in many versions. 1st. Read in Genesis, you understand... OR: You read in the Bible and you understand...)-see: Chambers (TNS), 62 wm; Hayes, 47 wm; Johnson (BANS), 130 wm; Mackenzie (SH), 123 wo; Odum (NHS), 132 wo; Silverman, II, 121 wm; Work (ANSS), 177 wm

WITTAM MILLER, THE (vt)-see: KNOXVILLE GIRL, THE

WIZARD OIL (Satire on patent medicines. 1st. I have written a song...OR: Oh! I have to travel far and near...)-see: Randolph, III, 271 wo; Sandburg (AS), 52 wm

WOE BE UNTO YOU (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 604 wm

WOH HOO (Work shout. 1st. Woh hoo, woh hoo...)-see: Courlander (NSA), 90 wm

WOLF AND THE LAMB, THE (Game song. 1st. Gone is winter's storm and rain...)-see: Hornby, 128 wm

WOLVES A HOWLIN' (Rural song. 1st. O don't you hear them wolves a-howlin'?...)-see: Seeger (3), 79 wm; Thede, 133 wm

WOMAN AND THE DEVIL, A (vt)-see: DEVIL AND THE FARMER'S WIFE, THE

WOMAN BLUE (Country blues, and a rewrite of older song. 1st. I know you, rider, gonna miss me when I'm gone ...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 196 wm

WOMAN LIVED IN A FAR COUNTRY, A (vt)-see: THREE DEAD SONS

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION (vt)-see: COMMON BILL

WOMAN'S RIGHTS (Political satire. 1st. There's very much trouble at present...)-see: Randolph, III, 264 wm

WOMAN'S SHIRT AND APRON (vt)-see Index: BARRACK STREET

WOMAN'S THE CAUSE OF IT ALL (Humorous "blame placing" song. 1st. When a man waxes his mustache...)-see: Kennedy (TAB), 365 wo

WOMAN'S TONGUE WILL NEVER TAKE A REST, A (vt)-see: SCOLDING WIFE II, THE

WOMAN TO THE PLOW, THE (vt)-see: OLD MAN GRUMBLE

WOMAN, WOMAN, I SEEN YO' MAN (Country blues)-see: MB

WONDERFUL BOAT, THE (Eng. ver. of Fr. song, Le Batiment Merveilleux. 1st. The worthy folk of butchertown...)-see: Barbeau (JSOQ), 131 wm

WONDERFUL CROCODILE, THE (Sailor's "nursery" song. 1st. Come list ye landsmen all to me...OR: Come all ye landsmen, far and near...)-see: Gardner (BSSM), 469 wm; Lomax (ABFS), 498 wm

WONDER WHAR IS GOOD OLD DANIEL aka WAY OVER IN THE PROMISED LAND (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Arnold, 164 wm; Dett, 73 wm. Also see: SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND

WONDER WHERE IS MY BROTHER GONE? (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Courlander, 228 & (NSA), 41 wm

WOND'ROUS LOVE (Gospel song)-see: MB

WON'T IT BE WONDERFUL AFTER THE WAR? (Mod. song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Sandburg (NAS), 31 wm

WON'T YE GO MY WAY? (West Indies shanty. 1st. I met her on the Bow'ry...)-see: Hugill (1), 505 wm; Langstaff (1), 68 wm

WON'T YOU REMEMBER, LITTLE DARLING? (vt)-see: EARNEST LOVE III

WON'T YOU SIT WITH ME AWHILE? (Dialogue "seduction" song. 1st. As I walked out one May morning...)-see: Cazden, II, 78 wm

WON'T YOU WALK OUT TONIGHT? (vt)-see: DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

WOODCHOPPER'S SONG (Occupational song. 1st. Ole Mister oak tree, yo' day done come...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 214 wo

WOOD-HAULER, THE (vt)-see Index: BACKWOODSMAN, THE

WOODLAND SCHOTTISCHE (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 162 mo

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE (Music Hall song, 1837, by Geo. P. Morris & Henry Russell. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, V, 417 wm; Ewen, 38 wm; Johnson (FS), 52 wo; Spaeth (REW), 23 wm; Wier (YAM), III, 56 wm. Also see Index: WAR IN CAMP

WOODMAN'S SONG, A (vt)-see: FROG AND THE MOUSE, THE

WOODPECKER SONG (Nursery song. 1st. So said the buzzard when he got mad...)-see: Morris, 196 wo

WOODS CLERK, THE (Occupational ballad. 1st. The time has come for long-haired bards...)-see: Eckstorm, 163 wo

WOODSMAN'S ALPHABET, THE (vt)-see: ALPHABET FOR LUMBERMEN

WOODS OF MICHIGAN, THE (vt)-see: HARRY DUNN

WOODVILLE MOUND (vt)-see: SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

WOODY QUERISTERS, THE (vt)-see: BIRD SONG I & II

WOOING, THE (vt)-see: COURTING CASE V

WORCESTER TRAGEDY, THE (vt)-see: KNOXVILLE GIRL, THE

WORKING COWBOY, THE (vt)-see Index: TEXAS COWBOY, THE

WORKING ON THE BUILDING aka I'M WORKIN' ON THE BUILDIN' (Spiritual. 1st. If I was a sinner, I tell you what I would do...OR: I'm workin' on that sure foundation...)-see: Arnold, 162 wm; Odum (NHS), 72 wo; Work (ANSS), 97 wm

WORKING ON THE LEVEE (Occupational song. 1st. Workin' on de levee, yes, I am...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 229 wo

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD (ct)-see: I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD & WORKING ON THE RAILWAY

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD LINE (Occupational song. 1st. Listen, Big Boy, if you wanna be a man...) -see: Work (ANSS), 245 wm

WORKING ON THE RAILWAY (Occupational song)-see: MB

WORK OF THE WEAVERS, THE (Occupational song. 1st. We're all met together here...)-see: Seeger (4), 120 wm; Silber (HSB), 118 wm

WORK'S BEING DONE, THE (Spiritual)-see: MB

WORK'S MOST DONE aka DON'T GET WEARY & MEMBERS, DON'T GET WEARY (Spiritual with ct. 1st. I'm gwine down to de ribbuh ob Jordan...)-see: Johnson (SBNS), 156 wm. Also see: DON'T BE WEARY, TRAVELER; THERE'S A GREAT CAMP MEETING & WORK'S BEING DONE, THE

WORK SONG (Collectors use this title for a variety of songs. 1st. Help me drive 'er...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 218 wm. Also see next 4 listings.

WORK SONG (Mormon song with ct. 1st. There's Ehler and Heber and Joseph Taylor...)-see: Hubbard, 461 wo. Also see next 3 listings.

WORK SONG (Farm song with ct. 1st. Thought I fell in ten foot o' water...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 217 wm. Also see next 2 listings.

WORK SONG (Country blues with ct. 1st. Six months in jail ain't so long, baby...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 231 wo. Also see next listing.

WORK SONG, THE (vt)-see Index: COLD FROSTY MORNING

WORLD IT WENT WELL WITH ME THEN, THE (vt)-see: UNMARRIED BLISS III

WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, THE (Army marching song, from Eng.)-see: MB

WORLD UNKNOWN (vt)-see Index: AM I BORN TO DIE?

WORLD WAS MADE IN SIX DAYS, THE (vt)-see: EDUCATED MAN II, THE

WORLD WENT WELL WITH ME THEN, THE (vt)-see: UNMARRIED BLISS III

WORM SONG, THE (vt)-see: HEARSE SONG, THE

WORRIED BLUES (Country blues. Similar to Ain't Gonna Be Treated This-a Way. 1st. I've got the worried blues, Lord...)-see: Brewer, 173 wm; Silverman, II, 31 & (FB), 164 wm

WORRIED MAN BLUES (vt)-see: TAKES A WORRIED MAN

WORTHINGTON (Hymn. Reproduced from Carden's Missouri Harmony, 1820. 1st. Thou we adore eternal name...) -see: Sandburg (AS), 154 wm

WO, STORMALONG (vt)-see: STORMALONG III

WOULD YOU BE A SOLDIER, LADDY? (Patriotic song, 1863. 1st.Same as title...)-see: Dolph, 268 wm

WOULD YOU KNOW HOW DOTH THE PEASANT? (vt)-see: SHALL I SHOW YOU HOW THE FARMER

WOUNDED COWBOY, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE III, THE

WOUNDED HUSSAR, THE (War ballad. 1st. All alone to the banks of a dark rolling...)-see: Creighton (MFS), 159 wm

WOUNDED SOLDIER, THE (vt)-see: DYING SOLDIER II, THE

WOUNDED SPIRIT (Frag. of "leter"-type song. 1st. It is true when I read...)-see: Belden (BS), 196 wo

WOUNDED WHALE, THE aka THERE SHE BLOWS (Fishermen's song. 1st. Lo, as the sun from her ocean bed was rising...OR: See the sun from her ocean bed rising...)-see: Colcord, 189 wm; Huntington, 23 wm

WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES O! (Love song)-see: MB

WRAN, THE (vt)-see: LITTLE HUNTERS, THE

WRAP ME UP IN MY OLD STABLE-JACKET (1st line of untitled cowboy song...)-see: Thorp & Fife, 171 wo

WRAP ME UP IN MY TARPAULIN JACKET (vt)-see: TARPAULIN JACKET

WRASSLED WITH A WILDCAT (Dance song. 1st. Fought with a panther...)-see: Thede, 131 wm

WRECK AT LATONA, THE (Railroad song. 1st. She had just left the switch at Chitamia...)-see: Cambiaire, 107 wm

WRECK AT MAUD, THE (Railroad song)-see: MB

WRECK AND RAMBLING BOY, THE (vt)-see Index: BLACK BIRDS

WRECKED SHIP, THE (vt)-see: MERMAID'S CURSE, THE

WRECK OFF SCILLY, THE (vt)-see Index: ROCKS OF SCILLY, THE

WRECK OF NUMBER FOUR (Coal-mining song with ct. 1st. One bright sunshiny morning...)-see: Korson (CDF), 279 wo. Also see: WRECK ON THE C & O

WRECK OF NUMBER NINE (vt)-see: WRECK OF OLD NUMBER NINE, THE

WRECK OF OLD NINETY-SEVEN, THE (Railroad song)-see: MB

WRECK OF OLD NUMBER NINE, THE (Railroad song)-see: MB

WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC (Eng. "sea disaster" ballad. The Atlantic, a four-masted barque-rigged iron vessel, 3707 tons gross, left Liverpool for New York, March 20, 1873, with approx. 1000 persons aboard. On the night of March 31, the ship struck a ledge and sank. 535 persons perished. 1st. Dear friends, come listen to the tale...)-see: Mackenzie, 387 wo

WRECK OF THE GLENALOON (Sea disaster ballad. 1st. 'Twas only a ripple and just a puff...)-see: Mackenzie, 397 wo

WRECK OF THE HUNNICUT CURVE, THE (Railroad song. 1st. They called for a train crew at Paintsville...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 114 wo

WRECK OF THE HURON, THE aka BALLAD OF THE HURON (Sea disaster ballad. The USS Huron, under orders to Cuba, sank in a storm, Nov. 23, 1877. 1st. 'Twas a dark and stormy day when orders came to sail...)-see: Brown, III, 668 wo

WRECK OF THE JOHN B., THE (vt)-see: SLOOP JOHN B., THE

WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTE, THE (vt)-see Index: JULIE PLANTE, THE

WRECK OF THE OLD NINETY-SEVEN (vt)-see: WRECK OF OLD NINETY-SEVEN, THE

WRECK OF THE ROYAL PALM (Railroad song. This wreck occurred Dec. 23, 1926, near Rockmart, Ga., and 19 persons were killed, 123 injured. 1st. On a dark and stormy night...)-see: Brown, II, 521 wo

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER MEDORA, THE (Great Lakes song. The Medora was stranded and wrecked by a storm, Nov., 1835. 1st. Come all kind husbands, now behold...)-see: Bulletin (FSSN), XI, 19 wo

WRECK OF THE SHENANDOAH aka WRECK OF THE OLD SHENANDOAH (Air disaster song. U. S. Navy airship was wrecked in a storm near Caldwell, Ohio, and 14 crew members were killed. Song by Maggie Andrews, c. 1925, 1st. At four o'clock one evening...)-see: Brown, II, 522 wo; New York Times, Sept. 4, 1925, 1-4

WRECK OF THE SIX-WHEEL DRIVER, THE (Railroad song. 1st. Joseph Mickel was a good engineer...)-see: Lomax (ABFS), 39 wo

WRECK OF THE SOUTHERN OLD NINETY-SEVEN (vt)-see: WRECK OF OLD NINETY-SEVEN, THE

WRECK OF THIRTY-SIX, THE (Railroad song. 1st. It was on one July evening...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 112 wo

WRECK ON COVEL'S (Lumbermen's song. 1st. We have read of frightful fire...)-see: Beck (LLC), 231 wo

WRECK ON THE C & O (Railroad song)-see: MB

WRECK ON THE SOMERSET ROAD, THE (Railroad song. Tune: Ship That Never Returned. 1st. On a dark, stormy mornin'...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 254 wm

WREN, THE (vt)-see: LITTLE HUNTERS, THE

WRESTLE ON, or WRESTLING JACOB (vt)-see: LET ME GO, JACOB

WRETCHED RAMBLING BOY, THE (Criminal confession song with ct. 1st. I was a wretched rambling boy...)-see: Cambiaire, 43 wo. Also see: PRISONER SONG V

WRIGHT AND KETCHEN LINE (Occupational song. 1st. Come all you jolly lumberjacks...)-see: Beck (LLC), 76 & (SML), 54 wo

WRIGHT IS LEFT (Lumbercamp "argument" song. 1st. An essay now I mean to write...)-see: Beck (LLC), 172 wo

WRITE A LETTER TO MY MOTHER (Civil War song, by E. Bowers and P. B. Isaacs. 1st. Raise me in your arms, my brother...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 250 wm

WRITE MY MOTHER I'LL BE HOME (Prisoner song. 1st. There is somewhere the sun is shining...)-see: Brown, III, 418 wo

WRITE MY NAME (vt)-see Index: ANGELS IN HEAB'N GWINETER WRITE MY NAME, THE

WRITTEN AT PHILADELPHIA (vt)-see: YANKEE DOODLE II

WROP CANDY (Play-party song. 1st. Tuk me to Raleigh ...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 355 wo. Also see, compare: ROCK CANDY, MY LADIES in White, 162

WU DANZE DANN DI WEIWER? (vt)-see Index: WHERE DO WOMEN DANCE?

WU HAWWER UN BUHNE UN GASCHDE WACHSE (vt)-see: OATS AND BEANS AND BARLEY

WYANDOTTE'S FAREWELL SONG, THE (Amer. frontier "Indian" song. 1st. Farewell, ye tall oaks...)-see: Carmer (SRA), 188 wm; Eddy, 264 wm

WYLIE WIFE OF THE HIE TOUN HIE, THE (vt)-see Index: FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH, THE

WYOMING MASSACRE, THE aka BALLAD OF WYOMING MASSACRE (State is Pa., not Wyoming; it refers to Wyoming Valley, where 200 white people were killed in a battle in July, 1778. 1st. Kind heaven assist the trembling muse...)-see: Burt, 129 wo; Shoemaker (MMP), 168 wo

WYOMING NESTER, THE aka THE DRY-LANDERS (Frontier song. 1st. A cowboy lay on the prairie...OR: Here's luck to all you homesteaders...)-see: Botkin (WFL), 762 wm; Dobie (MBS), 175 wm; Lingenfelter, 408 wm; Lomax (CS-1938), 306 wm; Nebraska (3), 6 wm; Patterson (SRR), 15 wm; Wylder, 61 wm

X I T CHUCK WAGON, THE (Cowboy song)-see: MB

YADO (West Indies shanty. 1st. If you want to see the monkey dance...)-see: Beck (FLS), 140 wm

YAHIE MINERS, THE (Labor Union song. 1st. Early in the month of May...)-see: Korson (CDF), 334 wo

YAH-NAH-NEE (Omaha Indian song. 1st. Yah-nah, ha-way-ee...)-see: Sandburg (NAS), 42 wm

YALLER GAL, THE (Minstrel song with ct. 1st. I got a long, tall yaller gal...)-see: Brown, III, 527 & V, 301 wm; White, 315, 411 wm. Also see: I AIN'T GOT TIME TO MARRY

YALLER RIBBON (vt)-see: SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

YANDER COMES MY TRUE LOVE (Play-party song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Roberts (SBS), 172 wm; Thede, 27 wm

YANKEE BOYS (vt)-see: COURTING CASE V, THE

YANKEE DOODLE I thro VIII (Amer. songs)-see: MB. Also see: LEXINGTON MARCH, THE

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (vt)-see: YANKEE DOODLE I-VIII. Also see Index: TEA TAX, THE

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY-O (vt)-see: CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE, THE

YANKEE DOODLE DOWN SOUTH (vt)-see: YANKEE DOODLE VIII

YANKEE DOODLE—FEDERALIST (vt)-see: JEFFERSON VS ADAMS III A

YANKEE DOODLE FOR ABE (vt)-see: ABRAHAM LINCOLN III

YANKEE DOODLE IS THE TUNE (vt)-see: YANKEE DOODLE VI

YANKEE DOODLE, or NEGROES FAREWELL TO AMERICA (vt)-see: NEGRO'S FAREWELL TO AMERICA, THE

YANKEE DOODLE—REPUBLICAN (vt)-see: JEFFERSON VS ADAMS III B

YANKEE DOODLE'S EXPEDITION (vt)-see: YANKEE DOODLE III

YANKEE DUTCHMAN, THE (Civil War "dialect" song. 1st. My little heart's in vun little bit...)-see: Randolph, II, 268 wm

YANKEE GIRLS, THE (War of 1812 ballad)-see: MB

YANKEE GIRL'S SONG (vt)-see: MY MARY ANN

YANKEE JOHN STORMALONG (vt)-see: STORMALONG II

YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR, THE (Forecastle shanty with ct. 1st. "What's that! what's that on the starboard bow?...)-see: Harlow, 180 wo. Also see: JOHN PAUL JONES II & ON THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR. Also see next listing.

YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR, THE (Forecastle shanty with ct. 1st. 'Tis of a gallant Yankee ship...)-see: Silber (SI), 130 wm

YANKEE MANUFACTURES ("Pride in Amer." song. 1st. I wish I was in Yankee Land...)-see: Botkin (NEF), 845 wm; Jordan, 192 wm

YANKEE PRIVATEER, THE (Amer. Revolution ballad. 1st. Come listen and I'll tell you...)-see: Brand (S-76), 120 wm

YANKEE RETREAT, THE (Civil War song. 1st. The very next morning we marched very slow...)-see: Cox (FSS), 260 wo

YANKEES ARE COMING, THE (Civil War song. Tune: The Campbells Are Coming. 1st. The Yankees are coming! Away!...)-see: Hudson (FSM), 264 wo

YANKEE SHIP AND A YANKEE SKIPPER, A (vt)-see: BLOW, BOYS, BLOW

YANKEE SHORE (Irish love song. 1st. As I roved out one morning...)-see: Peacock, I, 233 wm. Also see: IRISH GIRL I, II & III

YANKEE SOLDIER (vt)-see: SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

YANKEE SOLDIERS (vt)-see: ROMAN SOLDIERS, THE

YANKEE SONG (Civil War song. 1st. Well, the Yanks are coming all around...)-see: Roberts (SBS), 145 wm

YANKEE TARS (US Navy song. 1st. When nature, kind Goddess, first formed this big ball...)-see: Harlow, 189 wm

YANKEE TROT, THE (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 105 mo

YANKEE VOLUNTEER, or VOLUNTEERS, THE (War of 1812 song. 1st. The days of Seventy-six, my boys...) -see: Dolph, 449 wo

YARROW (ct)-see: LONELY GLENS OF YARROW, THE & RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW

YAW, YAW, YAW (vt)-see Index: JA, JA, JA!

YE. Also see: YOU

YE ANCIENT YUBA MINER OF THE DAYS OF '49 (Goldrush song. 1st. To you I'll sing a good old song...) -see: Dwyer, 193 wm

YEAR OB DE JUBILEE, DE (Creole ver of Negro Spiritual. 1st. Do you tink I-a mak a so'jer?...)-see: Cohen (LS), 101 wm. Also see: YEAR OF JUBILEE

YEAR OF JUBELO, THE (vt)-see: YEAR OF JUBILO, THE

YEAR OF JUBILEE, THE (Spiritual)-see: MB

YEAR OF JUBILO, THE (Minstrel song)-see: MB
YEAR TOO YOUNG, A (vt)-see Index: TOO YOUNG
YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON (vt)-see Index: BONNIE DOON
YE CAVALIERS OF DIXIE (Civil War song. Tune: Ye Mariners of England. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Kennedy (TAB), 169 wo
YE ELDERS OF ISRAEL (Mormon indoctrination song. 1st. Ye elders of Israel, come join now with me...)-see: Cheney, 56 wm
YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND (vt)-see: SAILOR'S LIFE, A
YE GUARDIAN POWERS (vt)-see Index: NANCY WILSON
YE JOLLY LADS OF OHIO (vt)-see: HARRISON VS VAN BUREN XI
YELLOW-BIRD THROUGH THE WINDOW (Game song)-see: MB
YELLOW CAT (Dance song. 1st. The yellow cat jumped ...)-see: Thede, 132 wm
YELLOW GAL, I WANT TO GO (vt)-see: HEAVE AWAY I
YELLOW GOLDEN TREE, THE (vt)-see: GOLDEN VANITY, THE
YELLOW MEAL (vt)-see: HEAVE AWAY III
YELLOW RIBBON (vt)-see: SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON
YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS, THE (Love song)-see: MB
YELLOWSTONE FLAT (Cowboy song. Similar to The Pecos Puncher. 1st. Here's to the punchers on Yellowstone Flat...)-see: Lingenfelter, 332 wm. Also see, compare: Craddock (SCS), 184 & Wylder, 41
YE MAIDENS OF ONTARIO (Occupational comparison song. 1st. O ye maidens of Ontario, give ear to what I write...)-see: Rickaby, 79 wm
YE MARINER'S OF ENGLAND (Tribute poem by Thomas Campbell. Tune: Ye Gentlemen of England. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Johnson (FS), 573 wm
YE NATIONS ALL (vt)-see Index: BABE OF BETHLEHEM, THE

YE NOBLE BIG PINE TREE (Lumbermen's ballad. Tune: Will the Weaver. lst. 'Twas on a cold and frosty morning...)-see: Rickaby, 62 wm

YEO HO, HEAVE HO! (Shanty. lst. Yeo heave ho! round the capstan go...)-see: Davis (SSC), 32 wm; Hugill (1), 318 wm

YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND (Propaganda song)-see: MB

YE ROARING FALLS AT KINGSEY (Accidental death ballad. lst. Ye roaring falls at Kingsey, which hurls with mighty force...)-see: Eckstorm, 44 wo

YE SAILORS, I'M BOUND TO MY LOVE (vt)-see: HOMEWARD BOUND II

YES, ES-ES, YES, ES-ES, YES, ES-ES (Minstrel song. lst. Com 'ere chillun an' listen to me...)-see: White, 98 wo

YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE (vt)-see: YOU SHALL DRESS IN SILK, MY LOVE

YE SIMPLE BOSTONIANS (vt)-see Index: YOU SIMPLE BOSTONIANS

YES, MA'AM (vt)-see Index: LITTLE GIRL

YES, MY LORD (vt)-see Index: WE'LL OVERTAKE THE ARMY

YE SONS OF COLUMBIA (vt)-see: MURDER OF PALMER WARREN, THE

YE SONS OF NORTH BRITAIN (vt)-see Index: MUNRO'S TRAGEDY

YESTERDAY MICHAEL DROPPED AROUND aka GESCHDER WAAR DE MICHEL DO (Pa.-Dutch "courting" song. lst. Same as titles...)-see: Boyer, 88 wm

YES! YES! MY LORD (vt)-see: HEAVENLY CHOIR

YE TAILOR MAN (Political song that ridicules Andrew Jackson. lst. Now, once there was a tailor man...)-see: Lawrence, 438 wo

YEW-PINE MOUNTAINS, THE (John Henry type song. lst. This old hammer rings like silver...)-see: Combs (FSUS), 166 wo

YOCKLI WILL NET BIERE SCHIDDLE (vt & 1st line)-see Index: JAKIE WILL NOT SHAKE DOWN PEARS

YO HEAVE HO! (vt)-see Index: YEO HO, HEAVE HO! Also see: Gilbert (100), 100

YO HO, MY LADDIES, YO HO! (Shanty. 1st. A bottle of rum and a mug of white ale...)-see: Thomas (BMMK), 31 wo

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM (vt)-see Index: BUCCANEERS, THE

YONDER COME A YALLER GAL (Dance song. 1st. Yonder come a yellow gal dress'd up in red...)-see: Brown, V, 481 wm; White, 411 wm. Also compare: Sandburg (AS), 313 B

YONDER COME DAY (Spiritual. 1st. O day, yonder come day...)-see: Scott (BA), 321 wm

YONDER COMES A GEORGIA GIRL (Play-party song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 118 wo; Davis (FSV), 228 wo

YONDER COMES A HEAVENLY CREATURE, or LOVELY CREATURE (vt)-see: COURTING CASE V

YONDER COMES A YOUNG MAN (Dance song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Morris, 141 wm

YONDER COMES MY LITTLE GIRL (vt)-see: ROVING LOVER, THE

YONDER COMES MY LOVE (Dance-love song. 1st. Yonder comes my purty little love...)-see: Roberts (SBS), 172 wm

YONDER COMES MY PRETTY LITTLE GIRL (ct)-see: ROVING LOVER, THE. Also see Index: YONDER COME A YALLER GAL

YONDER COMES SISTER MARY (vt)-see: KEYS OF BETHLEHEM, THE

YONDER COMES THE HIGH SHERIFF (vt)-see: IT'S TIME FOR MOVING ON. Also see: Sandburg (AS), 213

YONDER GOES MY NORA, GITTIN' DRUNK ERGIN (Bootblack song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 214 wo

YONDER SCHOOL (vt)-see: TWO BROTHERS

YONDER SHE COMES (Game song with ct. 1st. Yonder she comes and howdy howdy do...)-see: Seeger (1), 50 wm. Also see: GETTING MARRIED II & MARIA'S GONE

YONDER STANDS A LOVELY CREATURE (ct)-see: GETTING MARRIED II & COURTING CASE IV & V, THE

YONDER STANDS TWO PEOPLE, or YOUNG COUPLE (vt)-see: GETTING MARRIED II

YON GREEN VALLEE, or VALLEY (False lover song. 1st. Has yon green valley been closed all around?... OR: When first my darling came a-courting me...) -see: Creighton (FSNB), 115 & (MFS), 86 wm

YO NO SÉ SI ME QUIERES (Sp.-Amer. love song. 1st. Yo no sé si me quieres, tu lo sabras...OR: I know not if you love me, that you can say...)-see: Hague (ESCF), 3 wm

YORKSHIRE BITE, THE (vt)-see: HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED I & II

YORKSHIRE BOY, or FARMER, THE (vt)-see: HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED I & II

YORKSHIRE IN LONDON, A (Mormon ver. of Eng. broadside. 1st. Six weeks in London have I been...)-see: Hubbard, 118 wm

YORKTOWN RUM SELLER, THE (vt)-see Index: PUT THE TRAFFIC DOWN

YO SOY DE LA TIERRA (Mex. Ox-driving song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Lomax (OSC), 234 wm

YOU. Also see: YE

YOU AND I WALTZ (vt)-see: WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE

YOU ARE FALSE, BUT I FORGIVE YOU aka FARE THEE WELL & YOU WERE FALSE (Disappointed lover song. 1st. Fare thee well, for once I loved you...)-see: Brown, II, 408 & IV, 225 wm; Davis (FSV), 88 wo; Randolph, IV, 214 wm

YOU ARE GOING TO THE WARS, WILLIE BOY! (Civil War song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 99 wm; Staton, 145 wo

YOU BETTER BE A-PRAYING (vt)-see Index: I DO LOVE THE LORD

YOU BETTER GIT RELIGION, SINNER MAN (Spiritual. 1st. O you better git religion, sinner man...)-see: Kennedy (M-2), 143 wm. Also see: SINNER-MAN

YOU BETTER GIT YO' TICKET (Spiritual. 1st. Well, you better git yo' ticket...)-see: Odum (NHS), 113 wo

YOU BETTER WALK STEADY (vt)-see Index: TELL MY MOTHER

YOU CAIN' LOSE-A ME, CHOLLY (vt)-see Index: DOWN AT WIDOW JOHNSON'S

YOU CALL ME DOG, I DON'T KER (Shout-clap children's song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Scarborough (NFS), 190 wm

YOU CAN RUN ON A LONG TIME (Semi-spiritual. 1st. When I looked down into holiness...)-see: Brown, III, 97 wo

YOU CAN'T COME AGAIN (vt)-see: FORGOTTEN LOVER. Also see, compare: Cox (TBFS), 155

YOU CAN'T CROSS HERE, or THERE (vt)-see Index: YOU MUST HAVE THAT TRUE RELIGION

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, CHARLIE (vt)-see Index: DOWN AT WIDOW JOHNSON'S

YOU CAN'T GO TO HEAVEN (vt)-see: I AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

YOU CAN'T LOVE BUT ONE (vt)-see: NEW RIVER TRAIN

YOU CAN'T MAKE A LIVING IN A COTTON-MILL (Protest song)-see: MB

YOU CAN'T STAY AWAY (Spiritual. 1st. Sister, you can't stay away...)-see: Odum (NHS), 117 wo

YOU CAUSED ME TO LOSE MY MIND (Love song. 1st. Oh, Mary girl, oh, Mary girl...)-see: Brown, III, 353 wo

YOU'D. Also see: YOU HAD

YOU'D BETTER MIND (Spiritual. 1st. You'd better mind how you talk...)-see: Work (ANSS), 212 wm

YOU'D BETTER RUN (vt)-see: RUN, RUN, RUN!

YOU DID IT SO WELL (Dance tune)-see: Durlacher, 62 mo

YOU DON'T KNOW MY MIND (Country blues. 1st. You don't know, you don't know...)-see: Silverman, II, 50 & (FB), 166 wm

YOU FAIR AND HANDSOME GIRLS (vt)-see: YOU YOUNG AND PRETTY GIRLS

YOU FAIR AND PRETTY LADIES (vt)-see: LITTLE SPARROW

YOU FIGHT ON (Philosophical song. 1st. If yo' brother done you wrong...)-see: Sandburg (AS), 248 wm

YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND (vt)-see: SAILOR'S LIFE, A

YOU GET A LINE AN' I'LL GET A POLE (vt)-see: HONEY, BABY MINE I

YOU GIRLS OF A RAMBLING NATURE (Advice song)-see: MB

YOU GO, I'LL GO WITH YOU aka THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Johnson (SBNS), 44 wm

YOU GOIN' TO REAP JUS' WHAT YOU SOW (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Dett, 28 wm

YOU GOT A RIGHT aka THE TREE OF LIFE (Spiritual. 1st. You got a right, I got a right...)-see: Johnson (BANS), 183 wm; Mackenzie (SH), 120 wo

YOU GOT A ROBE, I GOT A ROBE (vt)-see: ALL OVER GOD'S HEAVEN

YOU GOTTA CLEAR DE LINE (Spiritual. 1st. You gotta clear de line before you call...)-see: Arnold, 166 wm

YOU GOTTA GO THERE BY YOURSELF (ct)-see: LONESOME VALLEY I & VALLEY OF THE SHADOWS. Also see next listing.

YOU GOT TO CROSS IT FOH YOURSELF aka GOT TO CROSS JORDAN (Spiritual. 1st. You got to cross that River Jordan...)-see: Brown, V, 485 wm; Sandburg (AS), 486 wm. Also see: LONESOME VALLEY I

YOU GOT TO QUIT KICKIN' MY DOG AROUND (vt)-see: KICKIN' MY DOG AROUND

YOU HAVE. Also see: YOU'VE

YOU HAVE FORSAKEN ME (vt)-see: TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL, THE

YOU HAVE LEARNED TO LOVE ANOTHER (vt)-see: FALSE LOVER II

YOU HEAR THE LAMBS A-CRYING aka O SHEPHERD, FEED MY SHEEP (Spiritual. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Work (ANSS), 114 wm

YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAY HERE (Spiritual)-see: MB

YOU KNOW, SINNER, WE GOT TO GO aka I HEARD A MIGHTY LUMBERING (Hymn, c. 1927. Similar to Hear That Rumbling. 1st. I head a mighty lumbering in the ground...)-see: Brown, III, 626 & V, 365 wm

YOU'LL. Also see: YOU WILL

YOU'LL EAT PIE BYE AND BYE (vt)-see: PIE IN THE SKY

YOU LOVERS ALL, TO YOU I CALL (Love song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 348 wo

YOU LOVE YOUR GIRL (Comparison song. 1st. You loves yo' gal? Well, I loves mine...)-see: Talley, 95 wo

YOU MAY BURY ME IN THE EAST (vt)-see: IN THAT MORNING II

YOU MAY LEAVE, BUT THIS WILL BRING YOU BACK (Black opinion song. 1st. Satisfied, tickled to death...)-see: Odum (NHS), 213 wo

YOU MAY TELL THEM, FATHER (vt)-see: PILGRIM V

YOU MUST BE LOVIN' AT GOD'S COMMAND (vt)-see Index: GIMME YOUR HAND

YOU MUST BE PURE AND HOLY (Spiritual. 1st. When I was wicked an' a-prone to sin...)-see: Allen (SSUS), 107, 164 wm. Also see Index: YOU MUST LIVE HOLY

YOU MUST COME IN BY AN' THRO' DE LAMB (Spiritual. 1st. My God is so high, you can't get over Him...)-see: Hayes, 82 wm

YOU MUST GET YOUR BUSINESS RIGHT (vt)-see Index: BUSINESS AFFAIRS

YOU MUST HAVE THAT TRUE RELIGION aka YOU CAN'T CROSS HERE, or THERE (Spiritual. 1st. Whar you gwine, po' sinnah?...OR: Well, you must have that true religion...)-see: Johnson (SBNS), 100 wm

YOU MUST LIVE HOLY (Spiritual. 1st. There's fathers and mothers all over the land...)-see: Randolph, IV, 82 wm

YOU NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY aka WASTE NOT, WANT NOT (Advice song. 1st. When a child I lived at Lincoln...)-see: Chapple (HS), 258 wm; Cheney, 162 wm; Durham (PS), 96 wm; Ford (TMA), 309 wm; Kennedy (AB), 172 & (TAB), 337 wo

YOUNG ALANTHIA (vt)-see: LARKIN THE MASON

YOUNG ALBION (vt)-see: AMANDA AND ALGIN

YOUNG ALLAN aka EARL PATRICK (Eng.-Scot. ballad about lady won by lover in ship race. 1st. All the skippers o' Scarsburgh...OR: There was four-and-twenty sailors bold...OR: There was three lords sat drinkin' wine...OR: The king he sits in Dumfermline...)-see: Beck (FLS), 165 wm; Buchan (ABS), II, 11 wo; Child, IV, 375 wo; Christie, I, 252 wm; Leach (BB), 608 wo

YOUNG ANDREW (Eng.-Scot. ballad. 1st. As I was cast in my first sleep...)-see: Child, I, 432 wo; Hales, II, 327 wo; Kinsley, 216 wo; Quiller-Couch, 270 wo

YOUNG AND SINGLE SAILOR, THE (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER II & V

YOUNG BATEMAN (Eng.-Scot. ballad)-see: MB

YOUNG BEARWELL (Eng.-Scot. ballad: a young woman sends her lover to sea in order to save his life. 1st. When two lovers love each other well...)-see: Buchan (ABS), II, 75 wo; Child, V, 178 wo

YOUNG BEACHEN, or BEEHAM (ct)-see: PRETTY POLLY & YOUNG BATEMAN

YOUNG BEHAN, or BEICHAN (vt)-see: YOUNG BATEMAN

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE (vt)-see: YOUNG BATEMAN

YOUNG BEKIE, or BICHAM (vt)-see: YOUNG BATEMAN

YOUNG BENJIE aka BONDSEY AND MAISRY (Scot. ballad. 1st. O, come along wi' me, brother...OR: Of a' the maids o fair Scotland...)-see: Campbell (AA), I, 34; Child, II, 291 wo; Kinsley, 337 wm; Leach (BB), 280 wo; Quiller-Couch, 409 wo; Scott (MSB), 342 wo; Sedley, 96 wm

YOUNG BILLY CRANE (Lumbermen's song. 1st. Ye gods of love, look from above...)-see: Doerflinger, 259 wm; Ives (LG), 67 wm

YOUNG BONDWELL, or BRECHIN (vt)-see: YOUNG BATEMAN

YOUNG BRINNON ON THE MOOR (vt)-see: BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

YOUNG BUNG-'ER-EYE aka BUNG YOUR EYE (Sailor's song. 1st. As Jack was a-walking a fair Bristol street ...OR: Jack bein' a sailor, he walked London town...)-see: Hugill (1), 211 wo; Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 225 wm; Logan, 416 wo; Peacock, III, 895 wm. Also see: Greig & Duncan, No. 305

YOUNG BUT DAILY GROWING, or YOUNG BUT GROWING (vt) -see: STILL GROWING

YOUNG CAVALIER, THE (vt)-see: CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

YOUNG CHARLOTTE (Tragic ballad)-see: MB

YOUNG CHARLOTTE'S FATE (vt)-see: YOUNG CHARLOTTE

YOUNG CHARLOTTIE (vt)-see: YOUNG CHARLOTTE

YOUNG CHIEF, THE (vt)-see: AMANDA AND ALGIN

YOUNG COLLINS (vt)-see: GEORGE COLLINS

YOUNG COMPANIONS (vt)-see: WAYWARD YOUTH, THE

YOUNG COUNSELOR, THE (vt)-see: CRAFTY LOVER, THE

YOUNG COWBOY, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE III, THE

YOUNG CRAIGSTON (vt)-see: STILL GROWING

YOUNG DANIEL (vt)-see Index: McLELLAN'S SON
YOUNG DAN TUCKER (Dance tune)-see: Ford (OTFM), 32 & (TMA), 55 mo. Also see: OLD DAN TUCKER
YOUNG DIANA (vt)-see: VILIKENS AND DINAH
YOUNG EARL OF ESSEX'S VICTORY OVER THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY aka GREAT BRITAIN'S GLORY & QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAMPION (Eng. historical ballad. 1st. Come, sound up your trumpets...OR: 'Tis old England, old England, I bid thee adieu...)-see: Child, V, 145 wo
YOUNG EDMOND, or YOUNG EDMOND DELL (vt)-see: EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW. Also see: Randolph, II, 61 B
YOUNG EDMONDALE (vt)-see: EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW
YOUNG EDMOND OF THE LOWLANDS LOW (vt)-see: EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW
YOUNG EDMUND (vt)-see: EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW
YOUNG EDWARD (vt)-see: DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO, THE
YOUNG EDWARD IN, or OF THE LOWLANDS LOW (vt)-see: EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.
YOUNG EDWARDS (vt)-see: DYING SOLDIER II, THE
YOUNG EDWIN AT WATERLOO (vt)-see: DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO, THE
YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW (vt)-see: EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW
YOUNG EMILY (vt)-see: EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW
YOUNG EMMA (vt)-see: EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, THE (vt)-see: JEALOUS SISTER, THE
YOUNG FARMER, THE (vt)-see: DOG AND GUN
YOUNG FARMER'S POLICY TO GAIN A FAIR LADY (vt)-see: POOR SAILOR BOY, THE
YOUNG FISHERMAN, THE (Eng. "symbolic" song. 1st. As I roved out one May morning...)-see: Peacock, II, 603 wm
YOUNG FOLKS, OLD FOLKS (ct)-see: EDUCATED MAN II & OLD FOLKS, YOUNG FOLKS

YOUNG FOLKS, OLD FOLKS, EVERYBODY COME (vt)-see: EDUCATED MAN II, THE

YOUNG FORREST (Lumbermen's song. Adapt. cf Mule Skinner's Song. 1st. Come all you young men from the Nashwaak...)-see: Doerflinger, 224 wm

YOUNG GIRL CUT DOWN IN HER PRIME, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE II, THE

YOUNG GIRLS TAKE WARNING (vt)-see: UNHAPPY LOVER II, THE

YOUNG HENRY (Lovers parting song. Adapt. of My Mary Ann. 1st. Fare you well, my dearest Henry...)-see: Peacock, III, 899 wm. Also see next listing.

YOUNG HENRY (ct)-see: LOVING HENRY & MY MARY ANN

YOUNG HENRY GREEN (vt)-see: MURDER OF MARY ANN GREEN, THE

YOUNG HENRY OF THE RAGING MAIN (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN I

YOUNG HENRY'S DOWNFALL (vt)-see: VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. Also see: BOTANY BAY

YOUNG HENRY THE POACHER (vt)-see: VAN DIEMAN'S LAND

YOUNG HUNTER WENT A-HUNTING, A aka ES WOLLTE EIN JAEJERLEIN JÂJE (16th cent. Ger. song. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Korson (PSL), 92 wm

YOUNG HUNTING (vt)-see: LOVING HENRY

YOUNG INDIAN LASS (vt)-see: INDIAN LASS, THE

YOUNG JACK RILEY (Tragic love ballad)-see: MB

YOUNG JACK THE FARMER (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN VIII

YOUNG JIMMY HALL (Outlaw ballad)-see: MB

YOUNG JIMMY THE MILLER (vt)-see: YOUNG ROGER O'MALLEY

YOUNG JOHNIE, or JOHNNIE, or JOHNNY (vt)-see: JACK THE JOLLY SAILOR III

YOUNG JOHNNY HAZEL GREEN (vt)-see: JOHNNY HAZELGREEN

YOUNG JOHNNY SCOTT (vt)-see: JOHNNY SCOTT

YOUNG JOHNSON (vt)-see Index: YOUNG JOHNSTONE

YOUNG JOHNSTONE aka THE CRUEL KNIGHT; JOHNSON AND COLDWELL; JOHNSON AND THE COLONEL; JOHNSTON HEY AND YOUNG CALDWELL; LORD JOHN'S MURDER; SWEET WILLIAM AND THE YOUNG COLONEL & YOUNG JOHNSON (Eng.-Scot. love-murder ballad. 1st. The knight stands in the stable door...)-see: Buchan (ABS), II, 20 wo; Child, II, 288 wo; Coffin, 93 wo; Finlay, II, 288 wo; Flanders, II, 293 wo; Herd (AMSS), I, 165 wo; Kinsley, 212 wm; Leach (BB), 283 wo; Mackenzie, 41, 393 wm; Motherwell, 193 wo

YOUNG JOHN STORMALONG (vt)-see: STORMALONG II

YOUNG KATE (vt)-see: KATE'S DECEPTION

YOUNG KITTY LEE (Dialogue "courting" song. 1st. As I walked out on a beautiful morning...)-see: Peacock, II, 605 wm

YOUNG LADIES (vt)-see: LITTLE SPARROW

YOUNG LADIES IN TOWN (Amer. colonial "boycott" song, 1767. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Scott (BA), 56 wm

YOUNG LADY IN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH (Mourning song. 1st. There was a young lady...)-see: Roberts (SBS), 128 wm

YOUNG LADY SIT DOWN TO SLEEP (vt)-see: ALL DOWN TO SLEEP

YOUNG LADY WHO MARRIED A MULE DRIVER, A (Humorous coalmining song. 1st. There was a young lady who lived at a mine...)-see: Korson (CDF), 97 wo

YOUNG LAIRD OF CRAIGSTOUN, THE (vt)-see: STILL GROWING

YOUNG LAMBS MUST FIND THE WAY (Spiritual. 1st. Oh, soon-a in de mornin' when I rise...)-see: Johnson (SBNS), 160 wo

YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL (Nursery song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Moffat (LSLA), 9 wm

YOUNG LITTLE MATHY GROVES (vt)-see: LITTLE MARTY GRAY

YOUNG MAN CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME, THE (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE I, THE

YOUNG MAN HE IS YOUNG, A (vt)-see: I WOULDN'T MARRY V

YOUNG MAN'S LOVE, A (vt)-see: KISSING SONG I

YOUNG MAN'S MISERY, THE (vt)-see: BETSY EVANS

YOUNG MAN'S TRAGEDY, THE (vt)-see: BARBARA ALLEN

YOUNG MAN WHO DID NOT HOE CORN, THE (vt)-see: LAZY YOUNG MAN, THE

YOUNG MAN WHO TRAVELED UP AND DOWN, THE (Amer. ver of Joan's Ale Is New. 1st. Once there was a young man...)-see: Cox (FSS), 492 wo

YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T HOE, or PLOW HIS CORN (vt)-see: LAZY YOUNG MAN, THE

YOUNG MAN WITH A LAZY WIFE, THE (Marital satire in song)-see: MB

YOUNG McFEE (vt)-see: MURDER OF MACAFEE'S WIFE, THE

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDS (vt)-see: SILVER DAGGER, THE

YOUNG MEN, COME MARRY ME (Husband-seeking song. 1st. As I roved out one morning...)-see: Karpeles, 235 wm & (FSN), I, No. 11 wm

YOUNG MEN'S SONG, THE (Social satire. 1st. 'Tis of a young man in a foreign state...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 178 wm

YOUNG MEN THEY'LL DRESS UP, THE (Humorous "courting" song. 1st. The young men they'll dress up so neat and so fine...)-see: Owens (TFS), 115 wm

YOUNG MILLMAN aka THE TUPLIN SONG (Murder song; one of several dealing with same crime. 1st. Come roll down your curtain and move slowly on...)-see: Manny, 195 wm. Also see Index: MILLMAN SONG, THE & PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MURDER

YOUNG MONROE, or MUNROE (vt)-see: JAM ON GERRY'S ROCKS, THE

YOUNG NAPOLEON (vt)-see: BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES, THE

YOUNG NELSON (vt)-see: WILL DAVY, MY SON
YOUNG PEGGY (Scot. ballad about runaway lovers. 1st. O whare hae ye been, Peggy...)-see: Child, V, 171 wo; Kinloch (ASB), 153 wo; Leach (BB), 683 wo
YOUNG PEOPLE, HARK (vt)-see: DOWNWARD ROAD IS CROWDED, THE
YOUNG PEOPLE TAKE WARNING (Moralistic song. 1st. Young people all, attention give...)-see: Randolph, IV, 91 wo
YOUNG PEOPLE WHO DELIGHT IN SIN (ct)-see: DOWNWARD ROAD IS CROWDED, THE. Also see Index: MISS HATA-WAY'S EXPERIENCE
YOUNG PRINCE JAMES (vt)-see: LOVELY MAISIE
YOUNG RAMBLE-AWAY aka BIRMINGHAM FAIR; BRIMBLEDON, or BRIMBLEDOWN FAIR & BROCKLESBY FAIR (Unrequited love song. 1st. As I was a-going to Brocklesby Fair...OR: As I was a-riding to Brimbledon Fair ...)-see: Beck (FLM), 184 wm; Karpeles (EFS), II, 281 wm; Kidson (TT), 150 wm; Reeves (EC), 93 wo; Sedley, 81 wm; Sharp (100), 170 wm
YOUNG REDIN, or RIEDAN (vt)-see: LOVING HENRY
YOUNG REILLY, or RILEY (ct)-see: DISGUISED LOVER V & YOUNG JACK RILEY
YOUNG RILEY THE FISHERMAN (vt)-see: YOUNG JACK RILEY
YOUNG ROGER FARR (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN XII
YOUNG ROGER O'MALLEY (Turnabout love song)-see: MB
YOUNG ROGERS, THE MILLER (vt)-see: YOUNG ROGER O'MALLEY
YOUNG RONALD (Eng.-Scot. "fairy tale" ballad. 1st. It fell upon the Lammas time...)-see: Child, V, 181 wo
YOUNG ROVER AND THE RICH LADY, THE (Courting song)-see: MB
YOUNG SAILOR BOLD (vt)-see Index: THERE WAS A LADY IN THE EAST

YOUNG SAILOR CUT DOWN IN HIS PRIME (vt)-see: UNFORTUNATE LIFE I, THE

YOUNG SAILOR FROM DOVER, THE (vt)-see: SALLY THE RICH SOUTHERN LADY

YOUNG SAM BASS (vt)-see: SAM BASS I

YOUNG SHEPHERD, THE aka CLARA AND CORYDON; FLORO, THE UNKIND SHEPHERDESS; MY FLORA AND ME; SHEEP-CROOK AND BLACK DOG & THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT (Eng. "faithless love" song. 1st. There's my black dog and sheep-crook...OR: There were a young shepherd kept sheep on a hill...)-see: Broadwood (ECS), 128 wm; Christie, II, 90; Creighton (MFS), 82 wm; Henry, No. 30; Huntington, 227 wm; Jour (FSS), I, 90 & IV, 23; Karpeles, 190 & (FSN), II, No. 9 wm; MacColl & Seeger, 231 wm; Peacock, II, 480 wm

YOUNG SHIP'S CARPENTER, THE (vt)-see: CARPENTER'S WIFE, THE

YOUNG SOLDIER (ct)-see: ELLEN'S ELOPEMENT & SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, A

YOUNG STRONGBOW (War of 1812 broadside. 1st. From arts and scientific all...)-see: Flanders (NGMS), 210 wm

YOUNG SUSAN (vt)-see: ON THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR

YOUNG SWEETHEART, THE (vt)-see: J'AI TROUVÉ UNE MAÍTRESSE

YOUNG TURTLE DOVE, THE (vt)-see: CARPENTER'S WIFE, THE

YOUNG VIRGIN, THE aka THE VIRGIN AND THE SAILOR (Old ballad & forecastle shanty. 1st. I am a young virgin...)-see: Huntington, 100 wm

YOUNG VOLUNTEER, THE (Civil War song. 1st. Our flag is unfurl'd, and our arms flash bright...)-see: Glass (SS-2), 102 wm; Staton, 133 wo. Also see: MASQUERADING WOMAN IV

YOUNG WATERS (Eng.-Scot. "Royal jealousy" ballad. 1st. About Yule, when the wind blew cule...OR: It fell about the gude Yule time...)-see: Child, II, 342 wo; Kinsley, 321 wm; Quiller-Couch, 367 wo; Ritson (SS), II, 518

YOUNG WILLIAM (Tragic love ballad with ct. 1st. Young William for honour and fame went to sea ...)-see: Ashton (MSB), 392 wo; Bulletin (FSSN), XII, 13 wo. Also see: MASQUERADING WOMAN X & SILVER DAGGER, THE

YOUNG WILLIE O'REILLY (vt)-see: DISGUISED LOVER VIII

YOUNG WILLIE'S RETURN (ct)-see: DISGUISED LOVER II & VIII

YOUNG WOMAN (vt)-see: THREE BUTCHERS, THE

YOUNG WOMAN'S SORROW, A (Tragic love song)-see: MB

YOUNG WOMEN (Dance tune)-see: MB

YOU PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND (vt)-see: YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND

YOU PRAY FOR ME AND I'LL PRAY FOR YOU (vt)-see Index: HEAR THAT RUMBLING

YOU RAMBLING BOYS OF PLEASURE (vt)-see Index: RAMBLING ROVER, THE

<u>YOU'RE. Also see: YOU ARE</u>

YOU'RE AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY (vt)-see Index: AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY

YOU'RE FROM THE NATION (Play-party song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Randolph, III, 392 wo

YOU'RE FROM VIRGINNY aka I KNOW YOU WANT TO CHAW (Game song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 359 wo

YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOMEBODY ON YOUR BOND (vt)-see Index: GO YOUR BOND

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW (Soldier song)-see: MB

YOU'RE MY BROTHER SO GIVE ME YOUR HAN' (Spiritual. 1st. It makes no difference what church you may belong to...)-see: Work (ANSS), 150 wm

YOU'RE THE MAN THAT STOLE MY WIFE (Frag. of unidentified song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, II, 436 wo

YOU'RE THE ONE, MY DARLING (ct)-see: OLD BRASS WAGON & SKIP TO MY LOU, MY DARLING

YOU'RE TIRED, CHILE (vt)-see: SIT DOWN!

YOU'RE WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY (vt)-see Index: AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY

YOUR FAITHFUL SAILOR BOY (vt)-see: FAITHFUL SAILOR BOY, THE

YOUR LOW DOWN WAYS (Spiritual. 1st. You may talk about yo' elder...)-see: Work (ANSS), 90 wm

YOUR MISSION (Civil War "morale" song. 1st. If you cannot on the ocean sail...)-see: Chapple (HS), 274 wm; Lair (SLL), 15 wm; McCaskey, I, 113 wm

YOU SAY YOU ARE OF NOBLE RACE (Frag. of moralistic song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 90 wo

YOU SHALL BE A TRUE LOVER OF MINE (vt)-see: TRUE LOVER OF MINE, A

YOU SHALL BE FREE (Minstrel song with ct)-see: MB. Also see next listing.

YOU SHALL BE FREE ("Race" & "social" song with ct. 1st. Nigger he nigger, whatever he do...)-see: Odum (NHS), 233 wo

YOU SHALL GAIN THE DAY (Spiritual)-see: MB

YOU SHALL HAVE A HORSE TO RIDE (vt)-see: HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

YOU SHALL REAP (Spiritual. 1st. Brother, you shall reap jes what you sow...)-see: Work (ANSS), 60 wm

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE (Freedom Movement song. Tune: Roll, Jordan, Roll. 1st. I said you, you, you should-a been there...)-see: Carawan, 44 wm

YOU SIMPLE BOSTONIANS aka CASTLE ISLAND SONG (Amer. "pro Eng." song. 1st. You simple Bostonians, I'd have you beware...)-see: Brand (S-76), 22 wo; Lawrence, 39 wo; Rabson, 15 wm; Vinson, 26 wm

YOU STOLE MY PARD aka STEAL PARTNERS & STOLE MY PARTNER (Play-party song. 1st. You stole my pard to my dislike...)-see: Botkin (APPS), 318 wo; Dudley & Payne, 25 wo; Randolph, III, 393 wo

YOU TALK ABOUT YO' GREENBACKS (Roustabout song)-see: MB

YOUTH AND FOLLY ("Mistaken love" song, and a counterpart to Little Sparrow. 1st. Youth and folly make youngsters marry...)-see: Cox (FSS), 422 wo

YOUTHFUL DAMSEL, THE (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN I

YOU THINK THAT I REGRET aka DU DENKSCHT ES DUT MICH REIEN (Eng. ver. of German song. 1st. Same as titles...)-see: Korson (PSL), 117 wm

YOU TURN FOR SUGAR AN' TEA (vt)-see: SUGAR AND TEA. Also see: Lomax (OSC), 71 wm

YOUTH'S COMPANIONS (vt)-see: WAYWARD YOUTH, THE

YOU'VE. Also see: YOU HAVE

YOU'VE GOT TO BE A LOVER OF THE LORD (Hymn. 1st. Same as title...)-see: McDowell, 55 wm; Randolph, IV, 92 wo

YOU'VE GOT TO GO THERE BY YOURSELF (vt)-see: LONESOME VALLEY I

YOU'VE GOT TO PUT ON AIRS (vt)-see Index: PUT ON AIRS

YOU'VE GOT YOUR BIG GUN AND I'VE GOT MINE (Country blues. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Brown, III, 562 wo; White, 360 wo

YOU WERE FALSE (vt)-see Index: YOU ARE FALSE, BUT I'LL FORGIVE YOU

YOU WHO DON'T BELIEVE IT (vt)-see: COME YOURSELVES AND SEE

YOU WONDER WHY I'M A HOBO aka I DON'T WANT TO BE RICH (Hobo song, by Carson J. Robison, 1930s. 1st. Naw, I don't want to be rich...)-see: Botkin (RFL), 461 wm

YOU YOUNG AND PRETTY GIRLS (Broken-hearted lover song)-see: MB

YOU, YOU, TENDER AND WISTFUL (vt)-see: DU, DU, LIEGST MIR IM HERZEN

YOU, YOU, YOU (Love song. 1st. Somewhere somebody's waiting for you...)-see: Brown, III, 325 & V, 195 wm

YOU, YOU, YOU'RE IN MY HEART (vt)-see: DU, DU, LIEGST MIR IM HERZEN

YULE LOGS, THE (Game song. 1st. Yule logs are waiting, boys...)-see: Hornby, 7 wm

ZACCHEUS CLIMBED THE SYCAMO' TREE (vt)-see: FEW DAYS C

ZACHARY TAYLOR (Battle biography song)-see: MB

ZACK THE MORMON ENGINEER (vt)-see Index: BISHOP ZACK, THE MORMON ENGINEER

ZAMBOANGA (Novelty song)-see: MB

ZAPATERO, EL (vt)-see Index: EL ZAPATERO

ZARA JIG (Dance tune)-see: Ford (TMA), 99 mo

Z-BAR DUN, THE (vt)-see: ZEBRA DUN, THE

ZEBRA DUN, THE (Cowboy song)-see: MB

ZEB TURNER'S GIRL aka ZEB TUNNEY, or TURNEY'S GIRL (Feud song. 1st. Down in the Tennessee mountains ...)-see: Botkin (SFL), 735 wm; Burt, 251 wo; Hudson (FSM), 247 wo

'ZEKIEL'LL WEEP AND ZEKIEL'LL MOAN (vt)-see Index: ZEK'L WEEP

'ZEKIEL SAW DE WHEEL (vt)-see: EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL

ZEK'L WEEP (Spiritual. 1st. Zek'l weep, Zek'l moan ...)-see: Brown, III, 685 wo; Sandburg (AS), 449 wm

ZE SKUNK (Lumbermen's song. 1st. I hunt ze bear, I hunt ze wolf...)-see: Beck (LLC), 190 wo

ZESTFUL WOOER I, II, III & IV (Courting songs)-see: MB

'ZIGON MADE A WHEEL (vt)-see Index: I HAD A BANJO MADE OF GOLD

ZILLAH (vt)-see: MASQUERADING WOMAN IX

ZION (vt)-see: TEN VIRGINS, THE

ZION'S CHILDREN (Spiritual)-see: MB

ZION'S PILGRIMS (Spiritual. 1st. Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound...)-see: White, 437 wo

ZION'S SHIP (Hymn. 1st. Zion's ship is on the ocean ...)-see: Brown, V, 386 wm. Also see: OLD SHIP OF ZION I, II & III

ZION'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS (Hymn. 1st. See the fountain opened wide...)-see: Fuson, 214 wo

ZION, THE HOME OF AN HONEST MAN (Mormon song. 1st. There's a land far away in the West...)-see: Cheney, 61 wo

ZION, WEEP A-LOW (Spiritual. 1st. My Jesus Christ a-walkin' down de hebbenly road...)-see: Dett, 196 wm

ZION, ZION (vt)-see Index: GETTING READY TO DIE

ZIP COON (Minstrel & SS)-see: MB

ZOLGOTZ (vt)-see: McKINLEY II

ZOUAVE MARCH (vt)-see: DIXIE

ZU DER LISSIE BEN ICH GANGE (vt)-see Index: I WENT TO SEE LIZZY

ZULA KING, A (Humorous song. 1st. Oh, a Zula king with a big nose ring...)-see: Best, 58 wm

ZUM GALI GALI GALI (Israeli folk song. 1st. Same as title...)-see: Winn (2), 196 wm

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# SONG TEXTS

## A

## No. 1

### ABEL BROWN
also known as

Abram Brown
Barnacle Bill the Sailor
Rollicking Bill the Sailor

This song was a favorite "forecastle" piece for many years prior to appearing in print. According to Colcord, the song was omitted from the first edition of her Roll and Go collection because the words were too dirty. Many of the old songs were omitted from published collections for the same reason, but most of them survived via oral circulation anyhow.
Abel Brown was not printed in the United States until 1928, when Frank Shay included three carefully edited stanzas in his More Pious Friends and Drunken Companions. In 1929, the song was rewritten and published as

Barnacle Bill the Sailor,

with words and music credited to Carson Robison, a well-known song-writer and popular country singer, and Frank Luther. Unfortunately, the copyright deposit copy cannot be found.

#### REFERENCES

Colcord, 182-183
Greenleaf, 105
Harlow, 164-166
Hugill (1), 440-441
Shay (ASSC), 204
Shay (PF-2), 102
Shay (PF-3), 151

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Abel Brown — Version A

Who's that rapping on my door? (3)
Cried the fair young maiden.

It's me, me love! and I'll roam no more,
Said Abel Brown the sailor.
So hurry, love, and open the door!
Said Abel Brown the sailor.

I've heard all your lies before, (3)
Cried the fair young maiden.

I've brung me pay for to blow ashore,
Said Abel Brown the sailor;
So hurry, love, and open the door,
Said Abel Brown the sailor.

I'll come down and let you in, (3)
Cried the fair young maiden.

I'll kiss your lips, your neck and chin,
Said Abel Brown the sailor;
We'll go to bed and wallow in sin,
Said Abel Brown the sailor.

When will I see you again? (3)
Cried the fair young maiden.

I'm off to sea jus' like before,
Said Abel Brown the sailor;
And you'll never see me no more,
Said Abel Brown the sailor.

What if we should have a child? (3)
Cried the fair young maiden.

Jus' bounce the bastard on your knee,
Said Abel Brown the sailor;
And raise him up to be like me,
Said Abel Brown the sailor.

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(VERSION B)

Who's that knocking at the door?
Asked the fair young maiden.
It's only me from over the sea,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

What do you want, I'd like to know?
Asked the fair young maiden.
O hurry! or I'll kick down this door,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

I'll come down and let you in,
Said the fair young maiden.
Make up your bed, and make it up for two,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

What if we should have a child?
Asked the fair young maiden.
The very thought is driving me wild,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

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## No. 2

### THE ABOLITIONIST HYMN
also known as
The Abolitionist Song

This is a traditional political song. The country was divided over the issue of slavery long before the Civil War ripped the nation asunder. As the division widened between those agitating against slavery and those defending it, songs were written as a means of propagating the positions of both sides. This particular song originated in New England, and was sung to the air of the well-known hymn, Old Hundred (see in MB).

### REFERENCES

Downes, 145, 173
Ives (SA), 288
Ives (SB), 210
Whitman, 104

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The Abolitionist Hymn

We ask not that the slave should lie
As lies his master, at his ease
Beneath a silken canopy,
Or in the shade of blooming trees.

We seek not "eye for eye" that all
Who forge the chain and ply the whip
Should feel their torture, while the
thrall
Should wield the scourge of mastership

We do agree that man should toil:
It's Nature's need, it's God's decree;
But let that hand that tills the soil
Be like the wind that fans it—free.

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## No. 3

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN I

also known as

Abraham, Abraham
Breck and Lane
Lincoln vs Bell
Lincoln vs Breckinridge
Lincoln vs Douglas
Old Abe and His Fights
Sing a Song of Charleston
Vote for Bell of Tennessee

Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States, is, with the possible exception of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the only political person to inspire so many ballads, songs, parodies and poems. Lincoln was both hated and loved, and those of both persuasions wrote down their views in rhyme and prose for their neighbors and posterity. Many of the musical pieces about Lincoln, pro as well as con, were written by professional songwriters out to make a buck; yet many more were created by amateurs inspired by contempt and hatred or by

admiration and love.

The big issue in 1860 was slavery. The wheels of danger were set in motion when the Democrats met in convention at Charleston, S. C., April, 1860. Hard core extremists among the Southern delegates walked out when they failed to get a plank in the platform that would give federal protection to slavery in the territories. Following their walk-out, the Democrats adjourned and reconvened at Baltimore, in June.

Inbetween the two Democratic conventions, the new Republican Party held a convention of their own at Chicago and nominated Abraham Lincoln, Illinois, as their candidate and Hannibal Hamlin, Maine, to be his running mate. The dissenting Southern Democrats held a convention of their own, nominating John C. Breckinridge, Kentucky, and Joseph Lane, Oregon.

At Baltimore, the Northern Democrats nominated Stephen A. Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson. Nor was this the end of the nominations. At Baltimore, early in May, remnants of the old Whigs and Know-Nothings came together and formed the Constitutional Union Party and nominated John Bell, Tennessee, and Edward Everett, Massachusetts. Thus were the political battle lines drawn between four determined political camps. And, of course, all of them had songs praising their own candidates and ridiculing the opposition.

Here, in these headnotes, are samples from two ot the songs sung during that campaign, and versions A, B and C given below are three others. These songs are not related musically, but are representative of the songs used in the Presidential campaign.

The Southern Democrats sang BRECK AND LANE:

Breck and Lane! Breck and Lane!
Tried and true are the twain!
Statesmen, not splinters of timber,
Who, as captain and mate

Of this great Ship of State,
The people will ship in November!

The Constitutional Union Party sought votes by singing:

Don't you hear that rumbling sound,
Those deep toned murmurs all around?
The people's voice 'tis known to be,
For old John Bell of Tennessee.

The new Republican Party, engaged in its second Presidential campaign, flooded the country with songs praising their candidates and ridiculing the opposition. Three of their songs, each set to a different air, are given below.

---

Abraham Lincoln I A — Tune: Dixie

Abraham! Abraham!

At Chicago they selected
Lincoln, who will be elected!
Abraham! Abraham!
Abraham! Abraham!
As Honest Abe the people know him,
And all his actions go before him—
A true man! A true man!
A true man! A true man!

---

Abraham Lincoln I B — Tune: Sing a Song of Sixpence

Hi Diddle Diddle! aka Sing a Song of Charleston

Sing a song of Charleston!
Bottle full of Rye!
All the Douglas delegates
Knocked into a pi!
For when the vote was opened
The South began to sing:
You little Squatter Sovereign
Shan't be our King!

Chorus

Hi diddle diddle! The Dred Scott riddle!
The delegates scatter like loons!
The Little Doug swears to see the sport,
And the Southerners count their spoons!

---

Abraham Lincoln I C Tune: Roger de Coverly

Old Abe and His Fights

Tell us of his fight with Douglas,
How his spirit never quails;
Tell us of his manly bearing,
Of his skill in splitting rails.
Tell us he's a second Webster,
Or, if better, Henry Clay——
That he's full of genial humor,
Placid as a summer day.
Anything you care to tell us
We will take without a stricture,
But, oh, don't!——we beg and pray you——
Don't, for God's sake, show his picture!

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No. 4

ABRAHAM LINCOLN II
also known as
Old Abe Lincoln Came Out of the Wilderness

This short parody was one of Lincoln's more popular campaign songs. Carl Sandburg tells us, "Torch-light processions of Republicans sang this in the summer and fall months of 1860" and "in Springfield, Illinois, the Tall Man...heard his two boys, Tad and

Willie, sing it to him."

REFERENCES

Sandburg (AS), 168
Sandburg (NAS), 36
Scott (FSS), 30
Silverman, I, 370
Whitman, 114

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Abraham Lincoln II  Tune: Out of the Wilderness II

Old Abe Lincoln
Came out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness,
Old Abe Lincoln
Came out of the wilderness,
Down in Illinois.

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No. 5

ABRAHAM LINCOLN III
also known as
Yankee Doodle for Abe

Another of the songs from the 1860 Presidential campaign. For a longer text, see Luther, 172.

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Abraham Lincoln III  Tune: Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle does as well
As anybody can, sir;
And like the ladies, he's for Abe
And Union to a man, sir.

Yankee Doodle never fails,
When he resolves to try, sir;
To elect a man who can't split the rails—
That's just "all my eye", sir.

Yankee Doodle's come to town,
And on mature reflection,
He's gonna do the Slavites brown
At the next election.

Yankee Doodle cuts a swell,
Altho' he will not bet, sir;
Yet he goes in for Abraham
And Hamlin of old Maine, sir.

And he invites you one and all,
No matter what your station,
To vote for Freedom and Free Soil—
And that will save the Nation!

**********

## No. 6

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN IV
### also known as
### Get Out the Way, You Little Giant

Lincoln's supporters made this one of the most popular campaign songs of 1860. The Democrats probably didn't care much for it, but they, in turn, took several similar musical shots at their oppisition.

---

Abraham Lincoln IV — Tune: Old Dan Tucker

Get Out the Way, You Little Giant

Old Abe is coming down to fight,
To put the Democrats to flight;
He's coming with the wedge and maul,
And he will split 'em, one and all!

Chorus

Get out the way, you little giant! (3)
You can't come in, you're too short
and pliant!

Old Abe lives in a big log hut,
He can drive the wedge and use the glut!
He swings the maul and when he hits,
It goes in the ground or else it splits.

Old Abe knows how to drive the team,
Because he never goes by steam;
But now the ox-goad he will use
And dust the giant in his shoes!

---

## No. 7

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN V
### also known as
### Lincoln and Liberty

This was probably the best known song of the 1860 Presidential campaign. It was by far the easiest to sing. The old Irish air, to which the words were set, Yougal Harbour, was already popular throughout America as Rosin the Bow (see in MB). The words of the song below were written by F. A. Simkins.

REFERENCES

Downes, 146, 176
Llloyd, 51
Lomax (FSNA), 97
Randolph, II, 371
Sandburg (AS), 167
Silber (HSB), 20
Silverman, II, 280
Whitman, 114

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Abraham Lincoln V — Tune: Rosin the Bow

Lincoln and Liberty

Hurrah for the choice of the nation,
Our chieftain so brave and so true!
We'll go for the great reformation,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

Chorus

For Lincoln and Liberty, too! (2)
We'll go for the great reformation,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

We'll go for the son of Kentucky,
The hero of Hoosierdom through!
The pride of all Illinois—
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

For Lincoln and Liberty, too! (2)
The pride of all Illinois—
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

They'll find what by falling and
mauling
Our rail-maker statesman can do;
For the people are everywhere calling
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

For Lincoln and Liberty, too! (2)
For the people are everywhere calling
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

Then up with our banner so glorious,
The star-spangled red, white and
blue!
We'll fight till our banner's victorious,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

For Lincoln and Liberty, too! (2)
We'll fight till our banner's victorious,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

**********

## No. 8

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN VI

also known as

Lincoln Hoss and Stephen A. Lincoln vs Douglas

In this 1860 Presidential campaign song, Lincoln and Douglas are symbolized as horses.

---

Abraham Lincoln VI — Tune: Camptown Races

There's an old plow "hoss" whose name is "Doug,"
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
He's short and thick— a regular "plug,"
Oh! doo-dah day.

Chorus

We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to work all day,
I'll bet my money on the "Lincoln hoss,"
Who bets on Stephen A.?

The "Little Plug" has had his day,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
He's out of the ring, by all fair play,
Oh! doo-dah day.

The "Little 'Doug" can never win,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
That Kansas job's too much for him,
Oh! doo-dah day.

His legs are weak, his wind unsound,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
His "switch tail's" too near the ground,
Oh! doo-dah day.

**********

## No. 9

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN VII
### also known as
### The Abe-iad

All the songs about Lincoln were not favorable—and particularly not after he became President. For example, Southerners sang:

> Old Abe's elected, so they say,
> Along with Darkey Hamlin;
> The Yankees think they'll gain the day
> By nigger votes and gamblin'.

There were many such anti-Lincoln songs in circulation in the North, too, as illustrated by the musical lampoon given below, which was published after the Civil War had begun.
A facsimile reproduction of the original sheet music is in Jordan, 370-372. Another version is given in Glass (SS-2), 47-49.

---

Abraham Lincoln VII

Abe Lincoln was a Citizen of very small renown,
A railing abolitioner, of little Springfield town.
Abe's party said, "November comes, now Abe,
don't let us fail
To meet the other parties all, and beat them
with a rail!"

November came, the rogues turned out, and yet
'twas not allowed,
That Abe should come, lest Ab'ram's face should
fright away the crowd!
The crowd, the crowd, should fright away the
crowd!

**********

## No. 10

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN VIII
### also known as
### Where Are You Going, Abe Lincoln?

Satirical songs (such as this one) were very popular in the Confederate States, because the "South" held President Lincoln directly responsible for the "War of Seccession."

### REFERENCES

Allan (LSB), 31
Bulletin (VFS), VI, 6
Davis (TBV), 258
Glass (SS-2), 64
Luther, 206

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Abraham Lincoln VIII — Tune: Lord Lovel

Abe Lincoln stood by the White House gate
A-combing his milk-white steed;
Along came his lady Lizzie Todd
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

Where are you going, Lord Abe? she said;
Where are you going? says she.
I'm going, my dear Lizzie, he says,
Our Richmond for to see, etc.

He hadn't been gone more'n a week or two,
Fair Richmond for to see,
When back he came to the White House gate—
All tatttered and torn was he, etc.

I'm out of breath, Abe Lincoln he said;
I'm out of breath, says he.
The Rebels have killed my old Scott horse,
And so I skedaddle de, etc.

They tore my plaid and long tail blue,
And my long tail blue, said he;
My McClellan horse, I think will do,
And I'll ride him around, said he, etc.

He hadn't been gone more'n a week or two
Old Dixie for to see,
When back he came to the White House gate —
His Lizzie Todd he must see, etc.

How do you flourish, Abe Lincoln? she said;
How dod you flourish? said she.
My coat is tore down on the Lee shore
Of Chic-o-hom-i-nee, nee, etc.

You look so lank and lean, she said;
You look so lank and lean, said she.
My horse fell down on an Old Stonewall,
Down in the land of Dixi-e, ee, etc.

Then Abe Lincoln bestrode his Burnside horse,
But he dodged at the Rebel fire,
And he threw the Baboon heels over head,
And there he stuck in the mire, ire, ire,
And there he stuck in the mire!

**********

## No. 11

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IX
also known as

For Honest Old Abe and Johnson, Too — Licoln vs Little Mac

Southern victories during the first years of the Civil War made it difficult for Lincoln to function, and his

popularity was at a low ebb. In addition to defeatest and racist anti-Lincoln songs issued by Democrats, who, in 1864, were being called "Copperheads," Lincoln faced merciless attack from foes within his own party and administration. More and more Republicans doubted his chances for re-election. But during the summer and autumn of 1864 the tide was turned as a result of a string of Northern victories. When the Republicans convened at Baltimore in June, Lincoln was unanimously nominated. Andrew Johnson, Tennessee, was his running mate.

---

Abraham Lincoln IX  Tune: Harrison vs Van Buren III

What has caused this great commotion,
motion, motion,
The country through?
It is the ball that's rolling on
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too.
And with them we'll beat Little Mac,
Mac, Mac!
Mac is off the track!
And with them we'll beat Little Mac.

Have you heard the news from Mobile,
Mobile, Mobile,
So good and true?
Farragut is a-pushing on
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too.
And with them we'll beat Little Mac, etc.

Have you heard the booming cannon,
cannon, cannon,
Atlanta through?
Our soldier boys are fighting on,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too. etc.

On this line we'll fight it out,
out, out,
Though all looks blue.
Meade and Grant will have Richmond yet,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too. etc.

The Chicago Platform is going down,
down, down,
The country through.
So is little failure Mac,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too. etc.

Have you heard the news from Maine,
Maine, Maine,
So good and true,
That all the world seems turning round
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too. etc.

Copperheads are in commotion,
motion, motion.
What can they do?
War Democrats are coming round
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too,
For Honest Old Abe and Johnson too. etc.

**********

## No. 12

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN X
### also known as
### Old Honest Abe

This anonymous Southern satire on Lincoln was printed in Songs of the South, Richmond, 1863. The "Scott" and "Wool" referred to in the 3rd stanza are General Winfield Scott and General John E. Wool, senior officers of the U. S. Army when the Civil War began.

---

Abraham Lincoln X — Tune: Yankee Doodle

Old honest Abe, you are a babe
In military glory;
An arrant fool—a party tool—
A traitor and a tory.

You are a boss, a mighty hoss
A-snortin' in the stable;
A racer, too, a kangaroo—
So whip us if you're able.

If Scott and Wool should at us pull
Across the country level,
We'll meet them there and fight them fair,
And thrash them like the devil.

For Wool and Scott will never squat,
But one thing you'll discover,
That Wool will fly and Scott will die
Before he whips his mother.

Oh, Mister Link, what do you think
About the Southern cattle,
That horns you so wherever you go
And whips you every battle?

**********

## No. 13

### ACRES OF CLAMS
also known as

The Old Settler — Old Settler's Song

This is a parody of a popular frontier song, Rosin the Bow (see in MB). The text of Acres of Clams was so widely known and loved in Washington territory that, in 1889, when when Washington became a state, the song was adopted officially.

### REFERENCES


Agay (1), 48
Agay (2), 75
Botkin (WFL), 747
Edwards (CHSB), 92
Fowke (SWF), 138
Ives (SA), 185
Ives (SB), 272
Kennedy (TAB), 363
Leisy (SPS), 30-31
Lingenfelter, 555
Lomax (USA), 184
Silber (HSB), 80
Silber (SGAW), 153
Silverman, I, 21
Toelken (NTB), 17


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Acres of Clams — Tune: Rosin the Bow

I've wandered all over this country
Prospecting and digging for gold;
I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled,
And I have been frequently sold.

Chorus

And I have been frequently sold,
And I have been frequently sold;
I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled,
And I have been frequently sold.

For one who got rich by mining,
I saw there were hundreds grew poor;
I made up my mind to try farming,
The only pursuit that is sure.

The only pursuit that is sure, (2)
I made up my mind to try farming,
The only pursuit that is sure.

I rolled up my grub in my blanket,
I left all my tools on the ground;
I started one morning to shank it
For the country they call Puget Sound.

For the country they call Puget Sound (2)
I started one morning to shank it
For the country they call Puget Sound.

No longer the slave of ambition,
I laugh at the world and its sham,
And I think of my happy condition
Surrounded by acres of clams.

Surrounded by acres of clams (2)
And I think of my happy condition
Surrounded by acres of clams.

**********

## No. 14

### ADAM AND EVE

also known as

Adam and Eve's Wedding Song
Adam's Bride
Creation
The Honest Man's Favorite
Wedlock
When Adam was Created
When Adam was First Created

Of English origin, this song was popular in America when Abraham Lincoln was a boy. In fact, Lincoln was once credited with being song's author. He did sing it at his sister's wedding and listed it as being among his favorite songs.
Versions of this song is in many old song-books, particularly in England. A broadside copy is on file in the

Harvard Library Collection (25242. 5. 7), p. 45. A version in the 1855 edition of the Social Harp lists Henry F. Chandler as composer. Another version, with an entirely different tune, is in the Original Sacred Harp, 1902, p. 115, and the melody is attributed to Elder E. Dumas, dated 1869.
For other songs with the same theme, see: Baring-Gould (SW), IV, No. 100; Bell (APBS), 451; Broadwood (ECS), 176 & Williams (FSUT), 215.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 84; V, 46
Downes (1940), 100
Jackson (DES), 77
Jackson (ESUS), 70
Jackson (SFS), 41, 74
Jackson (WSSU), 198
Jour (AFL), XII, 250
Kidson (TT), 153
Lair (SLL), 25
Lomax (ABFS), 567
Luther, 79
McCurry, 188
Sharp, II, 272
White & King, 115

---

Adam and Eve

When Adam was created
He dwelled in Eden's shade,
As Moses has related,
Before his bride was made.
Ten thousand times ten thousand
Of creatures swarmed around,
Before his bride was form-ed,
Or any mate was found.

He had no conversation,
He was surely alone;
Then to his admiration
He lost a big rib bone.
Great was his exaltation
When first he saw his bride;
Great his elevation
To have her by his side.

That woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know,
And she must not rule him,
Nor drive his spirit low.
That woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see,
So he could never kick her,
The meaning seems to be be.

**********

## No. 15

### ADAM ET EVE

This old French complainte, which makes no attempt at humor, arrived in North America early in the 18th century. It was popular in French Canada and in the French settlements within the United States. For a more complete version, collected in Vincennes, Indiana, see Berry, 85-88. A French-Canadian version is in Gagnon, 161-167.

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Adam et Eve

In a garden filled with flowers
And wonderful bow'rs,
God created man in His image.
Thus God above show'd all mankind
the proof
Of his Divine care and love.

Adam at rest there all alone,
With sin unknown,
On the green grass of Eden lying,
Tranquil, sublime,
And then the Lord caused him to
slumber
Just for a time.

As Adam slept, quietly supine,
His Lord Divine
Removed from him a rib so gently,
Healing his side;
And God the Lord then formed a woman,
Helpmeet and bride.

Adam did awake, saw her and cried:
At mine own side
Is a woman I shall love deeply,
Formed of my bone.
Let her be mine, heavenly bounty,
Be mine alone.

And Adam, sire of sinful man,
Offered his hand
To Eve, the fair delightful woman
And tender wife.
Then kneeling there with her beside
him,
Thanked God for life.

**********

## No. 16

### ADAM GORDON
also known as

Adam Gorman — Captain Car, or Carr
Adam O'Gordon — Edom O Gordon

This old ballad appears to have been more popular in New England than anywhere else in America. Attention was drawn to the ballad in this country because it was recorded by Child as No. 178. Based as it is upon Scottish political and military activity in 1571, the ballad is of historical significance. George Gordon, Catholic Earl of Huntly, supported Mary, Queen of Scots, during the years following the as-

sassination of the Regent Murray. A rival clan, the Forbes, supported the King's party and the Reformed Faith. Adam Gordon, George's brother, either sent Thomas Ker, a professional soldier, or led the troops himself, on a raid against Forbes' property, in Nov. 1571. When the raiders arrived at the Castle of Towie, they found it defended only by servants of the household and the owner's wife. When the lady refused to surrender the Castle, the place was sacked, burned, and twenty-seven members of the family and most of the servants were put to the sword.

REFERENCES


Child, III, 423
Flanders, III, 173
Flanders (BMNE), 134
Flanders (VFSB), 19
Friedman, 256
Greig & Duncan, No. 231
Hales, I, 79
Houseman, 207
Kinloch MSS, V, 384
Kinsley, 598
Leach (BB), 488
Motherwell MS., 543
Muir, 213
Ritson (AS), 137
Ritson (SS), II, 17, 362
Quarterly (SFL), I, No. 2, 9-11
Quiller-Couch, 342


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Adam Gordon

Now just around the Martinmass,
When cold winds froze the lake,
Ol' Adam Gordon told his men,
"Yon castle we must take."

When Gordon saw the Lady safe,
The gates and windows fast,
He fell into a deadly rage
And called to her aghast:

"Come down to me, O Lady gay,
Come down come down to me;
This night you shall be in my arms,
My loving bride to be."

"I'll not come down, thou false Gordon,
I'll not come down to thee;
I'll not forsake my own dear lord,
Though he is far from me."

"Give up thou house, O Lady fair,
Give up thy house to me!
Or I shall burn thyself therein,
With thy dear babies three."

"I'll not give up, thou false Gordon,
Thy threatenings I defy!
If thou dost burn my babes and me,
Together we shall die."

"Now fire the house!" false Gordon cried,
Enraged with vengeful ire;
"O Lady, thou shalt rue this deed,
When shrieking in the fire!"

O then did speak her little son,
Upon his nurse's knee,
"O mother, dear, give up this house;
The smoke it smothers me."

"I would give all my gold, my child,
And likewise all my fee
For one blast of the western wind,
To blow the smoke from thee."

O then bespoke her daughter dear,
So slender, fair, and small,
"O roll me in a pair of sheets
And throw me o'er the wall."

They rolled her in a pair of sheets
And threw her o'er the wall,
But on the point of Gordon's spear
She got a deadly fall.

Then Gordon did his bugle blow
And cried, "Away, away!
Since Towie house is all in flames,
We must no longer stay!"

The looked up her own dear lord,
As he came o'er the lea;
He saw his castle in a blaze
As far as he could see.

Then sorely did his mind turn dark,
His heart was full of woe,
"Ride on, ride on, my trusty men,
As fast as you can go!"

Then some did ride and some did run,
No swifter flew the wind!
For each cried, "Woe upon the head
Of him who lags behind!"

But ere the foremost could come up,
The flames had spread so wide,
The tender babes were burnt alive;
Their mother with them died.

Her lord did wildly rent his hair,
And wept in woeful mood;
"Ah, traitors, for this cruel deed
Yo shall weep tears of blood!"

**********

No. 17

ADAMS VS JEFFERSON
also known as

Adams and Liberty The Boston Patriotic Song

America's first three Presidential elections were different from thos that followed, primarily because

the ruling faction was not a political party per se but a group of influential leaders who were in agreement on what ought to be done. The Presidential elections of 1788 and 1792 were contests between individuals, not political parties. Even George Washington was not without opposition candidates in 1788. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, and others, were also candidates in 1792. Adams got more votes than any candidate except Washington in both campaigns and was therefore automatically installed as Vice-President. The song, Adams vs Jefferson deals with the 1796 campaign, in which the issues were clear-cut and from which Washington had withdrawn his name . The battle-line was drawn between Federalists and anti-Federalists, the latter becoming known as Democratic-Republicans in Congress. The main battle-line separated federal power from state power advocates.

The Federalists were a pro-central govenment contingent in Congress; they met in a Congressional caucus to discuss policy, plans and procedure. In 1796 they pledged their support to John Adams of Massachusetts and Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina.

The anti-Federalists held a caucus and agreed to support Thomas Jefferson of Virginia and Aaron Burr of New York, men who did not want to see the federal government become more powerful than the states.

The system of Congressional caucuses flourished until 1824. It was a system that had nothing whatever to do with the views of the people and was a great way to perpetuate the rule of those already in power. Less important members of the factions had nothing to say about the selection of candidates at the presidential level and the general public had no choice whatsoever. Aside from George Washington, who was not a candidate but received two electoral votes anyway, there were twelve candidates in 1796.

When the votes were finally counted, the 1796 election came out as follows:

John Adams, Massachusetts, 74
Thomas Jefferson, Virginia, 68
Thomas Pinckney, South Carolina, 59
Aaron Burr, New York, 30
Samuel Adams, Massachusetts, 15
Oliver Ellsworth, Connecticut, 11
George Clinton, New York, 7
John Jay, New York, 5
James Iredell, North Carolina, 3
John Henry, Maryland, 2
Samuel Johnson, North Carolina, 2
Charles C. Pinckney, South Carolina, 1

Accordingly, John Adams became President and Thomas Jefferson, runner-up, became Vice-President. This set the stage for the campaign of 1800, when things would be quite different (see Jefferson vs Adams I in MB). The song below was classified as a "patriotic" song in the days of its popularity, but it was and is clearly political.

A sheet music version, entitled Adams and Liberty, The Boston Patrioitic Song, was issued at Boston in 1798, and the words and music were credited to "Thomas Paine." Actually, the words were written by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., whose father was one of the signers of the Delcaration of Independence. The tune is the same as that used for The Star-Spangled Banner, which was originally an Italian air borrowed by Samuel Arnold for his famous hunting song, Anacreon in Heaven.

REFERENCES

Jackson (ESUS), 79
Johnson (FS), 589
Lloyd, 28-29
Lawrence, 148
Rabson, 82-83
Spaeth (REW), 11
Silber (SAVB), 23

Adams vs Jefferson

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires
have descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
Mid the reign of mild peace, may your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the
world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd
To increase the legitimate pow'rs of the ocean.
But should pirates invade, tho' in thunder array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

**********

No. 18

ADELITA

This song, with its beautiful air, originated in Mexico and is, perhaps, the most popular of all that country's revolutionary pieces. It is sung by Mexicans everywhere, being particularly well-known in California and the Southwest. There are dozens of stanzas in Spanish and, according to Carl Sandburg, new ones are being constantly added.
For other versions, see: Luther, 72; Sandburg (AS), 300; and Silverman, I, 267.

## Adelita

Adelita's the name of my lady,
She's my darling, my sweetheart,
my dear;
I shall never, no, never forget her—
How I wish that my lady were here.

Chorus

Aye, aye, aye! Adelita!
Aye, aye, aye! Cooing dove!
Aye, aye, aye! Adelita!
Aye, aye, aye! Adelita, my love!

Adelita has said that she loves me,
One night as we strolled neath the stars;
I kissed her and held her all evening,
As we danced to a thousand guitars.

Now the trumpet of battle is sounding—
It's off to the army for me;
In the midst of the dead and the dying,
Adelita's sad eyes I will see.

Should I happen to fall in the battle,
Remember how I loved you, my dear;
Adelita, for God's sake remember,
In spirit I'll always be near.

**********

## No. 19

ADVICE TO AMERICAN GIRLS
also known as

The Arkansas Boys
The Arkansas Sheik
The Cheyenne Boys
Come, All You Mississippi Girls
Come, All You Virginia Girls

Don't Marry the Mormon Boys
Don't You Marry Those Texan Boys
Hello, Girls
Hoecake
Hoe-cake, Hominy and Sassafrass Tea
If You Want to Go A-Courting
Illinois Gals
Johnny Cake
Johnny Cake and Venison
Johnson Boys
The Kansas Boys
Kentucky Girls
Mississippi Gals, or Girls
Missouri Boys
On the Road to California
The Tennessee Boys
The Texan (Texian) Boys
The Ways of Arkansas
The West Virginia Boys

This song expresses a form of frontier satire that was once quite popular. Satire is always directed at a neighboring community or State and usually, as with this piece, it is adapted to the community in which it is sung. There are hundreds of versions of this song in circulation, but only four of them are given below. For closely related pieces, see Johnson Boys in Lomax (FSNA), 223 and The Old Leather Bonnet in Randolph, III, 222.

REFERENCES

Allsopp, II, 207
Belden (BS), 426-428
Botkin (WFL), 783-784
Brown, III, 394; V, 237
Cazden, II, 66-67
Cheney, 186-187
Coleman, 26
Cox (FSS), 254
Fife, 22, 25
Ford (TMA), 40
Fuson, 158
Hubbard, 424
Koch (2), 12-13
Lingenfelter, 452-453
Lomax (CS), 108, 338
Lomax (PB), 40
Lunsford, 56
Lynn (CS), 9
McIntosh (FSSG), 25
Nebraska (3), 4-5
Okun, 137-138
Owens (TFS), 110-112
Pound, 175-176
Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 5
Porter (KS), 229-301
Randolph, III, 12-14
Randolph (OASPS), 219
Sandburg (AS), 128-129

Sharp, II, 7 B
Silber (HSB), 70
Silverman, I, 102, 353, 370
Thorp, 1-2

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## Advice to American Girls (Version A)

Come all you American girls and listen to
my noise,
Don't ever marry them European boys.
For if you do, your portion will be
Heartaches, loneliness, and watered-down tea,
Heartaches, loneliness, and watered-down tea.

They all have a line that really thrills,
But how they live is the thing that chills;
They'll rant and rave about Europe's joys,
But treat womenfolk like they was toys

They talk of the castles o'er their way,
But you're the one expected to pay.
A farm to them is a used-up field—
A peck to the acre is all the yield.

It's hard times, girls, take it from me;
Just you marry one, and then you'll see!
They'll call you "Miss" but never "honey,"
And all they want is American money!

---

### Version B

Now all you Missouri girls, come listen to
my noise:
You better not wed them Texan boys!
Cause if you do your portion will be
Hoecake, hominy, and chickery tea.

They'll take you way back in the hills
And use you often against your wills;

They'll put a thousand wrinklee in your face,
For that's how it is with the Texas race.

They milk their cows in an old gourd,
Leave it standing, covered with a board;
Out on the prairies where they stay,
The sun keeps shining night and day.

When they go to church, here's what they wear:
Old cowhides and greasy hair,
A wide-brim hat with pushed in crown,
And socks that keep on falling down.

---

Version C

Come all you Mississippi gals and listen to my
noise:
If you happen to go West, don't marry them
Texian boys!
If you do your fortune surely will be
Cold Johnny Cake, beefsteak—that's all
you'll see.

When they come a-courtin' here's what they
wear:
An old leather jacket and pants with a tear;
And an old brown hat with the brim wore down,
And a pair of dirty socks a-draggin' on the
ground.

When one comes in, the first thing you hear
Is, "Madam, your brother has killed a dear."
The very next thing, when they sit down,
Is, "Madam, the johnny cake is too damn brown!"

They live in huts with hewed logs for a wall,
Slap-up doors and no windows at all;

And a clapboard roof and a puncheon floor—
That's how they live out there, all o'er.

For supper you'll get beef and corn-bread—
That's what you'll eat when the ceremony's
said.
Some gets little and some gets none,
For that's how they are, those Tex-i-ans!

---

Version D

Come all girls, pay attention to my voice,
And don't fall in love with them Kansas boys.
'Cause if you do your fortune's gonna be
Hoe-cake, hominy, and sassafrass tea.

Chorus

Oh, on the road to California,
'Twas such a long, hard, tiresome
journey,
Far across the Rocky Mountains,
Crystal springs and flowing fountains.

They take their wives to a jet black hill
And they plant them there all against their
will;
You are sure to perish on the plains,
For that's how it is with the Kansas
range.

You'll live in a cabin with a huge log wall
With no windows anywhere at all;
A sandstone chimney, a punch-board floor,
A clap-board roof and a buttonhole door!

**********

## No. 20

AH! SI MON MOINE VOULAIT DANSER!
also known as
If My Old Top Were a Dancing Man

French-Canadian song that is more popular in Quebec than elsewhere in North America, but it was not unknown to the French populations of New Orleans, St. Louis, and old Vincennes.

References

Gagnon, 129-130 Gibbon, 48-50 Silverman, I, 296

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No. 20: Ah! Si Mon Moine Voulait Danser!

Ah! si mon moine voulait danser!
Ah! si mon moine voulait danser!
Un ceinturon je lui donnerais.
Un ceinturon je lui donnerais.
Danse, mon moin', danse!
Tu n'entends pas la danse,
Tu n'entends pas la danse, lon, la,
Tu n'entends pas mon moulin marcher.

Ah! si mon moine voulait danser! (2)
Un chapelet je lui donnerais. (2)
Danse, mon moin', danse!, etc.

Ah! si mon moine voulait danser! (2)
Un froc de bur' je lui donnerais. (2)
Danse, mon moin', danse, etc.

Ah! si mon moine voulait danser! (2)
Un beau psautier je lui donnerais. (2)
Danse, mon moin', danse, etc.

S'il n'avait fait voeu de pauvrete! (2)
Bien d'autres chos' je lui donnerais. (2)
Danse, mon moin', danse, etc.

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English text

If my old top were a dancing man! (2)
A sash to fit I would give him then. (2)
Dance, old top, then, dance in!
Oh, you don't care for dancing,
Oh, you don't care for my mill, la la!
Oh, you don't care how my mill runs on.

If my old top were a dancing man! (2)
A cap to fit I would give him then. (2)
Dance, old top, then, dance in!, etc.

If my old top were a dancing man! (2)
A suit of serge I would give him then. (2)
Dance, old top, then, dance in!, etc.

If my old top were a dancing man! (2)
A psalter fine I would give him then. (2)
Dance, old top, then, dance in!, etc.

Had he not vowed he would poor remain, (2)
A lot more things I would give him then, (2)
Dance, old top, then, dance in!, etc.

**********

No. 21

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

also known as

Hunting O! A-Hunting We Will Go Oh, Have You Seen the Shah?

This old English game song is also traditional and widely known in America. Collectors have generally ignored it because it is available in many commercial books used in public and private schools through-out the country. In England it is still considered to be

a folk song and may be found in many published collections. For an English "political" parody, see: Ashton (MSB), 340-342.

REFERENCES

Bancroft, 349
Bertail, 134
Burne, 574
Farnsworth, 94
Forbush, 40
Gomme, I, 243
Greenleaf, 380
Hornby, 36

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A-Hunting We Will Go

A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go;
We'll catch an old fox
And put him in a box,
A-hunting we will go.

Oh, have you seen the Shah?
Oh, have you seen the Shah?
He lights his pipe
On a star-light night—
Oh, have you seen the Shah?

We'll skip across the stream,
We'll skip across the stream;
We'll step upon the rocks
And not wet our socks,
We'll skip across the stream.

**********

No. 22

AIN'T GONNA BE TREATED THIS-A WAY

also known as

Going Down the Road Feelin' Bad
I Ain't Gwine Be Treated This-a Way
I'm Going Down This Road Feeling Bad

## No. 23

### AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

also known as

Ain't Going to Rain No More
Hurry, Boys, Hurry
It Ain't Gwina Rain No Mo'
T'aint Gonna Rain No Mo'

This song serves as an excellent example of the folk process. It originally derived from various Negro and Minstrel-show songs, but the composite that evolved flowed into the folk stream where it was finally fished out by Wendall Hall, a professional composer. Hall took a folk version, rewrote it as a popular dance song, and it became a commercial and very popular hit. When the popularity of Hall's version waned, the song drifted once again into the folk stream, where once more it was subjected to the process of adaptation and change. Earliest versions date from the 1870s, but there are indications that some versions are much older. Lines and stanzas in most old versions are also found in other songs, such as: Run, Nigger, Run in Harris (URHF), 200 and Lomax (ABFS), 230; Raise a Rukus Tonight and Gwine To Get a Home By an' By in Odum, 173-175; John Booker and Oh, Mourner! in Perrow, XXVIII, 135, 138; Pore Mournah and My Ole Mistis in Scarborough (NFS), 106, 165, 194, 223-225; Promises of Freedom in Talley, 25-26 and White, 134, 151-152; Some Folks Say in Bass, XLIV, 425; They Steal Gossip in Talley, 110 and White, 138; Whar Did You Cum From in White, 449; Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield in Shay (PF-1), 79; Blackbird and Rabbit in Dudley & Payne, I, 10, 12. Also see and compare: Steely, 217 and Wells, 277.

#### REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 322-328
Brown, III, 517; V, 288
Douthitt, 37-38
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 277, 374
Finger (FB), 163-164

This is a composite song, made up of lines and stanzas formerly heard in other songs. There are several versions floating around, the better known one by Woody Guthrie. Song has much in common with Takes A Worried Man. Both songs are undoubtedly of Negro origin.

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 876-877
Brown, III, 524; V, 297
Bulletin (TFS), IV, 80
Downes, 341, 400
Hille, 9
Ives (SA), 240-241
Leisy, 127-128
Leisy (SPS), 28-29
Lomax (USA), 242
Scott (BA), 346-347
Silverman, II, 372
Whitman, 82-83

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Ain't Gonna Be Treated This-a Way

I'm walking round this town feeling bad,
I'm walking round this town feeling bad,
I'm walking round this town feeling bad, O Lord!
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a way!

Done lost the best gal I ever had (3), O Lord!
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a way!

A little match-box will hold my clothes, (3) O Lord!
And I ain't, etc.

I'm goin' where the cold wind never blows, (3)
Lord, Lord! And I ain't gonna be, etc.

I'll lace up my shoes and hit the road, (3)
Lord, Lord! And I ain't gonna be, etc.

I'm goin' down this road feeling bad, (3)
O Lord! And I ain't gonna be, etc.

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Randolph, III, 369-370
Sandburg (AS), 141
Scarborough (NFS), 107
Scott (BA), 212-213
White, 281-282

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Ain't Gonna Rain No More

Ain't gonna rain no more, no more,
Ain't gonna rain no more!
Now how in hell can old folks tell
It ain't gonna rain no more?

I went out and looked around,
Ain't gonna rain no more!
Liquid sunshine came pouring down,
Ain't gonna rain no more!

What did the weatherman say today?
Ain't gonna rain no more!
Drink up, boys, and sing away,
Ain't gonna rain no more!

Bet you five, I'll bet you ten,
Ain't gonna rain no more!
Come on, now, sing it again,
Ain't gonna rain no more!

I'm forty miles from whiskey, folks,
I'm sixty-five from gin;
I'm leavin' this damn country now,
'Cause it's over-run with sing!

Ain't gonna rain no more, no more,
Ain't gonna rain no more!
Now how in hell can old folks tell
It ain't gonna rain no more!

**********

## No. 24

### AIN'T GOT A DOLLAR TO MY NAME

also known as

My Last Gold Dollar  My Last Old Dollar is Gone

An off-shoot of early Negro blues pieces, this interesting little song exists in many variants and versions. The first stanza of the version collected in the Ozarks by Randolph is a floater:

I wish I had never been born
Or had died when I was young;
I wish I had never kissed your
sweet red lips,
Or listened to your lyin' tongue.

Age of this song is uncertain, but I have known it since I was a boy, in grade school.

REFERENCES

Lomax (FSNA), 288  Richardson (AMS), 96
Randolph, IV, 114

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Ain't Got A Dollar To My Name

I ain't got a dollar to my name,
I ain't got a dollar to my name;
My rent is over-due, an' my whiskey bill is too,
An' I ain't got a dollar to my name.

My woman she don't treat me the same (2)
A new love's in her bed, and she wrote me and said:
"You ain't got a dollar to your name."

Now ain't that a cotton-pickin' shame? (2)
My woman she is gone, an' it's time for moving on!
An' I ain't got a dollar to my name.

Oh, my last old dollar is gone! (2)
I'm feelin' kinda blue, an' I'd buy a drink or two,
But my last old dollar is gone!

**********

## No. 25

### AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR WOMEN

also known as

Bury Me Out on the Lone Prairie
Bury Me Out On the Prairie
Got No Use for the Women
I Got No Use for the Women
I've Got No Use for the Women
No Use for the Women

An old cowboy song that can be seen in many folios published by commercial music firms. Authorship has been claimed by more than a dozen writer-singers, none of whom is old enough to have written it.

REFERENCES

Barnes (CHS), 125
Best, 17
Clark (CS), 42-43
Fife, 177-178
Hendrix, 29-33
Henry (FSSH), 360
Hull (CB), 50-51
Ives (SB), 280-282
Lingenfelter, 434-435
Lomax (CS-1938), 300
Nebraska (4), 10 & (6), 7
Silverman, I, 38
Wylder, 65-66

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Ain't Got No Use For Women

Ain't got no use for women,
A true one can seldom be found;
They stick by a man who has money,
When it's gone, they'll turn him down.
All girls are alike in the long run,
And the nicest are meanest of all;
They're always around while you're winning,
But disappear fast when you fall.

My pal was an honest cowpuncher—
Yes, honest and upright and true;

But he turned into a hard-shootin'
gunman,
On account of a girl that he knew.
He fell in with evil companions,
The kind that are better off dead;
When a gambler insulted her picture,
He filled his carcass with lead.

All thro' the long night they trailed him,
Thro' mesquite and thick chaparral;
I could not help but think of that woman
As I saw him all shot as he fell.
If she'd been the kind that she should have,
He might have been raising a son
Instead of out there on the prairie,
To die by a tall lawman's gun.

Death's sharp sting did not trouble—
His chances for life were too slim.
The place where they'd put his dead body
Is all that mattered to him.
He lifted his head from the ground there,
The blood from his wounds flowing red;
He gazed at the men grouped about him,
And these are the words that he said:

"Oh, bury me out on the prairie,
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave;
Bury me out on the prairie,
But from them my bones please save.
Wrap me up in my blankets,
And bury me deep in the ground;
Cover me over with boulders,
And make for me a small mound."

We buried him out on the prairie,
Where coyotes could howl o'er his grave;

And his soul is now at rest there,
From the unkind cut that she gave.
Now many another young puncher,
As he rides by that pile of stones,
Recalls some similar woman,
And thinks of his mouldering bones.

**********

## No. 26

### AIN'T THEM HARD TRIALS?

also known as

Hard Trials — Wasn't Them Hard Trials?

A spiritual that dates back at least to the Civil War and may, in fact, be older. It is one of the slave spirituals featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Dett, 222-223
Jubilee (PS), 39
Kennedy (M-2), 65
Marsh (SJS), 207
Lomax (ABFS), 600

---

Ain't Them Hard Trials?

The foxes have holes in the ground,
The birds have nests in the air,
The Christians have a hiding place,
The poor lost sinners have none.

Chorus

Now ain't them hard trials,
tribulations?
Ain't them hard trials?
I'm gwine to live with God.

Ol' Satan came and tempted Eve,
And he lied with every breath;

Made her believe that sin was good,
And would not lead to death.

Ol' John he was no Methodist,
And some say he was a Jew;
But the Holy Bible tells us
That John was a preacher, too.

Oh, I have lived a Christian life,
And I neither steal nor lie;
I've been a Christian all my life,
And I'll be one when I die.

**********

## No. 27

### ALABAMA BOUND
also known as
Alabamy Bound I'm Alabama Bound I'm Alabamy Bound

This song has the sound and feel of 19th century minstrel-stage material, but its date of origin is by no means certain. It should not be confused with the "pop" song hit, Alabamy Bound, by Buddy De Sylva, Bud Green and Ray Henderson, published in 1925 by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc. The two songs are distinctly different.

Two versions of the folk song are given below, with version A being the older. Version B is the more popular, but only because of an enthused national interest in railroads.

Though the origin of the song is uncertain, the dates of some versions can be established by the subject matter of added stanzas. For example, consider an added stanza that begins:

Doctor Cook's in town...
He found the North Pole too cold...

These words are certainly no older than 1908, because that is the year Frederick Albert Cook claimed to have reached the North Pole. He was later accused of fraud and stripped of his honors, and it is now generally agreed that Robert Peary deserves the credit previously bestowed upon Cook. Peary reached the North Pole in April, 1909.
Another stanza that allows us to date the version in which it appears, begins:

Where was you, sister,
When the Titanic went down?

Such words could not possibly have been sung prior to the night of April 14-15, 1912, because that is when the White Star liner Titanic struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic and sank. Of course, the change was a simple one to make, as we can see by the older stanza:

Where was you, Sweet Mama,
When the boat went down...?

Also see and compare the 2nd stanza of If The Seaboard Train Wrecks in Brown, III, 266.

REFERENCES

Berger, 42-43
Botkin (MRF), 598
Coleman, 62-63
Lomax (ABFS), 206-209
Lomax (PB), 142
Odum (NWS), 42, 98
Scarborough (NFS), 239
Seeger (6), 44
Silber (HSB), 72
Silverman, II, 20
Wheeler (SD), 54-55
White, 306-307

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Alabama Bound (Version A)

Don't you leave me here! Don't you leave me here!
If you ain't comin' back, sweet Papa,
Leave me money for beer.

Chorus

I'm Alabama bound! I'm Alabama bound!
If the Stack don't drown, I'm Alabama bound!

Lawd, you know I care! (2)
I got a long, tall, lean sweet Papa
Up the river somewhere.

Oh, late some dark night, (2)
You'll knock upon my door, sweet Papa,
Long before daylight.

"Where was you, sweet Mama,
when the boat went down?"
"Up on the deck, babe, an' yellin'
Alabama bound!"

You can be like me, (2)
Just have a woman in Alabam
And one in Tennessee.

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Alabama Bound (Version B)

There's worry in my brain, (2)
And the tears fall like rain.
Oh babe! come ease my pain.

Chorus

I'm Alabamy bound! I'm Alabamy bound!
If this train don't stop, I'm Alabamy bound!

Why can't you live like me? (2)
Why don't you drink some whiskey
And let that cocaine be?

Doc Cook's in town I'm told (2)
They say he got too cold
Around the ol' North Pole.

I know your love ain't true, (2)
That's why I'm leavin' you,
No matter what you do.

O babe, you ain't my kind, (2)
I'm leavin' you behind,
To find some peace of mind.

**********

## No. 28

### ALL ABOUT MULES

This humorous little song was given to me in 1941 by Shorty Long, Reading, Pa. For another version, see: Ford (TMA), 434.

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All About Mules — Tune: Auld Lang Syne

On mules we find two legs behind,
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind are for.
So stand before the two behind,
And behind the two before!

**********

## No. 29

### ALL ARE TALKING OF UTAH

"Stand-up" Mormon song, directed at those who were anti-Mormon and would interfere with the Mormon way of life. Text was first published in the Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Jan. 30, 1867.

REFERENCES

Bee Hive, 18-19
Carter (SC), 521
Cheney, 108-109
Hubbard, 450
Hubbard (MSM), 127
Hubbard (SB), 77-78
Willes, 66-67

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All Are Talking of Utah  Tune: Marching Thro' Georgia

Who'd ever think that Utah would stir the world so much?
Who'd ever think the Mormons were widely known as such?
I hardly dare to scribble, or such a subject touch—
For all are talking of Utah.

Chorus

Hurrah! hurrah! the Mormons have the name;
Hurrah! hurrah! they're on the road to fame.
Don't matter what they style us—
it's all about the same,
For all are talking of Utah.

They say they'll send an Army to set the
Mormons right,
Regenerate all Utah, and show us Christian
light,
Release our wives and daughters, and put us
men to flight—
For all are talking of Utah.

I now will tell you something you never
thought of yet:
We bees are merely filling the hive of
Deseret.
If hurt, we'll sting together, and gather
all we get,
For all are talking of Utah.

**********

## No. 30

### ALL AROUND THE TOWN

A traditional hoedown that is still popular with fiddlers and square dancers. Versions have appeared in countless folios published by commercial music firms. For another folk version, see: Ford (TMA), 434.

There are no words to this piece, so reader is referred to TUNES, No. 30.

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## No. 31

### ALL BOUND ROUND WITH A WOOLEN STRING
also known as
There Was an Old Man

Children's song with a familiar tune. This is one of a group of songs set to an air that is a variation of the Irish reel known as The Old Rose Tree. It is a tune that got around. The Old Rose Tree spawned variations in England: The Haymaker's Dance and Old Mother Oxford.

For additional information, see headnotes to NATCHEZ UNDER THE HILL and ZIP COON.

For other versions of this children's song, see: Kennedy (TAB), 290-291 and Linscott, 157-158.

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All Bound Round With A Woolen String

There was an old man and he wasn't very rich,
And when he died, he didn't leave much;
Just a great big hat with a great big rim,
All bound round with a woolen string.

A woolen string, a woolen string,
All bound round with a woolen string;
A great big hat with a great big rim,
All bound round with a woolen string.

**********

## No. 32

### ALL DAY LONG ON THE PRAIRIE

Occupational song. Cattle raising and "herding cows" are forms of work done by many people in many lands. Only in America, however, was the trade idealized and the result is that all-American creation: The Cowboy. This is one of the romanticized songs about cowboys.

REFERENCES


Allen (CL-1933), 69
Clark (CS), 17
Felton, 88-92
Ives (SA), 158-159
Larkin, 130, 134
Lingenfelter, 342-343
Lomax (CS-1919), 96
Lomax (CS-1938), 67
Ohrlin, 156-157
Patterson (SRR), 12
Siringo (SC), 14-15
Stanley, 32
Thorp (1921), 4-6
Westermeier, 263-264


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All Day Long On The Prairie

All day long on the prairies I ride,
Not even a hound dog to trot by my side;
My fire it is kindled with chips gathered 'round,
I boil my own coffee without being ground.
I wash in a pool, I wipe on a sack,
And carry my wardrobe all on my back.
For lack of an oven, I cook in a pot,
For lack of a bed I sleep on a cot.

My ceiling is the sky, my floor is the grass,
My music is the lowing of herds as they pass;
My books are the brooks, my sermons the stones,
My parson's the wolf on his big pile of bones.
My books teach me ever consistence to prize;
My sermons, that small things I should not despise;
My parson remarks from his pulpit of bones,
That heaven helps them that looks after their own.

Between me and my love lies a gulf very wide—
Some luckier fellow may make her his bride.
My friends gently hint I am coming to grief,
But men must make money and women have beef.
Abraham emigrated in search of a range,
When water was scarce he wanted a change;
Old Isaac owned cattle in charge of Esau,
And Jacob punched cows for his father-in-law.

**********

## No. 33

### ALL DOWN TO SLEEP

also known as

Four Old Maids Sat Down to Sleep
Here's a Young Lady
Here Stands a Young Man
Here Stands a Young Man Who Wants a Sweetheart
Here We Go Round the Strawberry Bush
Melven Vine
Poor Widow
The Sleeping Beauty
Sleepy Man
The Strawberry Bush
There Was a Young Lady Who Sat Down to Sleep
Young Lady Sit Down to Sleep

American versions of this game song derived from English versions, and many of them have been published in all areas of the English-speaking world. It is a

circle or game and is related to a large number of marriage games, such as Getting Married, Hog Drovers, The Juniper Tree, and Knights A-Riding. For songs of similar type, see: Daughter, Oh Daughter, Silly Old Man and There Sits An Old Woman in Gardner (SPPG), 117-119; Here Sits a Young Man in Piper (SPPG), XXVIII; and Here Sits A Young Lady in Isham, XXXIV, 269. Also see and compare McIntosh, 50-51.

REFERENCES

Babcock, I, 252
Botkin (APPS), 140-141
Brown, I, 127
Dudley & Payne, I, 27
Gardner (FSH), 239-240
Hamilton, XXVII, 292
Heck, XL, 39
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 117; XXVIII, 269; XXXII, 126; XLIX, 255-256
Newell, 224-225
Northall, 370
Scarborough (NFS), 138
Wolford, 66 -67

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All Down To Sleep — Tune: Mulberry Bush

There sits a young lady all down to sleep,
All down to sleep, all down to sleep;
There sits a young lady all down to sleep,
So early in the morning.

She wants a young man to wake her up,
To wake her up, to wake her up;
She wants a young man to wake her up,
So early in the morning.

So write his name down and send it to me,
And send it to me, and send it to me, etc.

Now Mister Jones his name shall be,
His name shall be, his name shall be, etc.

The way is now open and he'll step in,
And he'll step in, and he'll step in, etc.

Arise, arise, upon your feet,
Upon your feet, upon your feet, etc.

**********

## No. 34

### ALL MY SINS BEEN TAKEN AWAY I
### also known as

All My Sins Are Taken Away
I'm Going Home On The Morning Train
Mary Wore Three Links of Chain
My Sins Are All Taken Away
My Sins Been Taken Away
Sis' Mary Wore Three Links of Chain

This old revival hymn-spiritual has been adapted, parodied, and rewritten many times. One parody (see version B below) was an extremely popular and commercially successful during the 1920s and early 1930s.
For interesting variations, see John Jacob Niles' Seven Negro Exultations (No. 4, 2nd stanza) and My Sins Are All Taken Away in Chappell (FSRA), 151 and Work (ANSS), 158.

### REFERENCES

Arnold, 103
Best, 47
Brown, III, 600; V, 340
Coleman, 76-77
Courlander (NSA), 48
Hudson (SMFL), No. 99
Lomax (USA), 376
Luther, 51-52
Morris, 168-169
Odum (NHS), 60-63
Sandburg (AS), 60
Sandburg (NAS), 78
White, 60-63, 132

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### All My Sins Been Taken Away I  Version A

Sister Mary wore three links of chain,
Sister Mary wore three links of chain,

Sister Mary wore three links of chain,
And ev'ry link was Jesus' name.
All my sins been taken away, taken away!

I'm going home on the morning train, (3)
If you don't see me you'll hear me sing.
All my sins, etc.

Paul and Silas bound in jail, (3)
One for to weep, one for to wail.
All my sins, etc.

My good Lord done just what He said, (3)
Healed the sick and raised the dead,
All my sins, etc.

Some o' these days and it won't be long, (3)
I'm going home to sing my song.
All my sins, etc.

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VERSION B

This is the parody of Version A (above) that became so popular. Other versions are in Brown, III, 430-431 and Davis (FSV), 153.

.....

Hand me down my walking cane,
Hand me down my walking cane,
Hand me down my walking cane,
I'm going away on the morning train.
All my sins been taken away, taken away.

Got real drunk, got throwed in jail, (3)
And I had nobody to go my bail.
All my sins, etc.

If I'd a-listened to what mama said, (3)
I'd be sleeping in a feather bed.
All my sins, etc.

Bread was stale, the meat was fat, (3)
Oh, my Lord! I couldn't eat that!
All my sins, etc.

Come on, Mama, and go my bail, (3)
And get me out of this stinking jail!
All my sins, etc.

Hand me down my bottle of corn, (3)
Gonna get drunk and blow my horn!
All my sins, etc.

I got a wife and a bulldog too, (3)
Wife don't love me but my bulldog do!
All my sins, etc.

If I should die in Tennessee, (3)
Just ship my body C. O. D. !
All my sins, etc.

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## No. 35

### ALL MY SINS BEEN TAKEN AWAY II
also known as
Down in the Valley to Pray — I'm Going Home on the Morning Train

This is a composite spiritual with a refrain common to several other spirituals and secular songs. For examples, see: Chappell (FSRA), 151; Diton, 12; Johnson (RAS), 60; Jour (AFL), XXXV, 233; Morris, 168; White, 62; and Work (ANSS), 158. Also compare: The Good Old Way II in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 608-609 Henry (FSSH), 420-421
Courlander (NSA), 48 Hudson (SMFL), No. 99

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## All My Sins Been Taken Away II

There is a song I love to sing,
There is a song I love to sing,
There is a song I love to sing,
Glory hallelujah! Oraise His name!
All my sins been taken away, taken away.

### Chorus

All my sins been taken away, (3)
Glory hallelujah! Praise His name!
All my sins been taken away, taken away.

I'm going home on the morning train, (3)
My soul's so happy I forgot my name.
All my sins, etc.

I went down in the valley to pray, (3)
My soul got happy and I stayed all day.
All my sins, etc.

My Jesus preached when twelve years old, (3)
There's more to living that silver and gold.
All my sins, etc.

I wanna be there on Judgment morn, (3)
When angel Gabriel blows on his horn.
All my sins, etc.

I know the day, remember the time, (3)
When Jesus changed this heart of mine.
All my sins, etc.

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## No. 36

### ALL MY TRIALS, LORD, SOON BE OVER

An old, melodic spiritual with a composite text. For songs with obvious similarities, see: Allen (SSUS), 3; Arnold, 173; Brown, III, 629; Fisher (NSS), 116; Fisher (SNS), 8-11; and Jackson (ASWS), 78. Also compare, Tell All the World, John in Work (ANSS), 173 and Tree in Paradise in Brown, III, 676 & V, 399.

REFERENCES

Leisy, 9
Okun, 163
Silber (HSB), 32
Silverman, II, 123

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All My Trials, Lord, Soon Be Over

Sweet little baby, please don't cry;
Most everybody is bound to die.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

If life was somethin' money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

There is a tree in Paradise,
And Christians call it the Tree of Life.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

I'll never let ol' Satan win,
I know my Jesus will take me in.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

Too late, my brothers, no more time!
It's far too late, so never mind—
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

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## No. 37

### ALL NODDIN'

also known as

Nid, Nid, Noddin' Nodding We're All Nodding

The text of this Scottish song has often been altered and rewritten. Three of its famous lyricists are Allan Cunningham, Lady Nairne and Robert Burns. The melody has come down to us almost in its original form. American versions of this song vary considerably in some instances, and many of these are attributed to authors and composers who could not possibly have written them.

During the first half of the 19th century the song was so popular in America that it inspired adaptations and parodies in large number. For a parody that was sung by California gold-miners, see All Pannin' in this Master Book.

The title of this song is probably misleading today. One might reasonably suppose that the words "all noddin'" mean "growing drowsy," but that is not the case. In Scotland the word "noddin'" means "joyous," and the sentiment is most lively.

### REFERENCES

Johnson (FS), 393-394
Knight, 226-227
Macfarren, 26-27
Randolph, IV, 414
Richardson (AMS), 60

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All Noddin'

Howdy do, Old Miss Gossip,
I see you're all alone,
So come and see how well we are,
Now that my son is home.
And, oh, but he's been gone so long!
And, oh, he looks so fair!

And he's a man full grown and strong,
With not a single care.
Oh, we're all noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
We are all noddin' at our house at home.

When he knocked upon the door,
I opened it a crack,
An' then I cried for all to hear:
Praise God! my son is back!
And then I held him close and cried,
For, oh! I felt so glad!
And his father fairly beamed with pride
Upon his handsome lad.
Oh, we're all noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
We are all noddin' at our house at home.

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## No. 38

### ALL ON A SATURDAY NIGHT
also known as

Foot Prints
Here We Come, Looby Loo
Kinkumbooby
The Hokey Pokey
I Put My Little Foot In
I Put My Little Hand In
I Put My Right Foot In
Looby Loo
Loop De Loo
Loupy Lou
Lubin
Old Mother Ketura
Put Your Little Foot In
Put Your Little Foot Right Here
Right Elbow In
Ugly Mug
Varsovienne

An English-Scottish game song that probably evolved from an ancient rite. Origin and meaning are still

matters for speculation, but the song's popularity is not questioned by anyone.

The tune was once known in America as The Varsovienne, a dance in which the participants sang words as they danced. The Varsovienne was a traditional dance that remained rather popular until the first part of the 20th century. According to Anne Schley (Folk Dances of the United States and Mexico), the Varsovienne "became a popular American round dance based upon the characteristic pattern and steps from which it evolved, developing its own established (pattern) by varying versions in different sections of the country."

Nowadays, however, the tune is mostly encountered as a game song for children, although—on occasion—it has been adapted by professional entertainers and used as a popular song.

There is a Spanish version, Jan Petit, as well as many similar songs in France, Ireland, and England.

## REFERENCES


Ames (MPP), 312-313
Bancroft, 362-364
Bertail, 14
Billson, 64
Botkin (APPS), 29, 36
Brown, I, 156-157; V, 538
Bulletin (FSSN), IV, 17
Bulletin (TFS), VI, 6
Chambers (PRS), 137-139
Collins, 12
Courlander (NSA), 96
Cox (SG), 243-244
Duncan (PPHC), 6-7
Flanders (VFSB), 192-193
Folk-Lore Journal, V, 49, 326
Forbush, 66-68
Ford (TMA), 150-151
Gardner, 12-13
Gardner (SPPG), 110-111
Gomme, I, 352-361
Graves (LFNR), 26
Halliwell (PRNT), 226
Heck, 25-26
Hornby, 65
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 273; XXXII, 496; XXXIII, 110; XL, 18; XLIX, 254; LX, 43

Lair, 22
Leisy (SPS), 160
Linscott, 23-26
Newell, 131
Northall, 361
Ohrlin, 110-112
Pound, 225-226
Randolph, III, 365
Thomas (SG), 63
Van Doren, 496
Winn (1), 168-169

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All On A Saturday Night

I put my little hand in,
I put my little hand out,
I give my little hand a shake,
shake, shake,
And I turn myself about.

Chorus

Oh, here we go, two by two;
Here we go, do it right.
Here we go, me and you,
All on a Saturday night, ah-hah!
All on a Saturday night.

I put my little foot in,
I put my little foot out,
I give my little hand a shake, etc.

I put both of my hands in,
I put both of my hands out,
I give my little hand a shake, etc.

I put my other foot in,
I move my other foot out,
I give my little hand a shake, etc.

Final Chorus

Oh, here we go, looby loo,
Here we go looby light;
Here we go, looby loo,
All on a Saturday night, ah-hah!
All on a Saturday night.

**********

## No. 39

ALL OVER GOD'S HEAVEN

also known as

All God's Children
All God's Children Got Shoes
All God's Chillun
All God's Chillun Got Wings
Going to Shine All 'Round God's Heaven
Going (Gwine) to Shout All Over God's Heaven
Heaven
I Got a Robe, You Got a Robe
I Got Shoes
Shout All Over God's Heaven
You Got a Robe, I Got a Robe

This old spiritual is still popular. A version was featured in the 1927 production of the Ziegfeld Follies. As a result, there was a new surge of interest in the song.

For a variation, see: Goin' To Shine All 'Round God's Heaven in Odum (NHS), 98.

REFERENCES

Best, 149
Brown, III, 607; V, 345
Chambers (TNS), 47-48
Courlander (NSA), 56
Dett, 126-127
Fisher (SNS), 41-45
Hallowell, 58
Hayes, 70-73
Johnson (BANS), 71-73
Kennedy (M-1), 155-157
Leisy, 6
Leisy (SPS), 202
Mackenzie (SH), 110
Odum (DLR), 18, 79
Odum (NHS), 97

White, 69-70
Whitman, 108-109
Work (ANSS), 180
Work (FSAN), 48

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All Over God's Heaven

I got shoes, you got shoes,
All God's children got shoes.
When I get to heaven gonna put on my shoes,
I'm gonna walk all over God's heaven,
heaven, heaven.
Everybody talkin' 'bout heaven!
I'm a-goin' there! Heaven, heaven,
I'm gonna walk all over God's heaven!

I got a robe, you got a robe,
All God's children got a robe.
When I get to heaven gonna put on my robe,
I'm gonna shout all over God's heaven, etc.

I got wings, you got wings,
All God's children got wings.
When I get to heaven gonna put on my wings,
I'm gonna fly all over God's heaven, etc.

I got a song, you got a song,
All God's children got a song.
When I get to heaven gonna call on my song,
I'm gonna sing all over God's heaven, etc.

**********

No. 40

ALL PANNIN'
also known as
We Are All A-Panning

This is a parody of the Scots song All Noddin' (see

in MB). It was created in the California gold fields or at San Francisco, where it was performed by miners and by professional singers in Music Halls. For other versions, see: Dwyer, 62 and Silber (SGAW), 132.

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**All Pannin'** **Tune: All Noddin'**

The merchant shows his articles
And urges you to buy;
And he says they cost him dearly—
But it's "all in your eye!"
This is his way of panning, pan, pan,
panning;
This is his way of panning
Just to get a little gold.

The preacher keeps on preaching,
Going anywhere it pays;
He bestows the greatest blessings
Where makes the largest raise.
It's a holy way of panning, pan, pan,
panning;
It's a holy way of panning,
Just to get a little gold.

But the miner in his diggings,
He's panning all the while;
And he's always most contented
While he's adding to his pile.
It's an honest way of panning, pan, pan,
panning;
It's an honest way of panning,
Just to get a little gold.

**********

## No. 41

### ALL SKIN AND BONE

also known as

Mrs. Jones
Old Skin and Bones
Old Woman All Skin and Bone
The Skin-and-Bone Lady
Skin and Bones
The Skin and Bones Lady
The Skin and Bone Woman
There Was an Old Woman
There Was an Old Woman All Skin and Bones

An old English "shudder-story" nursery song. The song was wide-spread in the United States and versions of it have been collected in all areas of the country.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 502-503
Bertail, 142
Botkin (NEF), 896
Brewster (BSI), 268
Brown, III, 189; V, 111
Chase (AFTS), 186
Christie, I, 240 n
Cox (FSS), 482-483
Davis (FSV), 198-200
Downes, 201, 235
Eddy, 206-207
Flanders (VFSB), 180-181
Gammer Gurton, 29
Halliwell (NR), 64, 180
Hudson (FTM), 43-44
Langstaff (1), 80-81
Linscott, 44-46
Lomax (SBS), 29
Moore (BFSS), 255
Perrow, XXVI, 142; XXVIII, 158
Randolph, I, 301-302
Rimbault (NR), 32
Ritchie (FS), 26
Ritchie (SFC), 12
Ritchie (SSB), 76-77
Winn (2), 171

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All Skin and Bone

There was an old woman who lived all alone;
She was so poor, she was all skin and bone.
Yes, yes, yes.

She made her way to church one day,
To hear the parson preach and pray.
Yes, yes, yes.

When she came to the old church stile,
She sat down to rest awhile.
Yes, yes, yes.

When she walked thro' the old church door,
She spied a ghost upon the floor.
Yes, yes, yes.

She started back and turned around,
And saw his corpse there on the ground.
Yes, yes, yes.

And from his toes up to his chin,
The worms crawled out, the worms
crawled in.
Yes, yes, yes.

She turned to the preacher and she said:
"Will I look that way when I'm dead?"
Yes, yes, yes.

**********

## No. 42

### ALL THE GO
### also known as
### My Man's Up The Rivuh

Since this is a "river" song, I had supposed that the term "go below" meant "below deck." I was wrong. According to Wheeler (SD), 117, who recovered the song, it means "go down into the cotton country"—Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans.

All the Go

My man's up the river,
Where I told him not to go;
Get aboard the James Lee,
Set to go below.

Chorus

All the go, all the go!
Me and my river man's all the go.

The sky's dark and cloudy,
I can hear the whistle blow;
Yonder comes the James Lee
Sailing down below.

Now if you don't love me,
You can come and tell me so;
Get aboard the James Lee
And sail on below.

**********

No. 43

ALL THE GOOD TIMES
also known as
All the Good Times Are Past and Gone
Good Times Are Past and Gone

This song, obviously the work of a professional writer, probably dates, as Randolph suggested, from the 1890s. A definite folk influence is found in the final four lines, which are also found in several other songs. I have seen only two versions of this song in published folk collections: Leisy, 10 and Randolph, IV, 305.

All the Good Times

No more good times are on the way,
It's not like it was before;
No more good times since yesterday—
You don't love me no more.
I'd rather be in some deep, dark place,
Way down where the sun don't shine,
Than to ever see your loving face
Aglow for any heart but mine.

All the good times are past and gone,
I'm walking this lonesome floor;
All the good times are past and gone,
And I can't cry no more.
I wish to God I'd never been born,
Or had died when I was young,
And had never seen your sparkling eyes,
Or heard lies from your honey tongue.

**********

No. 44

ALL THE WORLD TO ME
also known as
The Sad Song

Song of "one-sided" love that may have first been a poem. Female country singers used to perform this song on the radio quite a lot, but I've seen it in only one folk collection: Randolph, IV, 153-154.

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All the World to Me

He came from his palace grand,
And he came to my cottage door;
His words were few, but his looks
Will linger forever-more.

The smile in his sad dark eyes
More tender than words could be,
But I was nothing to him,
Tho' he's all the world to me.

Oh, there in his garden strolled—
All robed in satins and lace—
A woman so strange and cold
Who held in his heart no place.
Oh, I would be his bride
With a kiss for a lifetime fee,
But I am nothing to him,
Tho' he's all the world to me.

Today in his palace grand
On a flower-strewn bier he lies,
With those beautiful lids fast closed
O'er his beautiful dark eyes.
Among the mourners who mourn
Why should I a mourner be?
For I was nothing to him,
Tho' he's all the world to me.

How will it be with our souls
When we meet in that other land?
What the mortal heart don't know,
Will the spirit there understand?
Or in some celestial form
Will our sorrows repeated be?
Will I still be nothing to him,
Tho' he's all the world to me?

**********

## No. 45

### ALOHA OE

also known as

Farewell to Thee Hawaiian Farewell Song

It is claimed that this song was created in 1878 by Queen Liliuokalani. There is a copy in her handwriting in the George H. Carter Memorial Collection at the Bishop Museum, which lends support to the claim. Time and usuage ha ve wrought changes, however, and the song, as known today, is considerably improved. Published and copyrighted in 1884 by Matthias Gray, Aloha Oe is Hawaii's most famous song. The melody is quite similar to to that of The Rock Beside the Sea, a song by Charles C. Converse, published at Philadelphia in 1857. According to Sigmund Spaeth, the refrain air is from an even older song, There's Music in the Air, by George F. Root, 1854.

REFERENCES

Luther, 285 Oberndorfer, 139 Wier (LS), 131

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Aloha Oe

Yonder goes the rain cloud o'er the pali,
Across the tree-tops it does sail,
Still following with grief the Liko,
The A-hi-hi-le-hu-a of the vale.

Aloha Oe, Aloha Oe,
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers;
One fond embrace before I now depart,
Until we meet again.

**********

## No. 46

ALONG THE KANSAS LINE
also known as
The Kansas Line A Soldier from Missouri

This was a popular song during the Civil War years and for sometime after. The tune sounds very, very Irish.

REFERENCES

Moore (BFSS), 278-280 Randolph, II, 258-260

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Along the Kansas Line

A soldier of the Union,
In manhood's early prime,
Lay with the dead and dying,
In the mud and in the slime;
And on that field of battle,
His life was ebbing fast,
While comrades, faint and weary,
Were moving quickly past.

A comrade stopped beside him,
And lifted up his head,
And to his tearful comrade
This is what the soldier said:
"For me the war is over,
The fighting's at an end—
But what will be the difference,
Unless we die to win?

"Our land is filled with mourning,
All wrapped in death and woe;
The wailing notes of sorrow
Come both from high and low.
I fought for truth and freedom,
With gun and sword combined,
But I have seen no freedom
Along the Kansas Line."

**********

## No. 47

### ALOUETTE!
also known as

Ah! the Lark! The Lark

This song came to North America with the earliest French explorers and settlers; it survived in French settlements in both Canada and the U. S. In time, the song was forgotten in France, the land of its origin. It was re-introduced to its homeland by French Canadians during World War I.
Song can be brief or of long duration, depending upon one's inclination. The verses and chorus may continue until one runs out of anatomical parts of the lark to pluck. The chorus is always repeated.

REFERENCES

Barbeau (JSOQ), 189
Berry, 68-69
Best, 86
Elson, 159-161
Leisy (LAS), 81
Leisy (SPS), 161
Oberndorfer, 54
Silverman, I, 271

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Alouette!

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je t'y pleau-me-rai.
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je t'y pleau-me-rai.
I begin to pluck the head,
I begin to pluck the head.*

*The singer can continue on with "I begin to pluck the eyes," then "the beak, the neck, the wings, the back, the tail, the claws, etc.," until the subject has been exhausted. In English, the words could be:

Pretty skylark,
Winging, singing skylark,
Pretty skylark,
I shall pluck you now.
Pretty skylark,
Winging, singing skylark,
Pretty skylark,
I shall pluck you now.

**********

## No. 48

THE ALPHABET
also known as

A B C
ABC, Can't See Me
ABC, Doubled Down D
ABC, Tumbledown D

The alliance between education and entertainmen is on the ancient side, and the learning of specific subjects by combining them with specially constructed musical airs is still an educational tool of immense value. In early American "grade schools" the wedding of basic information and music as a means of teaching and learning was popular and widely practiced. Following the Civil War the teaching of subjects in musical form began to decline in schools, particularly in the northern states. In the South, however, students continued to learn the alphabet, the multiplication tables, the names of states and their capitol cities, etc., with the aid of music. For examples, see: States and Capitols in Brewster (MIB), 169; Randolph, IV, 409 & (OMF), 55.

Adults also revealed a fondness for alphabetical-type songs. They made and sang religious, occupat-

ional and political songs set in the alphabetical form. Such pieces set the foundation for the later "spelling" songs, such as S-A-V-E-D (see in MB) and the 1940s song by Merle Travis, KENTUCKY. For yet another example of a spelling song, see: Quarterly (SFL), IV, 150.

The three following selections are fairly representative of the genre. Version A was used to teach the alphabet to children.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 138
Randolph, IV, 401
Talley, 154
Wier (YAM), I, 112

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A B C (Version A)

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

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ABC, DOUBLED DOWN D (Version B)

A B C, doubled down D;
I'se so lazy you caint see me.
A B C, doubled down D;
Lazy chilluns gets hick'ry tea.
A B C, doubled down D;
You'd better come out an' wuk lak me.

---

ABC, TUMBLE DOWN D (Version C)

A B C, Tumble-down D,
The Cat's in the cupboard
And can't see me.
A B C, Tumble-down D,
A bird's in the willow
And singing free.

**********

## No. 49

THE ALPHABET: A FOR AN APPLE
also known as
The Musical Alphabet

This is one of the more elaborate musical settings for the alphabet, and it was arranged expressly for the instruction and amusement of children by Mrs. T. Walsh. Piece was published in the 1840s. Similar songs and versions are preserved under such titles as: A Is For Apple, The Average Boy, and The Rhyming Alphabet. Examples of such pieces are given in Arnold, 141; Bertail, 41, 134; Brown, III, 259; Jordan, 269; Jour (AFL), No. 55, 1942, 413-414; Randolph, Iv, 403-406; Reeves, 63; Wier (YAM), III, 10-11.

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The Alphabet: A for an Apple

A for an apple, an archer, an arrow;
B for a bull, a bear and a barrow;
C for a cat, and D for a dish,
E for an egg, and F for a fish,
G for a goose, and H for a ham;
I for an Inn and J for jam,
K for a king, and L for a light,
M for a mouse and N for night;
O for an olive and P for prattle,
Q for a queen and R for a rattle;
S for a star and T for a tale,
U for an urn and V for a veil;
W for watch, for wreath, and for wren,
X stands for no word in English but ten;
Y for a youth, for yoke and for yeast;
Z for a Zebra, a beautiful beast.
Now I have sung the Alphabet through,
And all I ask is a kiss from you.

**********

## No. 50

ALPHABET FOR AMERICANS
also known as
The Revolutionary Alphabet

According to Burl Ives, this song was published as a broadside sheet in 1775 and parents were urged to teach their children the alphabet in this form. The tune is an adaptation of the English song, Smiling Polly—a version of which is in Chappell (OEPM), II, 185.

REFERENCES

Brand (S'76), 36-37 Ives (SB), 91

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Alphabet for Americans

A is for Americans who have scorned to be slaves,
B's for Boston's bravery that ever freedom saves;
C is for the Congress which though loyal shall be free.
D stands for defense against brute force and tyranny.

E stands for the evils which a rebellion must bring,
F is for a dreadful fate for people and for King;
G's for George, may heaven give him wisdom, health and grace;
H stands for the hypocrites who wear the double face.

J is for justice which the traitors in pow'r defy,
K's the King again, who ought to such the axe apply;
L's for London where he sits, to honor ever true,
M's for Mansfield, who, it seems, doth hold another view.

N's for North who to the House the evil mandate brings,
O is oaths, which seemingly bind subjects not their kings;

P is for the people who their freedom would defend,
Q is for question: When will England's troubles end?

R is for the Rebels, not in Boston but at home;
S is for the Stuarts, sent by Whigs abroad to roam.
T is for Tories who may try to bring them back,
V is for villians who have well deserved the rack.

W stands for Wilkes, who us from warrants saved;
Y is for York the New, half-corrupted, half-enslaved.
Z represents Zero, which refers to Tory minions
Who threaten us with fire and sword, to bias our opinions.

Tag

We stand firmly A to Z, and swear forever to be free!

**********

## No. 51

### ALPHABET FOR LUMBERMEN

also known as

The Lumberman's Alphabet
The Shanty Boys' Song
The Shanty-man's Alphabet
The Woodsman's Alphabet

This song, which probably originated in the forest, appears to have been fashioned upon Alphabet for Sailors (see in MB), but it is a supposition which I am unable to prove. Text has been set to various airs, including a form of Derry Down.
For a similar song of later date, see Doerflinger, 209.

### REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 50-51
Beck (LLC), 37-40
Beck (SML), 23-25
Botkin (NEF), 874-875
Cazden, I, 12-13
Creighton (SBNS), 212-213
Doerflinger, 207-208
Eckstorm, 30-32
Emrich (CBF), 19
Flanders (NGMS), 169-171

Gardner (BSSM), 255-257
Gray, 10-14
Linscott, 235-237
Rickaby, 35-38
Scott (BA), 173-175
Thompson (BBB), 262
Tolman & Eddy, 413

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Alphabet for Lumbermen

A is for axe, and to timber we go;
B is for boys, who put on the show.
C is for chopping and cutting a tree,
And D is for danger that always will be.

E is for echo that rings on the air,
F is for foreman, as tough as a bear;
G is for grindstone, so even and round,
And H is for hard-work, wherever it's found.

I is for iron, with which we mark pine,
J is for jerky, we eat all the time;
K is the keen-edge our axes must keep,
And L is the lice that bite when we sleep.

M is for mem'ries of love and romance,
N is for needles to sew up our pants;
O for the owls that hoot thro' the night,
And P for the pine that brings us delight.

Q is for qûarrels, in which we abound,
R for the rivers we drive the logs down;
S for the sleds that we built stout and strong,
And T is for teamsters, who curse hard and long.

U for the use which we put ourselves to,
V for the valley that's seldeom in view;
W the woods, which we leave in the spring,
And X marks the spot where I cease to sing.

**********

## No. 52

### ALPHABET FOR MORMONS
### also known as
### The Moab Alphabet

This song is not widely known, even among Mormons, and is included here as an example of the genre. Both text and tune are from Hubbard, 459-460.

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Alphabet for Mormons

Oh listen unto me, since together we have met,
And I'll in rhyme relate to you the Moab Alphabet.

A stands for Amassy, in Moab he does dwell;
B stands for Bartlett, the judge you all know well.
C stands for Charley, a young man on the flat;
D stands for Dory, and he wears a broad-rimmed hat.

E stands for Emma, a lady young and fair;
G stands for George, with black and curly hair.
H stands for Hyrum, a noble lad is he;
I stands for Irvin, he's as happy as can be.

J stands for Janie, a lady young and tall;
K stands for Kinney, but he is rather small.
L stands for Lutz, and he comes in the rear;
M stands for Mons, who keeps the Moab store.

N stands for Newell, and he comes in the line;
O stands for Olor, and she likes a glass of wine.
P stands for Pierce, and he can pull a tooth;
R stands for Robinson, who educates the youth.

S stands for Stewart, a bishop of our ward;
T stands for Taylor, they take you all aboard.
W stands for Warner, the place to get your wine;
Z stands for Zufelt, and he's the last in line.

**********

## No. 53

### ALPHABET FOR SAILORS

also known as

Alphabet of the Ship
Alphabet Song
The Sailor's Alphabet
The Seaman's Alphabet

This is probably the older of the occupational-type alphabet songs. Merchant and military seamen were familiar with this song, and they sang it ashore as well as aboard ship. Sometimes the song comes with a chorus, sometimes without, and sometimes, as in Jour (AFL), XXXVIII, 298, it shows up as a seaman's toast.

For a different sailor's alphabet song, see The Bosun's Alphabet in Hugill (1), 456 or (2), 171.

#### REFERENCES

Brown, III, 259-260; V, 143-144
Creighton (SBNS), 210-212
Eckstorm, 233-234
Emrich (FAL), 471-472
Jour (AFL), XXXVIII, 298
Morris, 57-58
Thompson (BBB), 194

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Alphabet for Sailors

A is the anchor that lays at our bow,
And B is the bowsprit an' jibs all lie low;
C is the capstan that always goes round,
And D is the derrick that hoists in the rum.

Chorus

So merry, so merry, so merry are we!
No mortals on earth are like sailors at sea!
To me e-dory, i-dory, o-dory dong,
Give sailors some grog and there's nothing wrong!

E is the ensign that on our fore flew,
And F is the forecastle, home of the crew;

G is the galley where the coffee smells strong,
And H is the halyards we hoist with a song.

I is the Eyebolt—no good for the feet—
And J is the jib, boys, stand by the lee sheet;
K is for the Knightheads where the shantyman stands,
And L is for the Leeside, hard found by new hands.

M is the mainmast wrought stout and strong,
N is for needlepoint that never goes wrong;
O is for the oars of our jolly life-boat,
And P is the pennant that so neatly does float.

Q is for the Quadrant—to wheel it lies near;
R is for the rudder which helps us to steer.
S is for Sheerpole over which we must climb,
And T is for Topmen, 'way aloft every time.

U is for uniform, to wear fore and aft,
And V is Vange running down from the gaff;
W is for water that always around,
And X marks the spot where shipmates were drowned.

Y is for yardarm—takes a good sailorman;
And Z is for nothing, so I understand.
So this is the end of my alphabet song,—
Heave away, boys, Oh, heave long and strong!

**********

## No. 54

### ALPHABET FOR SOLDIERS
also known as

The Alphabet The Soldier's Alphabet

This form of the alphabet song dates back to the American Civil War and, perhaps, it may be much older. The only version I have seen in print is the one in Moore

(BFSS), 370-372.

---

Alphabet for Soldiers

A is our army so true and so brave,
B is our banner, so long may she wave;
C is Chattanooga, where forces were put,
And D is the day that the railroad was cut.

Chorus

Tic-a-tacky, tic-a-tacky, a tic-a-ty tack,
I'd buy me a shirt, if I had a greenback;
I'd buy me a soldier to fight in my place,
Depart from this army and ne'er show my face.

E is engagement where everything stood,
F is the flogging that Thomas gave Hood;
G is the guards that are stationed in town,
And H is the hospital where I lay me down.

I is inspection, our order so strict;
J is Jay Hawkins, our order permit.
K is to kill outside of our line,
And L is lieutenant that hid in the Rhine.

M is to muster all the day,
N is no answer or talking for pay;
O is on-duty, go muster in now,
And P is the private that kicked up a row.

Q is the Quartermaster who rides all about,
R is the rations which always run out;
S is the Sutler that nails all our dimes,
And T is for trash for most of these rhymes.

U is for Uncle Sam's ugly conscript,
V is the veteran full of all tricks;
W is widow that's north in the rear,
And X is extra champagne and beer.

Now two more letters are coming along,
Which means I have come to the end of my song;
Y is the young and beautiful lass,
And Z is the Zura that hid in the grass.

**********

No. 55

ALWAYS STAY SINGLE
also known as
Married and Single Life

One of many songs that warn against hasty marriage and praises single life. This song is well-known in North Carolina, where I was born and raised, but it doesn't appear to have been known in other areas of the country. Since the only version I have seen in print is the one in Sharp, II, 3, I assume that the song originated in England.

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Always Stay Single

Come all you young people and listen to me,
I'll sing you a song of your sad destiny.
I'm a man of experience, and I understand
How love's been the ruin of many a man.

Chorus

Always stay single, and always be free!
Always stay single, and happy you'll be.

If you want to get married, don't do as I've done
And get yourself married before twenty-one;
And don't you get married before love has set!
Make sure that you love her, avoid regret.

O listen, young fellows, and play the game smart:
Don't waste your affections on love at the start.
For once you are married you ain't your own man;
It's wiser to wait some, to watch and to plan.

So always stay single, make sure that you can,
And tell all the women you are your own man.
If you ever get married, if you lose your head,
You'll find yourself wishin' at times you were dead!

**********

## No. 56

### AMANDA AND ALGIN
also known as

Amanda and Albin
Amanda the Captive
Bright Amanda
Her White Bosom Bare
Olban
The White Captive
Young Albion
The Young Chief

This was first a poem, then a song. The original text, by Thomas C. Upham, was first published in the Columbian Centinel, Boston, Sept. 19, 1818. The first traditional text was collected and printed by John Lomax. According to W. A. Martin (Arcadian Magazine, Eminence, Missouri, July 1932, p. 31), the song text is rooted in both fiction and history. The fiction roots derived from James F. Cooper's Wish-Ton-Wish and the historical roots concern a Pawnee warrior known as Petalasharoo. "The tribe," said Martin, "was preparing to burn a young girl captured from a neighboring tribe when the young warrior rushed in, cut the bonds, carried her off....and went with her near enough to her own people for her to make her way home." To commemorate the incident, according to Martin, the girl students "of Miss White's school in Washington sent the young chief

a silver medal" in 1821.

The words of this poem are sung to a variety of tunes, two being sets of Dog and Gun and The Lady Leroy. It is interesting to learn that traditional versions recovered west of the Mississippi River are not sung to the same air as those recovered in the Southern states and in New England.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 36-37
Bulletin (FSSN), VIII, 19-24
Carmer (SRA), 50-51
Flanders (CSV), 28-29
Flanders (NGMS), 256-259
Hubbard, 98-99
Jour (AFL), XXII, 256; XXV, 169; XLVIII, 351; LVI, 137
Lomax (CS-1919), 271-273
Moore (BFSS), 331-333
Morris, 128-130
Randolph, IV, 118-120
Will, 256-257

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Amanda and Algin

The sun had gone down o'er the hills in the West,
And the last beam had faded o'er the mossy hill crest.
With the beauties of nature and charm of the fair,
Amanda was bound with her white bosom bare,
with her white bosom bare.

Amanda was there, so friendless and forlorn,
With her face bathed in blood and garments all torn;
She counted vengeance in the face of her foes,
And she sighed for the time when her sufferings would close.

Young Algin, the bravest of warriors, drew near,
With an eye like the eagle and step like the deer:
"Forbear!" cried young Algin, "Your tortures forbear!
This maiden shall live by my wailing, I swear.

"This maiden's freedom I crave to give—
A sigh for suffering and tears for her grave;
If a victim this night shall burn at the tree,
Then I, your own leader, that victim shall be."

It was just before day that a streak of white and
blue
Went gliding o'er the water in a small-like canoe;
As swift as a wild duck skimming the tide,
Amanda and Algin over the waters did ride.

On that very same day a white streak was seen
On the blue, bubbling water and willows of green;
And great was the joy when she came ashore
And embraced her dear father and mother once more.

Young Algin stood by and saw them embrace
With a song in his heart and a tear on his face;
And all that he asked for doing such good
Was kindness and food for his tribe in the wood.

**********

## No. 57

### AMEN!

also known as

The Sailor and the Soldier  The Soldier and the Sailor

This song is a type of "social satire" that once enjoyed considerable popularity in America and England. According to Cecil Sharp, what we have here is an American adaptation of the English song, The Mare and the Foal.

### REFERENCES

Doerflinger, 277-278  Jour (FSS), V, 72; VIII, 270

Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 376
Reeves, 187
Sharp (FSE), IV, 14
Silverman, I, 392
Williams (FSUT), 104

---

Amen!

A soldier and a sailor went a-walking one day.
Said the sailor to the soldier, "I've a good mind to pray
For the rights of the people and the wrongs of all men:
May the devil double, double, triple damn them!"
Said the soldier, "Amen!"

"Now here's to those lawyers! they'll plead for your cause,
They'll take all your money and give you tough laws.
At last they'll send you to jail and let you remain:
May the devil double, double, triple damn them!"
Said the soldier, "Amen!"

"Here's to the ministers! they'll preach and they'll pray,
They'll take your hard earnings and fool it away.
At last they'll consign you to hell, and there to remain:
May the devil double, double, triple damn them!"
Said the soldier, "Amen!"

Now here's to the farmer who follows the plough
And gathers hard earnings by the sweat of his brow;
And a health to the sailor and the soldier again:
May the good God Almighty help them."
And they both said, "Amen!"

**********

## No. 58

### AMERICAN TAXATION

also known as

In North Amerikay Taxation of America

This song is from the American colonial period. Name of author is unknown, but he or she was definitely political-minded. According to Sigmund Spaeth, a version appears in the Uncle True Songster, issued at Philadelphia (but he gave no date for the publication).

### REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 4-5 Spaeth (WSM), 3-5
Silber (SI), 36-38

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American Taxation Tune: British Grenadiers

While I relate my story, Americans give ear—
Of Britain's fading glory you presently shall hear.
I'll offer true relation, attend to what I say
Concerning the taxation of North Amerikay.

There is two mighty speakers who rule in Parliament;
They always have been seeking some mischief to invent.
'Twas North, and Bute, his father, this horrid plan did lay:
A mighty tax to gather in North Amerikay.

These subtle arch contrivers addressed the British court,
All those undersigners, for to observe report:
There is a pleasant landscape that lieth far away
Beyond the wide Atlantic, in North Amerikay.

There is a wealthy people who sojourn in that land;
Their churches all with steeples most delicately stand;
Their houses, like the lilies, are painted red and gay,
They flourish like the gallies in North Amerikay.

Their land with milk and honey continually doth
flow;
The want for food and money they seldom ever know.
They heap up gold and silver, they have no debts to
pay—
They spend their time in pleasure, in North Amerikay.

King George, you've heard the sequel of what we now
subscribe:
Is it not just and equal to take this wealthy tribe?
The question being asked, his Majesty did say:
"My subjects shall be taxed in North Amerikay!"

O George! you are distracted! You'll by experience
find
The laws you have enacted are of the blackest kind.
I'll make a short digression and tell you by the
way,
We fear not your oppression in North Amerikay.

**********

## No. 59

### ANCHOR IN THE LORD

A pre-Civil War spiritual, Anchor in the Lord was sung by white as well as black people in the South. Originally, the song was a hymn. Somewhere along the way, slaves adapted the hymn to their particular style of singing and it became a spiritual.
For a similar song, see: My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord in Work (ANSS), 131, 133.

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Anchor in the Lord

Throw it to my dear mother's door,
Anchor in the Lord,
Throw it to my dear mother's door,
Anchor in the Lord,
King Jesus said He would come again,
Anchor in the Lord,
King Jesus said He would come again,
Anchor in the Lord.

Chorus

Anchor, believer, anchor,
anchor in the Lord!
Throw your anchor any way,
anchor in the Lord!

Throw it to my dear father's door, etc. (2)
King Jesus made the cripple walk, etc. (2).

**********

No. 60

ANGEL DE AMOR
also known as
Angel of Love

This Spanish-American folk song was recovered in the 19th century by Charles F. Lummis. In the October, 1882 issue of Cosmopolitan Magazine, Lummis wrote: "I learned it on a lonely stage-drive of eighty miles in Western Arizona from a tuneful Mexican who had brought it from Los Corrales, N. M., where both he and the song originated."

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Angel de Amor

Angel de amor,
tu pasion no la comprendo,
Si la comprendo no la puedo espresar.
Voy encelar tu u languido gemido,
Alla en la tumba par poder descansar.

Yo no siento el que me hayas, querido,
Yo no siento el que me hayas amarlo,
Solo siento el que me hayas cambiarlo
Con otro hombre mas inferior que yo
Como el que tiene una musica,
Y no la sabe tocar,
A si se queda, Ay! el hombre en este mundo,
Cuando en el mundo no se sabe espresar!

---

English Text

Angel of love,
I don't understand your passion.
And if I did, how could it be expressed?
I shall escape from your sighing and anguish
There in the tomb, so I can find some rest.

I am not sorry you have desired me,
I do not mind that we must say goodbye:
I only regret, dear, that you left me
For another—one less worthy than I.
Like a man who has a piano,
And never learns how to play,
I dream and hear the music of love forever,
But no one is hearing what I want to say.

**********

## No. 61

THE ANGELS CHANGED MY NAME
also known as
The Angels Done Changed My Name

This spiritual dates back to the Civil War. We know this because it was one of those slave spirituals sung by the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Versions are in a large number of folios and songbooks. The tune is similar to that used for My Cup Runneth Over, but which song used it first is not known by me.

REFERENCES

Kennedy (M-1), 36 Marsh (SJS), 227

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The Angels Changed My Name

I went to the hillside, I went to pray;
I know the angels have changed my name,
Have changed my name for the coming day,
Thank God!
The angels have changed my name.

Done changed my name for the coming day,
I know the angels have changed my name,
Have changed my name for the coming day,
Thank God!
The angels have changed my name.

I looked at my hands and my hands were new,
I know the angels have changed my name.
I looked at my feet and my feet were too.
Thank God!
The angels have changed my name.

**********

## No. 62

### ANGELS WAITING AT THE DOOR

also known as

Don't You Grieve For Me  Tell All My Father's Children

Another of the old slave spirituals sung and popularized by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. See and compare: When I'm Dead in Work (ANSS), 119.
The "don't you grieve" line is a floater and it has caused songs to be mistakenly related to one another. For example, see: Don't You Grieve After Me in MB.

REFERENCES

Marsh (SJS), 189  Pike, 271  Work (FSAN), 58

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Angels Waiting At The Door

My sister's took her flight and gone home,
And the angels waiting at the door;
My sister's took her flight and gone home,
And the angels waiting at the door.

Chorus

Tell all my father's children,
Don't you grieve for me;
Tell all my father's children,
Don't you grieve for me.

She has laid down her cross and gone home,
With the angels waiting at the door;
She has laid down her cross and gone home,
With the angels waiting at the door.

She had put on her crown and gone home,
With the angels waiting at the door;
She had put on her corwn and gone home,
With the angels waiting at the door.

**********

## No. 63

THE ANIMAL FAIR
also known as
I Went To The Animal Fair

This is an old minstrel-stage song that was adopted by generations of college students and innumerable barroom quartettes. Now it has become a song sung for the amusement of children.

### REFERENCES


Brown, III, 219; V, 128
Bulletin (TFS), V, 45
Clark (ESB), 125
Davis (FSV), 204
Henry (SSSA), 241
Loesser, 242-243
Luther, 255
Randolph, III, 207
Sandburg (AS), 348-349
Silverman, I, 313
Spaeth (REW), 79
Talley, 159-160
Winn (1), 152-153
Yolen, 188-189


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The Animal Fair

I went to the Animal Fair,
The birds and the beasts were there;
The big baboon, by the light of the moon,
Was combing his auburn hair.
The monkey he got drunk
And sat on the elephant's trunk;
The elephant sneezed and fell on his
knees—
And what became of the monk,
the monk,
What became of the monk?

**********

## No. 64

### ANIMALS

also known as

The Animal Song The Bestiary

This is one of those "educational type" songs designed for amusement. There are many short songs of this genre, including the following from North Carolina:

> Weasel and Rat, Mosquito and the Cat,
> Chicken and the Bumble-Bee;
> The old Baboon, the fuzzy little Coon—
> They all went wild but me.

Except for the names of animals there is no point to the various versions of this song. Four versions are given below.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 215; V, 124
Gardner (BSSM), 472
Ives (SA), 52
Seeger (3), 80
Winn (1), 41

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Animals (Version A)

Alligator, Hedgehog, Anteater, Bear,
Rattlesnake, Buffalo, Anaconda, Hare,
Bullfrog, Woodchuck, Wolverine, Goose,
Whippoorwill, Chipmunk, Jackel, Moose.

Version B

Mud-turtle, Whale, Glow-worm, Bat,
Salamander, Snail, Maltese Cat,
Black Squirrel, Loon, South Guinea hen,
Snow-white Dove, Caterpillar, Wren.

Version C

Polecat, Dog, Wild Otter, Rat,
Pelican, Hog, Dodo, Bat,

Eagle, Kingeron, Sheep, Duck Widgeon,
Conger, Armadillo, Beaver, Seal, Pigeon.

Version D

Reindeer, Blacksnake, Ibex, Nightingale,
Martin, Wild Drake, Crocodile, and Quail;
House rat, Tosrat, White bear, Doe,
Chickadee, Peacock, Bobolink, and Crow.

**********

## No. 65

ANIMAL TAILS
also known as

Old Raccoon
Raccoon and the Possum
The Raccoon Has a Bushy Tail
Raccoon's Got a Bushy Tail
Raccoon Wears a Bushy Tail
The Squirrel
The Squirrel Has a Bushy Tail
The Squirrel Is a Pretty Thing
Tails

This song probably began as a nursery rhyme in England, where it is known as The Squirrel. The identifying words of the version below which relates it unmistakably to other versions are "a bushy tail." To judge by the large number of songs in which the "bushy tail" expression appears, the terminology was very popular. A few of the songs to which the "bushy tail" lines have been added, are: Buckeyed Rabbit! Whoopee! in Talley, 175; Boil Dem Cabbage Down in Scarborough (NFS), 168; Do Come Along, Ole Sandy Boy in White, 451; Git Along Home, Cindy in Brown, III, 209 C; I Went To My Sweetheart's House in Scarborough (NFS), 166; Old Bee Make De Honeycomb in Scarborough (NFS), 165; De Possum Am A Cunning

Thing in Brown, III, 208; and Kitty, Caint You Come Along Too? in Randolph, II, 334. Like the "who will glove your hand" stanza, the "bushy tail" lines are apt to show up in any song suited to its structure, usually featuring a raccoon or a squirrel.
The two versions given below will demonstrate how the same concept is variated by folk singers.
For an unrelated Danish folk song called The Squirrel, see Hornby, 16.

REFERENCES

Brewster (BSI), 334
Brown, III, 208; V, 122
Davis (FSV), 319
Emrich (CBF), 33
Ford (TMA), 62
Ford (OTFM), 28
Scarborough (NFS), 166-170
Seeger (3), 15, 19
Sharp, II, 330-331
Talley, 5
White, 234-236
Yolen, 100-102

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Animal Tails (Version A: The Squirrel)

The squirrel is a pretty thing,
It sports a bushy tail;
It steals away the farmer's corn
And hearts it on the rail,
And hearts it on the rail.

The partridge is a pretty bird,
It has a speckled breast;
It steals away the farmer's grain
And takes it to its nest, etc.

The Possum is a cunning thing,
It travels after dark;
It feels no fear of any thing,
'Til dogs begin to bark, etc.

The raccoon's tail is ringed around,
The possum's tail is bare,
The rabbit's got no tail at all,
But sports a ball of hair, etc.

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Version B: The Raccoon

The raccoon has a bushy tail,
The possum's tail is bare,
The rabbit he just hops along
Without a tail to spare.

The turkey has a big fan tail,
The sparrow's tail is small,
The peacock's got a tail with eyes
That can't see things at all.

The bull-dog has a stubby tail,
The pig's is curled about,
The turtle has a skinny tail,
But seldom hangs it out.

The raccoon has a bushy tail,
And drags it on the ground,
The hound-dog has a long bare tail
And wags it all around.

**********

## No. 66

### ANNIE BREEN

This is one of those sentimental, melodramatic and frontier-based cowboy songs of which 19th century Americans were so fond. Author unknown. Tune varies from version to version.

REFERENCES

Finger (FB), 77-80
Johnson (BBLL), 13-14
Kennedy (AB), 68-69
Kennedy (TAB), 107-109
Lomax (CS-1938), 225-227

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Annie Breen

For all you men of Arkansas,
A song I now will sing
Of Annie Breen, from old Kentuck,
Who made the forest ring.
A sweeter girl, with sweeter voice,
No man did ever know;
And Annie loved a handsome lad
Whose name was Texas Joe.

At meetin', after prayers were said,
Sweet Ann sang clear and fine;
A stranger said, upon his knees,
"That girl she must be mine."
So arm in arm they both walked home
And wandered up and down,
Which caused the neighbors, who
loved Ann,
To shake their heads and frown.

He entered in and brought a stain
On Annie Breen's fair life;
He told her that he loved her well,
Would take her for his wife.
When Joe got wind how matters
stood,
His heart was like a stone;
Without a word of parting,
He went out to Texas all alone.

Before a year in a shallow grave
Lay Annie and her child,

And when poor Joe heard the news
It drove him almost wild.
He saddled up and he rode out,
And rode both long and fast;
And in Fort Smith he found the man
Who'd ruined Ann at last.

Words were spoke and shots were fired,
And Joe fell on the floor.
He said, "In spite of all that's been,
I love my Ann the more."
His face was white as driven snow,
His breath came gasping low;
He said, "My soul is clean,
And to my Maker it must go."

Before he closed his dimming eyes,
He said, "My work's not done."
And turning on his aching side,
He drew his faithful gun.
"You've done your mischief, stranger,
But from life you've got to part."
Joe's finger pressed the trigger
And he shot him through the heart.

**********

## No. 67

### ANNIE'S SIN
also known as

Andrew Lammie — Tifty's Nanny
Mill o Tiftie's Annie — The Trumpeter of Fyvie

An ancient English-Scottish ballad of love and family

brutality that did not gain the degree of acceptance in America it enjoyed in Britain. Christie, Jamieson, Motherwell, Scott, and many others, collected and remarked upon the ballad, but the only published work containing versions of it in the United States is Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads. A version of three stanzas was recovered in Nova Scotia by Mackenzie, and he reported "It is also in the following chapbook collections in the Harvard College Library: 25263.23, No. 13; 25252. 19." All versions tell a very brutal story: A young woman's family literally beats her to death because she dared to reveal her love for a poor man.

REFERENCES

Buchan (GSEI), 98, 197
Chambers (SB), 143
Child, IV, 300-308
Jamieson, I, 126. II, 382
Johnson (SMM), No. 175
Kinsley, 349-353
Mackenzie, 60
Motherwell (MAM), 239
Muir, 166-167
Whitelaw (BSB), 265-267

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Annie's Sin

In yonder town there lived a man
By the name of Justin Tanney;
He had a lovely daughter fair,
And her name was Annie.

Her bloom was like the signs of Spring,
That hails each new tomorrow;
She had a secret love affair
That caused her much sorrow.

Her father hired a working-man
Whose name was Andrew Lammie;
He had the art to gain the heart
Of pure, lovely Annie.

One night when all had gone to bed,
There was no sleep for Annie;
Love so oppressed her tender heart,
All for Andrew Lammie.

He came into fair Annie's room
And spoke of love so tender,
She gave to him her maidenhead
In love's painful splendor.

Oh, soon enough her father knew;
He cursed the name of Lammie,
Who had the art to gain the heart
Of his darling Annie.

Her father struck her many times,
Then likewise her own mother;
Her sister scorned fair Annie's name,
And then came her brother.

In jealous rage, with anger hot,
He struck his sister Annie;
He broke her back upon the stairs,
Cursing Andrew Lammie.

O mother dear, now make my bed,
And grieve no more for Annie;
For I will lie, and I will die
Loving Andrew Lammie.

Her father wept and now laments
The loss of lovely Annie;
He wished he had let her wed
Her love, Andrew Lammie.

You parents grave who children have,
Remember Justin Tanney:
If daughters sin with working men,
Think of lovely Annie.

**********

## No. 68

### APPRENTICE BOY I
also known as

Farewell, Lovely Polly
The Prentice Boy
The Prentice Boy's Love for Mary
The Prentice Boy's Love for Peggy, or Polly
The Sheffield Apprentice
The Sheffield Prentice

The story line of this ballad dates from Biblical days, when Joseph was falsely accused by his master's wife because he spurned her advances.
In this story, a serving-man rejects the love of his mistress and she, in an act of revenge, frames him as a thief.
American versions of this ballad differ considerably from those recovered in England and Ireland. A favorite of broadside publishers, the ballad was issued by Cadman, Catnach, De Marsan, Harkness, Pitts, Such, Walker, and others. Several of the broadside versions are on file at the Harvard College Library.

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Cambiaire, 80-81
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Christie, II, 67
Cox (FSS), 294-295
Creighton (FSNB), 45-46
Creighton (TSNS), 203-206
Davis (FSV), listed, 43
Dean, 18-19
Elton, 318
Flanders (VFSB), 94-96
Ford (BB), No. 3307
Gardner (BSSM), 71-72
Gillington (HFS), 14
Gray, 90-93
Greig, I, art. 45
Henry (FSSH), 183-184
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 164; XXXII, 499; XLV, 51
Jour (FSS), I, 200; II, 169
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 388
Kincaid No. 3, 18

Laws (AB), 5, 20, 57, 90, 245, 301
Leach, 316
Moore (BFSS), 163-165
Ord, 421-422
Peacock, III, 709-710
Quarterly (SFL), V, 139
Sharp (FSE), II, 44
Shearin (SR), XIX, 320
Songster (126), 244

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Apprentice Boy I

I hated my employer, altho' I served him well;
And I was quite determined no more with him to dwell.
I did not tell my parents when I up and ran away,
And headed straight for New York, where I hoped to stay.

I met a wealthy lady who said she lived quite near;
She offered me great wages to work for her a year.
And after much persuading, at last I did agree
To go with her to Holland and serve her faithfully.

We had not been in Holland a month or two or three,
When I began to notice that she was fond of me;
She offered gold and silver, she offered house and land,
If I'd agree to marry and live at her command.

I said, "My honored lady, my heart has been betrayed,
And I'm in love with Polly, your sweet and lovely maid.
I promised her we'd marry, and I took a solemn oath—
You know, dear honored lady, I cannot wed you both!"

I did not see her anger until she'd turned away;
She swore she'd have revenge before another day!
A gold ring from her finger—and believe me, it's no lie—
She slipped into my pocket, and for this I must die.

I swore that I was innocent, but all to no avail;
She swore that I was guilty, so they locked me in jail.
The judge did not believe me, and said that I must die.
Now I must face the hangman because she told a lie.

**********

## No. 69

### APPRENTICE BOY II
also known as

As Down in Cupid's Garden
The Constant Farmer's Son
Covent Garden
Cupid's Garden
Down in Covent Garden
Prentice Boy
Printice Boy
Way Down in Cupid's Garden

This ballad, like the previous one, is sometimes confused with The Bramble Briar (see in MB), and for the same reason: versions of all three are sometimes known under identical titles. A related ballad is The Lady and the Prentice, a version of which may be seen in Baring-Gould (SW), No. 107.
One of the common titles is Down in Cupid's Garden, but the ballad below is not related to others known by that title (see Finest Flower in MB).

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Chappell (FSRA), 125-126
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Johnson (PBB), II, 246
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 363
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Mackenzie, 88-89
Manny, 276-278
Pound, 74-76
Pound (SFSN), IV, No. 3
Randolph, I, 429-431
Shearin (SKFS), 11

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Songster (12), 79
Songster (37), XVII, 17
Songster (49), 154-155
Songster (61), 197-198
Songster (84) 224-225
Thomas (CAB), No. 216.

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Apprentice Boy II

All thro' the city garden one evening I did walk;
I saw two lovers strolling and listened to their talk.
She was a high-born lady and he an apprentice boy,
But in private they were lovers and he was all her joy.

He said, "My dearest lady, I'm just a prentice boy.
How could I now or ever your lovely charms enjoy?"
With cheeks as red as roses, her nature kind and free,
She said, "If ever I do wed, my husband you shall be."

When her parents heard of it, her father took a hand;
He had her lover banished unto a foreign land.
She faced them broken-hearted and told them with a cry:
"Without my darling prentice, a maiden I shall die!"

He was consigned to London and to a merchant bound,
And by his own endeavors a fortune there he found;
And then he sailed to Boston, securing greater fame,
And by his careful conduct a richer man became.

He soon sailed back to London, but now no longer bound,
Of wealth he had a plenty, at least nine thousand pound.
With store of gold and silver, he packed his clothes with speed,
And went to seek his lady, to satisfy his need.

He offered kind embraces but she refused his arms:
"No lord, or duke, or merchant shall e'er enjoy my charms!"

He said, "My dearest lady, you once were in my arms,
Way down in Covent Garden I did embrace your charms."

She then beheld his features and flew into his arms,
With kisses without measure she did enjoy his charms;
And then next morning early a road to church was found,
And there this couple's pleasure became in wedlock bound.

**********

## No. 70

### APPRENTICE BOY III

also known as

The New York Apprentice Boy  Prentice Boy to a New York Trader
Prentice Boy

This song is apparently a "take-off" on older ballads dealing with the same subject. The only version of this ballad that I've seen in print is in Creighton (SBNS), 304-305.
This ballad is not related to the English ballad of like title, The New York Trader, or The Guilty Sea Captain, versions of which can be seen in Ashton (MSB), 268; Mackenzie, 241 & (QB), 155; Peacock, II, 396; and Williams (FSUT), 265.

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Apprentice Boy III

To a New York trader I do belong,
To sail the sea around and round;
I had not sailed a league but one
When I fell in love with a young woman.

Tag Chorus

Whack fal lal I day,
Whack fal lal I day.

And to my captain I then did go
And told him my sad grief and woe:
"I love a girl as I love my life,—
Oh! what I'd give if she'd be my wife!"

"Begone, you foolish and simple boy!
To love a girl you can ne'er enjoy—
For she has sweethearts on land and sea,
And she'll be married before you're free."

"Oh, never mind. I'll go and try;
Perhaps she might but fancy I.
Perhaps she might but fancy I,
Altho' I am but a prentice boy."

My shipmates and I we did agree
To go ashore and have a spree;
And to dance with me she was not shy,
And toss off a glass with her prentice
boy.

I bought her ribbons, I bought her gloves,
And safe conveyed them unto my love;
And in taking them she showed such joy,
Altho' they came from a prentice boy.

Now come all you prentices, where e'er
you be,
Never flirt your love in low degree;
But love that girl as you love your life,
And when you're leaving make her your
wife.

**********

## No. 71

### THE ARGONAUTS
### also known as
### The Song of the Argonauts

One of many songs from the California gold fields. For a considerably longer text, see Dwyer, 195.

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The Argonauts — Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Fresh laurel-wreaths we bring today,
To crown the Patriarch,
Whose hand unchained the golden ore
In gulch and canyon dark.

Oh, Pioneer! your name we still
In all our hearts enshrine:
God's blessings rest upon thy head,
Dear friend of auld lang syne.

No female voice with cheering words
Was heard in mine or camp;
The miner fed on grizzly meat
And had a knot-pine lamp.

But changes have been taking place
Since days of 'Forty-nine;
The miner dwells in comfort now,
And kneels at woman's shrine.

We are a band of argonauts
From old Eureka State!
By some the golden fleece was found,
And others mourned their fate.

We digged in gulch and delved in mine,
From morn till sinking sun,
With aching limbs and moistened brows—
But perseverance won!

**********

## No. 72

### ARGYLE AND AIRLIE
also known as

The Bonnie Hoose o' Earlie
The Bonnie House of Airlie
Lady Ogalbie
The Plundering of Arley
Prince Charlie
The Sacking of Arlee

A broadside version of this English ballad was issued in 1790, but the ballad is much older than the broadside. To begin with, the event described in the text occurred in 1640, the year the Puritans began to destroy property belonging to the militant followers of Prince Charles. It is not likely that a song would have been written about events more than a hundred years old.

Although the action described in this ballad is historical, the description does not always correspond to what actually happened. The Earl of Airlie was one of the more famous militants on behalf of the King, but he was far away when the Duke of Argyle, acting under a commission from the Committee of Estates, led his forces against the Castle of Airlie and sacked the estate. The defiance and scorn of the lady, as described in the ballad, are also pure invention. She was not present when the castle was destroyed.

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Child, IV, 54; V, 252
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Cox (FSS), 128-129
Creighton (TSNS), 70-71
Finlay, II, 25
Flanders, III, 191-192
Fuson, 123-125

Gardner (BSSM), 209-210
Greig & Keith, 123
Hogg, II, 152
Houseman, 212-213
Kinloch (ASB), 104
Kinsley, 614-616
Leach (BB), 537-538
MacColl & Seeger, 89-91
Moore (BFSS), 95-97
Muir, 92-94
Ord, 470
Quiller-Couch, 705-707
Sanders, 130-131
Sharpe (BB), 59

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Argyle and Airlie

'Twas long, long ago, on a bonny summer day,
When corn was green and mellow,
There arose a dreadful, terrible fight
Between Argyle and Airlie.

The Earl of Argyle and five hundred men
Began to march quite early;
He led them down by bonny Dunkeld,
To raze the house of Airlie.

The Lady Ogalbee stood in her tower,
And she grew pale and weary;
For there she saw the great Argyle,
Who came to plunder Airlie.

"Come down, my lady, come down," he called,
"Come down and kiss me fairly."
"Before I'd have your lips on mine,
I'll perish here at Airlie!"

"You may tell it to your lord," said he,
"Yes, tell it to Lord Airlie——
That just one kiss from your sweet lips
And I'd have spared all Airlie."

"I've one request, Argyle," she said,
"And pray you grant it fairly;
Take me where I may hide my face—
Spare me the fires of Airlie."

He led her to the highest hill,
And, Oh! but she looked weary;
He made her stand and view the land,
To face the fires of Airlie!

"Were John at home," the lady said,
"Instead of with Prince Charlie,
Not you nor any Scottish lord
Would dare set foot on Airlie!

"There's seven sons all born to me,
And let me say quite clearly:
If I were blest with as many more,
I'd beg them fight for Charlie!"

**********

## No. 73

### THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

This piece is known primarily as a fiddle tune and it is still popular around the nation. The tune was so popular in America during the 19th century that it was even dramatized for the stage. For a complete script of a local school production, see Ford (TMA), 188-192. For opening scenes of the play, Kit the Arkansas Traveller, see Cox (FSS), 503. A sheet music version, together with dialogue, was published in the 1850s by Blodgett & Bradford, Buffalo, N. Y.; it was later reprinted in The Arkansas Traveller's Song-Book (New York, N. Y., c. 1864), p. 5. For an interesting study of the piece, see H. C. Mercer's "On Track of 'The Arkansas Traveler'" in Century Magazine, vol. 51, No. 5 (March, 1896), 707-712.

For a similar song sometimes known by the same title, see The State of Arkansas in this Master Book.

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Berger, 19-20
Botkin (AFL), 346-349
Brown, III, 381-382
Cox (FSS), 503-505
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Ford (OTFM), 22
Ford (TMA), 46
Henry (FSSH), 361-362
Levy, 331-332
Loesser, 54-57
Lomax (ABFS), 267-271
Luther, 147-148
Masterson, 359
Randolph, III, 22-25
Ryan, 100
Shaw, 390
Shoemaker (MMP), 250
Silverman, I, 14

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The Arkansas Traveler

Oh, once upon a time in Arkansas,
An old man sat in his little cabin door,
And fiddled at a tune that he liked to hear;
A jolly old tune that he played by ear.
It was raining hard, but the fiddler didn't care,
He saw'd away at the popular air,
Tho' his roof tree leaked like a waterfall,
That didn't seem to bother the man at all.

A traveler came riding by that day,
And stopped to listen to the old man play.
The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet,
And yet the old man didn't seem to fret.
So the stranger said, "Now the way it seems to me,
You'd better mend your roof," said he.
But the old man said, as he play'd away:
"I couldn't mend it on such a rainy day."

The traveler replied, "That's all quite true,
But this, I think, is the thing for you to do:

Get busy on a day that is fair and bright,
Then patch the old roof till it's good and
tight."
But the old man kept on a-playing at his reel,
And tapped the ground with his leathery heel.
"Get along," said he, "for you give me a pain!
My dang roof never leaks when it doesn't rain."

**********

## No. 74

### ARMS OF LOVE I
also known as

At the Back o' Bennachie
Bolts and Locks
I Dreamed Last Night of
My True Love
I Dreamed of My True Love,
or Lover
The Lass o' Bennachie
Last Night As I Dreamed of
My True Love
Locks and Bolts
Love Laughs at Locksmiths
An Old Love Song
Rainbow Willow
Sweet William
The Vain Dreamer

According to Christie, the story of this old ballad "is supposed to refer to the return of Ensign Knight to claim Miss Erskine of Pittodrie as his bride." According to Brewster, "It is probably descended from or at least is related to the Pepys broadside of A Constant Wife, Part I (Rollins, II, 201)." Arnold says, "It is related to Child No. 7," which is Earl Brand. But Randolph thought the ballad derived "from a Scottish song known as The Lass of Bennochie," a version of which is in Ord, 438-439. Randolph's opinion is supported by MacColl & Seeger and several other collectors. Although many differing versions have been recovered and

published in the United States, all of them tell the same story essentially, including the A and B versions given below.

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Belden (BS), 168-169
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Chase (AFTS), 132-133
Christie, I, 36, 57
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Davis (FSV), 91
Downes, 37-39, 42-43
Ebsworth (RB), I, 599
Edwards (CHSB), 27
Emrich (FAL), 544
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Greig, I, No. 8
Henry (FSSH), 253-255
Hubbard, 137-138
Jour (AFL), XLV, 100; XLIX, 236; LII, 13
Jour (EFDS), IV, 180-181; IX, 192-193
Jour (FSS), V, 114
Karpeles (EFS), I, 346-348
Kennedy, 362
Laws M 13, 186
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Moore (BFSS), 209-210
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Owens (TFS), 54
Randolph, I, 413-414
Rollins (PB), II, 201
Sandburg (AS), 149
Scarborough (SC), 115-116
Scott (BA), 39-40
Sharp, II, 17-19

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Arms of Love I (Version A)

Last night I dreamed of my true love,
And in my arms I held her;
Her pretty yellow hair, in strands of gold,
Were dangling 'round my pillow.

One day I went to her father's house
And inquired for my darling;
They said to me, "There's no such here,"
Which filled my heart with sorrow.

She heard my voice and called to me,
She called out from the window:

"My love, I'd like to be with you,
But locks and bolts do hinder."

I stood awhile in deep despair,
And then I lost my temper;
My anger grew, my sword I drew,
And swore that room I'd enter.

Her uncle and some other men
Were quick to leap and follow;
They said before she'd go with me,
In my own blood I'd wallow.

Then doors and windows fell apart,
And locks and bolts did shatter;
To lock a heart away from love
Is quite a serious matter.

Some blood was shed, and some my own,
But they could never hold her;
And she is such a bonny bride,
My arms of love enfold her.

---

VERSION B

I fell in love with a country lass,
While she herded family cattle;
But her father he did me betray,
And he sent me off to battle.

I fought in hill, I fought in dale,
And over dykes and valleys;
When peace arrived, I went home
A-lookin' for my dearie.

When I got down to her father's house,
I asked about my dearie;
They all told me no such was there
And made my heart grow weary.

My own true love had heard my voice
And called from her high window:
"Love, here I am, but I cannot come
Till locks and keys are sundered."

I stood awhile, in a fretful way,
And being in angry passion,
My temper flew and my sword I drew,
And soon locks and keys were sundered.

I hacked and cut with an angry hand,
Till the locked dorr was not a bother;
I took my true love by the hand
And my broadsword in the other.

Her uncle and her father's men
Were too scared to follow after;
I told them all to come and fight,
And taunted them with laughter.

I've been out where the bullets flew,
Where the cannons loudly rattle,
But it's at the back of Bennachie
That I fought my greatest battle.

**********

## No. 75

### ARMS OF LOVE II

also known as

Daughter in the Dungeon
My Faithful Servant Man
Since Love Can Enter an Iron Door

The story theme of this ballad is the same as that of the foregoing song, Arms of Love I. It is the kind of story that fascinated ballad-makers over the three centuries. Even longer. As Helen Flanders reminded us,

"The motif of the father who guards his daughter from possible suitors, unwisely and not too well, is as old as Ovid's story of Danae and as new as The Barrets of Wimpole Street." The exact age of this ballad is not known, but it certainly predates 1840. We know this because there is a Catnach broadside, and Catnach was in business, in London, between 1813 and 1838.

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Flanders (NGMS), 17-19
Jour (FSS), I, 220; II, 97
Karpeles (EFS), I, 343
Laws M 15, 187
Peacock, II, 590-591

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Arms of Love II

There was a maiden so fair and handsome,
I tell to you as I have been told;
On the banks of Shannon, near a lofty
mountain,
Her father stored a vault of gold.

Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and features were fair and grand;
On the edge of folly was her loving nature,
She fell in love with a servant man.

As Mary Ann and her love were walking,
Her father saw them and closer drew;
And as the two were together talking,
The father's rage it grew and grew.

To build a dungeon was his intention.
To part the lovers he contrived a plan;
He swore an oath too vile to mention—
He'd part her from her servant man.

He built the dungeon of brick and mortar,
And built it deeply underground;
The food he gave her was bread and water—
The only cheer that for her was found.

When Edward learned of her habitation,
All so well secured by an iron door,
He vowed in spite of all the nation
To gain her freedom or rest no more.

He took his leisure and toiled with pleasure,
To gain the freedom of Mary Ann;
He sought his love and gained her favor—
She cried, "My faithful servant man!"

Sweet Mary Ann and her love got married,
And took their vows by God above;
He gained his sweetheart, she found her
treasure,
And now they live in the arms of love.

**********

## No. 76

### ARNOLD AT QUEBEC
also known as
Arnold Is As Brave A Man

Canadian-Loyalist song, published with this comment: "Written at Quebec soon after the late siege thereof." The historical background concerns General Eichard Montgomery, who led American rebel troops in a campaign against the British in Canada.
Montgomery's forces captured Fort St. John, where, incidently, he took Major Andre prisoner (see John Paulding and Major Andre in this MB). Montgomery pressed on, finally occupying Quebec. In the meantime, General Washington sent Benedict Arnold to lead a

diversionary force through Maine. Arnold and Montgomery joined forces and attacked Quebec. Arnold was wounded, Montgomery was killed. The British took more than 300 prisoners. The remaining rebel troops struggled homeward, taking the injured Arnold with them.
For another version of this song, see Brand (S-76), 55.

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Arnold At Quebec — Tune: Yankee Doodle

Arnold is as brave a man
As ever dealt in horses;
He now commands a hungry clan
Of New England jackasses.

Chorus
Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

With sword and spear Arnold vows
Old Quebec shall be taken;
But if he'd be advised by me,
He'd turn and save his bacon!

The other day he did assay
To do some execution,
But he saw fit to run away—
For lack of resolution.

So thus, my friends, we are the best
By all those damn'd invaders!
No greater villains ever met
Than those damn Yankee raitors!

**********

## No. 77

### A-ROVING

also known as

Amsterdam
The Amsterdam Maid
I'll Go No More A-Roving
Maid of Amsterdam

This is one of those "full circle" songs so often discussed by collectors and song-tracers: It began on shore, went out to sea, and then returned again to shore. Sailors sang the song as a capstan shanty and, perhaps, as a forecastle piece, but its popularity among landlubbers was even greater.
For a version from a Dutch or Flemish source, see: De Meysges van het Eykenhout in Flommond van Duyse's Het Oude Nederlandsche Lied, II (1905), pp. 979-980. Van Duyse got it from Chants Populaires des flamands de France, by De Coussemaker, p. 380.

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Davis (SSC), 68-69
Doerflinger, 56-58
Emrich (FAL), 443-444
Farnsworth, 100-101
Finger (FB), 156-157
Grainger, No. 153
Hugill (1), 48-51
Hugill (2), 167-170
Ives (SA), 70-71
Ives (SB), 130, 114
Johnson (BBLL), 32-33
Jour (FSS), II, 245
King, 23
Leisy, 12-13
Leisy (LAS), 66
Leisy (SPS), 176-177
Linscott, 125-126
Luce, 226
Masefield (SG), 366
Meloney, 7
Most (PCS), 68
Patterson (SA), 177
Robinson, 38

Samson, 12
Scott (FSS), 8
Sharp (EFC-2), 28-29
Shay (ASSC), 80-81
Shay (IMWS), 80
Silverman, II, 274
Terry, II, 6, 8
Trevine, 2
Trident, 88-89
Waite, 96
Whall (SSS), 58

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A-Roving (Version A)

In New York town I met a maid—
Mark well what I do say!
In New York town I met a maid,
And overnight with her I stayed.
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid!

Chorus

A-roving, a-roving, a-roving's been my ru-i-in!
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid!

I took this maid out for a walk—
Mark well what I do say!
I took this maid out for a walk;
Of love and bed we had a talk,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid!

Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were brown—
Mark well what I do say!
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were brown,
And she dressed in a flimsy gown.
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid!

I took her out and spent my pay—
Mark well what I do say!
I took her out and spent my pay,
Then each of us went our own way.
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid!

---

VERSION B

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
Now mark you what I say:
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade.
I'll go no more a-roving with you,
fair maid.

Chorus

A-roving, a-roving, a-roving's been my ru-i-in!
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid!

I put my hand upon her knee,
Now mark you what I say:
I put my hand upon her knee;
She said, "Young man, you're rather free!
I'll go no more, etc.

I put my hand upon her thigh,
Now mark you what I say;
I put my hand upon her thigh;
She said, "Young man, you're rather high!"
I'll go no more, etc.

I rolled her over on her back,
Now mark you what I say:
I rolled her over on her back,
And thought the goddamn bed would crack!
I'll go no more, etc.

When she had got my whole year's pay,
Now mark you what I say:
When she had got my whole year's pay,
She slipped her anchor and sailed away!
I'll go no more, etc.

**********

## No. 78

### THE ARTILLEREE
also known as
With the Dirt Behind Their Ears

This is a soldier song that, according to Dolph, is claimed by both the infantry and the artillery. It also does duty in other brances of the U. S. military services. The version below is from Dolph, 38-39.

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The Artilleree

The Artilleree, the Artilleree,
With the dirt behind their ears!
The Artilleree, the Artilleree,
Can drink their weight in beers!
The Doughboys and the Cavalry,
And even the Engineers,
They couldn't lick the Artilleree
In a hundred thousand years!

**********

## No. 79

### THE ASHLAND TRAGEDY

This song describes an actual crime committed at Ashland, Ky., in 1833. Bobby and Fanny Gibbons were left in the care of a neighbor girl, Emma Carico. Three workers from a nearby mill—George Ellis, Ellis Craft and William Neal—came to Carico's house and killed Bobby, a cripple, because he knew and recognized them. Then they raped and murdered the two girls. To conceal their crimes, the three men set fire to the house. Later, George Ellis confessed and implicated the other two men.

According to John Harrington Cox, George Ellis was

hanged by a mob, and the other two, having been tried and found guilty, were hanged by the sheriff. Other reports have it that all three men were tried and convicted, that Ellis went to prison and Neal and Craft were hanged at Grayson, Ky., in 1884.
For an entirely different song about the same crime, see The Ashland Tragedy in Thomas (BMMK), 160-162.

REFERENCES

Burt, 57-59 Cox (FSS), 189-191 Thomas (BMMK), 156

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The Ashland Tragedy

Oh, people of Kentucky,
Come listen while I sing
About the Ashaland tragedy,
Which was a terrible thing.
'Twas in the town of Ashland,
All in the dead of night,
This vile crime was committed,
But soon it came to light.

The men who did the awful deed
Were Ellis, Craft and Neal;
They thought the crime was hidden,
And would not be revealed.
But Ellis was too frightened
And could not bear the pain;
To his friends a-trembling
He confessed the horrid stain.

He said that Craft, the leader,
He had an iron heart;
He caused those lovely children
From this world to depart.

George may be innocent,
But from what Ellis had to tell
The crime that he committed
Will send his soul to hell!

He dragged poor Emma from her bed
And threw her on the floor;
He crushed her skull with a bar,
And reveled in the gore.
Then Craft he stood and did likewise,
And killed the other two;
And when their forms lay cold and dead,
He said, "What shall we do?"

Then Major Allen brought the hounds;
They did their work quite well—
They chased the fiends for days and days,
Where e'er they tried to dwell.
All night the baying of the hounds
Was heard throughout the town,
Until the fiends were caught at last:
To hell their souls are bound!

They took them to Mount Sterling,
Where folks rate themselves so high;
They say they believe in justice,
But don't want these fiends to die.
To hear them talk you would think
They forgot they have children too;
But if they don't uphold the law,
What will their children do?

**********

## No. 80

### AT THE CLEAR WATER FOUNTAIN
also known as

A La Claire Fontaine By the Clear Water Fountain

French explorers brought this song to North America, and it remained with the French settlers. According to Ernest Gagnon, in 1865, the song was so popular that it had been accepted as the unofficial anthem of French Canada. And, in time, the song was also sung by the inhabitants of New Orleans, Vincennes, St. Louis, and other French settlements in territories that became a part of the United States.

### REFERENCES

Barbeau (FSOQ), 40-41
Barbeau (JSOQ), 91-96
Bikel (FF), 18-19
Fowke (FSC), 134-135
Gagnon, 1-3, 285
Gibbon, 10-12
Shekerjian, 78-79
Silverman, I, 273
Tiersot (SP), 6-13

---

At the Clear Water Fountain

At the clear water fountain,
As I watched one fine day,
The water look'd so cool
That I bathed without delay.

Many a year I've loved you,
And in my heart you will always stay.

So clear I found the water,
I bathed without delay;
Beneath a shady oak tree
I passed the time away.

Beneath a shady oak tree
I passed the time away;
And from the leafy branches
A singing bird did play.

And from the leafy branches
A singing bird did play.
Sing, nightingale, keep singing!
Let every song be gay.

Sing, nightingale, keep singing!
Let every song be gay.
You have no cares or worries,
But I must weep today.

You have no cares or worries
But I must weep today,
For I have lost my true love,
And in a foolish way.

For I have lost my true love,
And in a foolish way—
Because of blood-red roses
Which I had picked that day.

Because of blood-red roses
Which I had picked that day.
When I would not give her one,
She turned and walked away.

I'd give the roses gladly,
To have her back today;
But she is gone forever,
Or so I heard her say.

**********

## No. 81

### AT THE END OF TIME
also known as
Gabriel's Trumpet's Gonna Blow

This pre-Civil War spiritual is one of the large number sung by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. The version below is from Marsh (SJS), 195.

---

At the End of Time

Gabriel's trumpet's gonna blow,
Bye an' bye, bye an' bye,
Gabriel's trumpet's gonna blow,
At the end of time.

Will you be ready to go,
Bye an' bye, bye an' bye?
Oh, will you be ready to go
At the end of time?

My Lord will say to Gabriel,
Bye an' bye, bye an' bye:
Soon be time to blow that trumpet,
At the end of time.

He'll wake the sleeping nations,
Bye an' bye, bye an' bye.
But will you sinners be ready
At the end of time?

Oh, sinner, what will you do
Bye an' bye, bye an' bye?
God's gonna call you to Him
At the end of time!

**********

## No. 82

### AULD LANG SYNE
also known as

For Auld Lang Syne
Old Acquaintance
Should Old Acquaintance
Be Forgot

This old Scottish is known and sung everywhere in the English-speaking world. Due to its availability in print, the song has been largely ignored by collectors of folk material. The tune has been borrowed time and time again, and it also played at country dances by old-time fiddlers. However, the air was taken from an older Scottish song, I Fee'd A Lad At Michaelmas; and Auld Lang Syne is merely one of many songs set to it. The words, often attributed to Robert Burns, can be traced back through a series of broadsides to the latter part of 1600. Burns merely wrote the second and third stanzas of the song as it is sung today.
The phrase "auld lang syne" was current during the reign of England's Charles I, and had the same meaning then as now: "old long since."

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 37
Chamberlain, 330
Chapple (HS), 10
Ditson (GOS-1), 113
Elson, 39
Ford (TMA), 44
Gilbert (100), 23
Hopekirk, 128-131
Johnson (FS), 7-8
Knight, 223
Leisy (LAS), 106
Luther, 64, 215, 224
Macfarren, 34-35
Mackenzie (SH), 25-26
Most (PCS), 96
Oberndorfer, 44
Shay (DFW), 160-161
Silverman (15), 69
Songs (15), 69
Songster (10), 29-30
Staton, 12
Thomson (OC), I, 66-67
Wier (SWWS), 26
Winn (2), 216-217

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha's run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd many a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

**********

No. 83

AUNT JEMIMA'S PLASTER
also known as
Bees Wax Sheepskin and Beeswax

This song was introduced on the minstrel stage and, according to Frank C. Brown, it was first known as Bees Wax. Dan Emmett, author-composer of Dixie and other famous songs, featured this piece in his act. Sheet music was issued by J. Andrews, New York, N. Y.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 628-629
Colcord, 44
Cox (FSWV), 63-64
Cox (TBFV), 183
Hudson (FTM), 39
McCaskey, VIII, 124
Randolph, III, 153
Trifet (3-1892), 241

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## Aunt Jemima's Plaster

Aunt Jemima she was old,
But very kind and clever;
She had a notion of her own
That she would marry never.
She vowed she'd live and die in peace,
Avoiding all disaster,
And made her living day by day
By selling of her plaster.

Chorus

Sheepskin and beeswax
Made the mighty plaster;
The more you tried to pull it off,
The more it stuck the faster.

She had a sister very tall
But still she kept on growing;
She might have been a giant now—
In fact there is no knowing.
All of a sudden she became
Of her own height the master;
And all because upon her head
She clapped Jemima's plaster.

Aunt Jemima went to church
Because she was a sinner;
She put a plaster on her head
And threw herself out the window.
Aunt Jemima went to town
On a load of peaches;
She put a plaster on her head,
And now she can't reach her breeches!

**********

## No. 84

## AURA LEE
## also known as
## Aura Lea

This is an example of "commercial Popular Song" circa 1864. The song had appeal exteneding beyond the printed page because it survived quite nicely through oral transmission and in the 1950s the tune was used, note for note, for an Elvis Presley recording, Love Me Tender. The original composer, G. R. Poulton, was ignored; he was not given credit by Presley or his publisher for his melodic contribution. The words to Aura Lee were written by W. W. Fosdick.

### REFERENCES


Agay (2), 137
Armitage, 51
Best, 71
Chamberlain, 311
Chapple (HS), 399
Glass (SS-2), 220-221
Leisy (LAS), 106-107
Leisy (SPS), 140
Luther, 250
Most (PCS), 15
Silverman, I, 144
Songs (15), 77
Staton, 13


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Aura Lee

As the blackbird in the spring, 'neath the Willow tree,
Sat and piped, I heard him sing, singing Aura Lee.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, maid with the golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

Aura Lee, the bird may flee, the Willow's golden hair
Swing through winter fitfully, on the stormy air;
Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart,
For to me, sweet Aura Lee is sunshine in my heart.

When the mistletoe was green 'midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in the face was seen, kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, take thy golden ring;
Love and light return with thee, and swallows in the
Spring.

**********

## No. 85

### AURORE BRADAIRE
also known as
Aurore Pradère

Creole song with several Afro-American versions in almost constant circulation. Except for the books named below in which versions appear, no reliable information concerning this song is available.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 110, 168
Brewer, 185
Krehbiel, 122-123
Lomax (ABFS), 220-221
Scarborough (NFS), 121

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Aurore Bradaire (Creole Version A)

Aurore Bradaire belle ti fille,
Aurore Bradaire belle ti fille,
Aurore Bradaire belle ti fille,
C'est li ma oulé, c'est li ma pren.
Pas mandé soulier prinelle,
C'est li mo oulé, c'est li man pren.

---

English Version A

Aurore Bradaire, pretty maid, (3)
She is what I want, and her I'll have.

---

CREOLE VERSION B

Ya moun qui dit li trop zolie,
Ya noun qui dit li pas polie;
Tout ça ya dit (Sia!) bin fou bin,
C'est li mo oulé, c'est li ma pren.

---

Afro-American Version C

Some say that she's too pretty, quite,
Some folks they say she's not polite;
All this they say—no fool am I,
But she's what I want, and her I'll have.

**********

No. 86

THE AVONDALE MINE
also known as

The Avondale Disaster
The Avondale Mine Disaster
The Mines of Avondale

This is one of the several ballads written about a mine disaster in Pennsylvania. The Avondale coal mine had only one outlet, and that was the shaft which was filled with smoke and fire on the morning of September 6, 1869. Trapped in the depths of the mine were 108 men and boys, all of whom were killed.
For a different song about the same disaster, see The Avondale Disaster in Korson (MMP), 191-193.
The words of the song below are credited to James Fox.

REFERENCES

Friedman, 307-309
Gardner (BSSM), 298-300
Greenleaf, 123-124
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 112-115
Korson (MMP), 189-191
Korson (PSL), 386, 388

Korson (SBAM), 136-139
Laws (NAB), 208
Leach (BB), 783-785
Lomax (FSNA), 130-131
Shoemaker (MMP), 212-213

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The Avondale Mine

Good Christians all, both great and small,
I pray you lend an ear,
And listen with attention,
For the truth you now shall hear.
When you hear this lamentation,
It may cause you to weep and wail;
It's of the suffocation
In the mines at Avondale.

On the sixth day of September,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine,
Those miners all then got a call
To go to work in the mine.
But little did they think that day
That death would gloom the vale
Before they would return again
From the mines of Avondale.

The women and the children,
Their hearts were filled with joy,
To see the men go work again,
And likewise every boy.
But a dismal sight in broad daylight
Soon made them turn pale;
For they saw the breaker burning
O'er the mines of Avondale.

From here and there, and everywhere,
They gathered in a crowd,
Some tearing off their clothes and hair,
And crying out aloud:
"Get out our husbands and our sons,
Death he's going to steal

Their lives away without delay
In the mines of Avondale."

But all in vain, there was no hope
One single soul to save,
For their is no second outlet
From the subterranean cave.
No pen can write the awful fright
And horror that did prevail
Among those dying victims
In the mines of Avondale.

A consultation then was held,
'Twas asked who'd volunteer
To go down in that dismal shaft,
To seek their comrades dear.
Two Welshmen brave without dismay,
And courage without fail,
Went down the shaft without delay,
In the mines of Avondale.

When at the bottom they arrived,
And thought to make their way,
One of them died for the want of air,
While the other in great dismay
Gave them a sign to hoist him up,
To tell the dreadful tale,
That all were lost forever
In the mines of Avondale.

Now to conclude, and make an end,
Their number I'll pen down:
One hundred and ten brave stout men
Were smothered underground.
They're in their graves till the last day,
Their widows may bewail,
And the orphans' cries they reach the skies
All around through Avondale.

**********

## No. 87

### AWAY DOWN EAST

This is another of those songs that went from print into the folk-stream, and survived for years through oral transmission. The song was featured on concert stages by the famous Hutchinson Family after its publication in the first part of the 19th century. For a cowboy-type adaptation, see Out West in Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 11.

### REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 843 Jordan, 185 Linscott, 158

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Away Down East

There's a famous, fabled country
Never seen by mortal eyes,
Where the pumpkins are a-growing
And the sun is said to rise,
Where man does not inhabit,
Neither reptile, bird nor beast.
But one thing we're assured of:
It's away down East!

It is called the land of notions,
Of apple sauce and greens,
A paradise of pumpkin pies,
A land of pork and beans.
But where it is no one knows,
Neither mortal man nor beast,
But one thing we're assured of:
It's away down East.

Once a man in Indiana
Took his bundle in his hand,
And he came to New York City,
To seek this fabled land.

But now he stares on learning—
What is new to him at least—
That this famous, fabled country
Is much farther East!

**********

## No. 88

### AWAY, RIO!

also known as

Bound For the Rio Grande
Rio Grande
We're Bound For, or To the Rio Grande
Were You Ever in Rio Grande?

This song, commonly referred to as a capstan or windlass shanty, is of uncertain age. Some authorities think it was created sometime during the War with Mexico, when Yankee ships sailed all the oceans. Others suspect the song is older, dating back to the 18th century. Whatever the truth may be, Away, Rio! remains one of the better known shanties, both at sea and on land.

### REFERENCES

Adams, 320
Baltzer, I, 80
Beck (FLM), 197-198
Beckett, 2-3
Best, 129
Bone, 114-115
Botkin (WFL), 732
Boughton, 78
Bradford, 12-13
Bullen & Arnold, 13
Carmer (SRA), 181-182
Chapple (HS), 451
Colcord, 35, 86
Davis (SSC), 6-7
Doerflinger, 64-66
Downes, 90-91, 98-99
Dunstan, 2-3
Emrich (FAL), 447-448
Finger (SCCS), 12-13
Glass (SS-1), 14-15
Harlow (MS), 321
Harper's (7/1882), 285
Hugill (1), 90-94
Hugill (2), 145-147

Ives (SB), 132
Jour (FSS), V, 306
King, 17
Leisy (LAS), 76-77
Leisy (SPS), 181
Linscott, 146-148
Lloyd (FSE), 311-312
Lomax (ABFS), 488-489
Mackenzie, 268, 402
Masefield (SG), 320
Masefield (SS), 64
Meloney, 9
Patterson (SA), 217
Robinson, 69
Samson, 2
Scott (FSS), 14
Sharp (EFC-2), 24
Shay (ASSC), 21-23
Shay (IMWS), 1-7
Siegmeister, 14-15
Silber (HSB), 70
Silverman, II, 273
Smith (BOS), 18-19
Smith (MW), 10, 51
Terry, I, 4-5
Trevine, 6-7
Trident, 114-115
Whall (SSS), 54
Williams (SFS), 8
Wood, II, 72

---

Away, Rio!

Oh, say! were you ever in Rio Grande?
'Way you Rio!
Oh, say! did you ever see such a land?
We're away to the Rio Grande!

Chorus

Away, you Rio! Away, you Rio!
Sing fare you well, my pretty girls,
For we're bound to the Rio Grande!

Oh, Johnny came over the other day!
'Way you Rio!
Oh, Johnny came over to get his pay!
We're away to the Rio Grande!

We whupped ol' Santa an' sent him home!
'Way you Rio!
Now hills and valleys are free to roam!
Were away to the Rio Grande!

The girls out West are long and tall!
'Way you Rio!
I'll do my best to love 'em all!
We're away to Rio Grande!

**********

## No. 89

### AWFUL! AWFUL! AWFUL!
also known as

Death Is A Melancholy Call
Death, What A Solemn Call
The Dying Youth
The Lost Youth
Oh, My Soul! My Soul!
The Sinner's Warning

Recognition of eternal punishment at the time of death is a theme found in many songs, including this one. Other songs of this type have been around much longer, but the main point—certain punishment for a life of sin—is the same in all of them.

### REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 464-465
Journal (AFL), XLVI, 44
Odum (NHS), 73
Randolph, IV, 15-16
Richardson (AMS), 63, 113
Tolman & Eddy, 423

---

Awful! Awful! Awful!

I saw a youth just yesterday,
All in his bloom, and so carefree,
He trifled all his time away
But had to face eternity.
And it's awful, awful, awful,
Awful, awful, awful!

Death to some is a dreadful thing,
A final judgment for us all;
It takes the young, it takes the old—
Both rich and poor must heed its call.
And it's awful, etc.

This youth lay on his dying bed
And cried for God to ease his state;
Eternity he seemed to dread.
"I see," he said, "my final fate,
And it's awful, etc."

He saw his loving parents there,
And his sweetheart was standing by.
"O God!" he cried, "please heed my
prayer:
Forgive me my sins before I die,
For it's awful, etc. "

Before he took his final leave,
He tossed and turned and gave a yell:
"My soul it can no longer breathe,
And I am on my way to hell!
And it's awful, awful, awful,
Awful, awful, awful!

**********

No. 90

THE AWFUL MORMONS
also known as

In the Midst of These Awful Mormons

Oh, Dear, I'm Sad; I've Got the Blues These Mormons

One of many anti-Mormon songs that circulated throughout the U. S. during the latter part of the 19th century and the first quarter of the 20th. The text below is attributed to William Willes. The tune was taken from a widely known song, King of the Cannibal Islands.

REFERENCES

Hubbard, 410-411
Fife (SSS), 123-124
Lingenfelter, 220-222
Willes, 49-50

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The Awful Mormons  Tune: King of the Cannibal Islands

Oh dear, I'm sad, I've got the blues;
I've lately heard some dreadful news.
I really tremble in my shoes—
'Tis all about the Mormons!
For sure, they are the strangest set
That ever in this world were met—
They live in a place called Deseret
In the midst of the Rocky Mountains.

Chorus

Old Brigham Young, he is their king;
To him they tithes and offerings bring,
And he controls in everything,
In the midst of these awful Mormons.

In all the nations of the world,
These Mormons have their flag unfurled,
And sent their missionaries round
To spread their awful doctrines.
It matters not which way we turn,
Nothing but Mormons we discern.
I wonder how there came to be
So many beastly Mormons?

These Mormons marry many wives,
And every man among them strives
To raise the greatest crowd of boys,
To thrash the wicked Gentiles.
The men and women all agree
To Brigham they'll obedient be;
And at his little finger's crook,
They'll bring outsiders all to look.

So now I think you'll all agree
It is a shocking thing to see
So many people led astray
By their "beastly abominations."
I wish that Uncle Sam would send
The troops and make these Mormons bend
To Christian institutions.

**********

## No. 91

### AY, AY, AY I

Creole song from early 19th century. Not related to the Spanish song with same title that follows this one (see No. 92).

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Ay, Ay, Ay I

The love glowing in your eyes, Ay, ay, ay,
It's haunting this poor heart of mine.
Your eyes show me paradise, Ay, ay, ay,
And promise a love so divine.

I see you in all of my dreams;
You're haunting me always it seems.
Oh, tell me you love only me, Ay, ay, ay,
Oh, tell me you love only me!

**********

## No. 92

### AY, AY, AY II

Spanish language song recovered in New Mexico by Charles Lummis. According to Lummis, this song is "typical of the depth of lovelorn despair which marks a large class of New Mexican folk-songs."
The English translated is true to theme and meaning but is not literal.

---

Ay, Ay, Ay II

Toma, Luisa el punal y traspasa
Este pecho, pero antes primero,
Considera que te amo y te quiero,
Ay, ay, ay!
Y por ti me dicen infeliz.

Ay! Ay! Ay! Que infeliz es mi suerte!
Yo o te adoro y deseo ser tu amante
Pero tu ni si quiera un instante,
Ay, ay, ay!
Ni un momento te acuerdas de mi.

Las Memorias de un martirio
Me atormentan en cada momento;
Ay! Dios mio, no hay sufrimiento,
Ay, ay, ay!
Cielo santo, yo quiero morir.

Clava, clava, el punal sanguinario,
Dele muerte á mi vida y honor!
Que algun dia pagarás el rigo,
Ay, ay, ay!
Con otro hombre que sepas amar.

Bajaré silencioso á la tumba
Á buscar mi perdido sociego,
De rodillas, ingrata, te ruego,
Ay, ay, ay!
Que a lo menos te acuerdes de min.

---

English Text

Oh, Louisa, take from me this dagger,
Plunge it deep within me, let my blood flow;
But remember I love and adore you, Ay, ay, ay!
And with my last breath I'll tell you so.

Ay! Ay! Ay! How unhappy my life is!
I adore you and would be your lover,
But such feelings you will not discover, etc.
Not for one moment do you think of me.

Mem'ry brings me the pains of a martyr,
Ev'ry instant new tortures preparing—
If only the pain were not beyond bearing!, etc.
God in heaven, I ask but to die.

Drive, O drive this sharp blade in my heart now;
Death to honor and life at one blow—
One fine day you shall pay for my woe, etc.
When some other shall teach you to love.

I will go to my grave uncomplaing
If it brings back a peace like the old one.
On my knees I implore you, my cold one, etc.
Try at least to remember me here.

**********
**********

## No. 93

### BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP I

Lullaby and nursery song. There are several known variations, some of a rather gruesome nature. For examples of the gruesome type, see Go To Sleepy, Little Baby in Scarborough (NFS), 147 and Old Man Hippety Hop in Brown, I, 53.
Of the two versions given below (A & B) the more popular or better known is version B.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 147
Brown, I, 183
Moorat, 31
Perkins, I, 13
Talley, 27
Wier (SWWS), 192

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Baa! Baa! Black Sheep I (Version A)

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep, has you got any wool?
Yes, Good Mosser, three bags full.
One fer ole Mistress, one fer Miss Dame,
One fer de good Nigger jes' cross the lane.
Poor liddle lammy——
Poor liddle Black Sheep's got no mammy.

---

VERSION B

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Three bags full.
One for my master, and one for my dame,
And one for the little boy who lives down
the lane.

**********

## No. 94

### BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP II
also known as

Black Sheep
Black Sheep, Black Sheep, Where'd You Leave Your Lamb?
Black Sheep Lullaby
Bones
Go To Sleep, Little Baby
Old Black Sheep
Ole Cow
Poor Little Lamb Cried 'Mammy.'

This is a near gruesome lullaby and nursery song; it is an adaptation of Baa! Baa! Black Sheep I. Both versions below (A & B) were sung by Southern Black people and were probably adapted by them. See and compare: Chickamy Craney Crow in this MB.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 97
Brown, III, 152; V, 84
Davis (FSV), 204
Lomax (ABFS), 304
Lomax (FSNA), 503
Owens (TFS), 179
Randolph, II, 345-346
Scarborough (NFS), 148-149
Seeger (3), 57
Work (ANSS), 250

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Baa! Baa! Black Sheep II (Version A)

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep,
Where you leave yo' mammy?
Way down yonder in the corn-field.
Gnats and flies
A-pickin' out its eyes,
An' the po' li'l thing a-callin',
Mammy!

---

VERSION B

The old cow-bell goes jingle-ling:
Go to sleep, little baby!
Papa's gone and mamma too:
Go to sleep, little baby!

Little Black Sheep, little Black Sheep,
Where is your sweet mammy?
Down in the meadow, a little black fly
in her eye,
Poor little lamb cries, 'Mammy!'

**********

## No. 95

### BABES IN THE WOOD, or WOODS
### also known as

| | |
|---|---|
| Babes in the Woods | Three Babes |
| The Children in the Wood | Two Babes in the Wood |
| Little Babes in the Woods | Two Children in the Wood |

According to Percy, who recorded twenty 8-line stanzas he had obtained from "two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepy's collection," the ballad was written by Robert Yarrington in 1601. Due to the oral process, the 1601 ballad is somewhat different from the texts of the ballad as it is now known. For a text of the older ballad, see Ashton (MSB), 124-127. There is also an English nursery version which begins:

My dears, do you know a long time ago,
Two poor little children, whose names
I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in the wood, or so many folk say.

The ballad itself, in reduced form, is still widely known in the United States.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (BNSR) 40
Belden (BS), 106-107
Brewster (BSI), 313
Brown, II, 388
Cambiaire, 121-122
Chappell (PMOT), I, 200
Christie, I, 142
Combs (FSMEU), 216
Cox (TBFS), 89
Cox (TBWV), 73-74
Creighton (FSNB), 183
Davis (FSV), 38
Ebsworth (RB), I, 284
Flanders (NGMS), 234-238
Gardner (BSSM), 343-345
Glass (SFRF), 31-32
Hudson (FSM), 285
Jour (AFL), XXXV, 348
Laws (AB), Q 34
Leach, 140
Mason (NRCS), 22
McGill, 103-106
Moffat (LSLA), 33
Morris, 401-407
Percy (RAEP), II, 155; III, 169
Pound, 233-234
Pound (SFSN), II, 14
Quiller-Couch, 854-859
Randolph, I, 365-368
Rimbault (MIPR), 108
Roberts (IP), 112-114
Scarborough (NFS), 57
Sharp, I, 309
Williams (FSUT), 217

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Babes in the Wood, or Woods

Do you remember long ago,
Upon a summer day,
Two babes, their names I do not know,
They wandered out to play.

Then both those lovely little babes
Did wander all around,
And neither of them was aware
They never would be found.

So deep into the woods they went,
Involved in childish play—
Two little babes with one intent,
Who soon had lost their way.

When the sun gave no more light,
They both sat down and cried;
They clung together in their fright,
And that's the way they died.

The robins saw them lying there,
And sang as robins should,
And scattered leaves upon the pair—
Poor babes lost in the wood.

**********

## No. 96

### BABY BUNTING
also known as

Bye, Baby Bunting
Bye, O Baby Bunting

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting

This well-known lullaby and nursery song originated in Europe. Apparently it was adapted from another popular children's piece, Itiskit, Itaskit. As used in this text, the word "bye" means "sleep"—a usage that dates from the 15th century.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 110
Brown, III, 148; V, 81
Chapple (HS), 101
Daiken, 23
Davis (FSV), 183
Downes (1943), 233
Halliwell (NRE), 102
Jour (AFL), XLI, 589
Northall, 426
Shearin (SKFS), 38

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Baby Bunting

Bye, O baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his baby bunting in.

**********

## No. 97

### BABY, LIE EASY
also known as

As I Went A-Walking One Fine Summer's Evening
The Milkman's Lament
The Old Man's Lament
Rocking the Cradle

An English-Irish song with several American versions in circulation. Song has been recovered in Canada too. A few special versions, doctored by professional song-writers, are available on phonograph records.

### REFERENCES

Lomax (FSNA), 375
Lomax (OSC), 240-241
Peacock, II, 478
Sedley, 218-219

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Baby, Lie Easy

As I went a-walkin' one morning for pleasure,
Down by the river, just strolling along,
I saw a young fellow pushing a carriage,
And to the baby he was singing this song:

Chorus

Hi ho, baby, lie easy!
Your true daddy may never be known!
I'm weeping and wailing and pushing this carriage
With somebody's baby that is not my own!

When first I married your beautiful mother,
I thought, like a fool, I had found a good wife;
But to my misfortune and sad lamentation,
She brought both a curse and a plague on my life.

She's out every night to a dance or a party,
And leaves me a-rocking the cradle alone;
And this little fellow—he thinks I'm his daddy,
But little he knows that he's not my own.

All you young fellows who're thinking of marriage,
Take my advice and leave women alon ;
If not, when you marry, then by the lord Harry,
You may get a baby that is not your own!

**********

## No. 98

### BABYLON IS FALLEN
also known as
Babylon is Falling

This is a Negro dialect song by Henry C. Work, who wrote it as a sequel to his successful Kingdom Coming. For a revivalist hymn inspired by Work's song and using the same title, see Cayce, 613; Dett, 2; and Jackson (SFS), 199.
The version below dates from 1896.

REFERENCES

Greenway, 103
Keach, 44
Randolph, II, 289
White, 170

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Babylon Is Fallen

Don't you see de black clouds
Risin' ober yonder,
Whar de Massa's ole plantation am?
Nebber you be frightened,
Dem is only darkeys
Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam.

Chorus

Look out dar, now, we's a-gwine to shoot!
Look out dar! don't you understand
Babylon is fallen? Babylon is fallen,
And we's a-gwine to occup de land.

Don't you see de lightnin'
Flashin' in de cane-brake,
Like as if we're gwine to hab a storm?
No! you is mistaken,
'Tis de darkey's bay'nets,
An de buttons on dar uniform.

**********

No. 99

BAD BILL BROWN
also known as

Bad Lee Brown Bad Man Ballad

"Man shoots his woman" is a story line common to several songs. This particular song is available in quite a few versions. For a closely related song, see: Coon Can, or Poor Boy in Sandburg (AS), 310-311.

REFERENCES

Lomax (ABFS), 89 Scarborough (NFS), 243
Randolph, II, 117

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Bad Bill Brown

Last night as I was makin' rounds,
Met my sweet woman an' I shot her down.
I went right home an' straight to bed;
I put my ol' pistol right under my head.

Well, I got up the very next day,
Packed a bag for to make my get-away;
I made a run but much too slow,
An' got myself caught in New Mexico.

The jury read the verdict to me,
And it was murder in the first degree!
The solemn judge picked up his pen
And said, "You'll never kill nobody again."

He raised his gavel and let it drop:
"Killin' of women has just got to stop!
Now what you've done just isn't right,
And maybe in ninety years you'll see the
light!"

Now here I am all bowed down in shame,
Wearing a number instead of a name;
He gave me ninety years to life,
And all because I shot my cheatin' wife.

**********

## No. 100

### THE BAFFLED KNIGHT

also known as

Blow the Winds, Heigh Ho
The Knight and the Lady
The Lady's Policy
The New Mown Hay
The Over Courteous Knight
The Shepherd's Song

The story told by this ballad is not an exclusive one by any means. There are many forms of it in traditional balladry. For examples, see: The Abashed Knight in Buchan (ABS), II, 131 and Jock Sheep in Kinloch (BB), 16.
According to Karpeles and others, The Baffled Knight is closely related to The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter (Child, No. 110). For a shortened form, see Blow Away the Morning Dew in Sharp (100), 46-47.
It is generally acknowledged that the American song, Katie Morey, is a derivative of the ballad given below. The tunes to which the words are sung are even more

varied than the texts. Bronson alone gives thirty-three airs and does not claim to have all of them.

REFERENCES


Barry (BBM), 454-456
Bulletin (FSSN), XII, 12
Chappell (OEPM), II, 69
Chappell (PMOT), I, 62
Child, II, 479-493
Coffin, 104
Dixon, 123
Ebsworth (RB), III, 674
Eddy, 64-65
Flanders, III, 89-93
Friedman, 154-155
Greig & Keith, 90-92
Herd (1769), 328
Johnson (SMM), No. 477
Karpeles, 80
Kinloch MSS, I, 229
Leach (BB), 320-321
Motherwell MS., 410
Pepys, V, Nos. 162, 164
Percy (RAEP), II, 336
Ritson (AS), 159
Ritson (ASB), II, 54
Roxburghe, I, 306 f; reprint, II, 281.


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The Baffled Knight

There was a Knight and he was young,
A-riding along the way, Sir;
And there he spied a bonny lass
Among the fields of hay, Sir.

"Shall you and I, O lady fair,
Upon the grass now lie down?
O I will have a special care
A-rumpling of your fair gown.

"I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throw it;
Then, lady fair, come lay your head—
We'll play, and none shall know it."

"O yonder stands my steed so free
Among the field of hay, Sir;

And if the keeper should chance to see,
He'll take my steed away, Sir."

"Upon my finger I have a ring,
And it's made of the finest gold;
O, lady, your steed it will reclaim
From out the keeper's fold."

"O ride with me to my father's hall,
Where chambers there are three, Sir;
And we shall share the best of all,
And I'll your lover be, Sir."

When at her father's hall they arrived,
'Twas moated all round about;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And locked the would-be lover out.

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And wiped it hard upon his sleeve:
"O cursed," he said, "be every man,
That will a fair maid believe."

"A herb there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, Sir;
The smallest dunghill cock that crows
Would make a capon of you, Sir!

"A flower there is that shines so bright,
A flower sweet and good, Sir;
He that would not when he might,
He shall not when he would, Sir!"

**********

## No. 101

### THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD

also known as

In the Baggage Car Ahead  In the Baggage Coach Ahead

This is a 19th century "pop" song written by Gussie Davis, a black composer, who also wrote Maple on the Hill and The Fatal Wedding. Those two songs as well as the one given below were recovered many times from traditional sources.

REFERENCES

Charters, 70
Hubbard, 216
Kennedy (AB), 261
Kennedy (TAB), 343
Pound, 131-132
Pound (SFSN), XX, No. 4
Randolph, IV, 163-165
Shearin (SKFS), 33
Spaeth (REW), 174-175
Stout, 59-61
Werner, 33

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The Baggage Coach Ahead

On a dark, stormy night as the train rolled along,
And the passengers were all in bed,
Except one young man with a babe in his arms,
Who sat with a bowed-down head.

The innocent babe began crying just then
As though its poor heart would break.
An angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise,
For it's keeping us all awake."

"Take it out," said another. "Don't keep it in here!
We've paid for our beds and want rest."
But never a word spoke the man with the babe,
As he fondled it close to his breast.

"Where is the mother? Go take it to her,"
A young lady then softly said.
"If only I could," was the young man's reply,
"But she's dead in the coach ahead."

While the train rattled on, the husband sat in
tears,
Thinking of the happiness of just a few short
years;
The child's sweet face brings pictures of a
cherished hope that's dead,
But its sad cries can't waken her in the baggage
coach ahead.

**********

## No. 102

### THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER

also known as

The Bailey's Daughter of Hazeltown
The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington
The Comely Youth
The Sheriff's Daughter
There Was a Youth

17th century ballad with a "disguised lover" theme, but in reverse. Here the woman, not the man, is the lover in disguise. Similar stories are found in other ballads. For an example, see: Masquerading Woman X in MB.

The text of this ballad has proven more stable than its tune. Although texts vary from version to version, they do not vary greatly. On the other hand, the tunes recovered from traditional and printed sources do vary greatly, many so much so that it would be impossible to identify them without the text. Bronson, for example, gives no less than thirty-four airs for this ballad.

REFERENCES

Ashton (CB), 158-160
Bentock, 52
Barry (BBM), 225-227
Belden (BS), 68-69
Bulletin (VFS), IV, 7
Chappell (OEPM), II, 159
Chappell (PMOT), I, 203
Child, II, 426-428
Coffin, 101-102
Creighton (TSNA), 58-62
Davis (TBV), 383, 585
Dean-Smith, 51
Ebsworth (RB), II, 457
Flanders, III, 67-75
Flanders (CSV), 6-7
Flanders (GGMS), 74-76
Flanders (NGMS), 61-63
Friedman, 140-142
Gainer, 66-67
Greenleaf, 34
Greig & Duncan, No. 168
Greig & Keith, 82-84
Hudson (FSM), 114-116
Jour (AFL), XXIX, 201; XXX, 321, 332; XXXIX, 106
Jour (FSS), I, 125, 209; VII, 34
Karpeles, 78-79
Kinsley, 342-344
Leach (BB), 313-314
Leisy, 19-20
Linscott, 160-163
Moore (BFSS), 80-81
Morris, 300-302
Pepys, No. 256
Percy (RAEP), III, 133
Quiller-Couch, 811-813
Rimbault (MIPR), 100
Ritson (SCES), II, 234
Sharp, I, 219-221
Sharp (FSE), V, 41
Shearin (BBCM), 4
Silverman, I, 222
Williams (FSUT), 174

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## The Bailiff's Daughter

There was a youth, a Kentucky youth,
And he was a banker's son:
He loved the sheriff's daughter fair,
Who lived in Lexington.
But she was shy, and she never could
On him her love bestow.
Then this youth was sent far from home,
Because he loved her so

This youth was gone for seven long years,
And never his love did see.
"O many times I've wept for her—
But did she weep for me?"
Then all the maids of Lexington
Went forth to sport and play,
But not the sheriff's daughter fair;
She quietly stole away.

She hurried home and dressed herself,
And ragged was her attire;
For she meant to go to New Orleans,
To seek her heart's desire.
While walking on a hard-clay road,
So very hot and dry,
She stopped awhile to rest herself,
And he came riding by.

She sprang right up, with cheeks so red,
And seized his bridle rein;
"A penny, a penny, kind sir," she said.
"O help me ease my pain!"
He said, "A penny I will give,
But where, miss, were you born?"
"At Lexington, kind sir," said she,
"But there I suffered scorn."

The young man then inquired of her,
To learn if she did know
A certain maid at Lexington,
And he described her so.
"Oh, yes. I know her very well,"
The disguised maiden said;
"And though I hate to tell you, sir,
The one you seek is dead."

"If that be true, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
And I will go to some far land
To hide my grief and woe."
"O stay! O stay!" the maiden said,
"She's standing at your side!
I am the one you love so well,
And I've come to be your bride."

"O don't you recognize my hand,
My eyes, my auburn hair?
And is this not the ring of gold
You oncegave me to wear?"
"O farewell grief, and welcome, joy;
O welcome unto me—
For I have found my own true love,
And married we shall be!"

**********

## No. 103

### THE BAKER'S WIFE
### also known as
### Th Chandler's Wife

Known in England as "The Chandler's Wife," this song is quite old and widely known. Because of its bawdy text it has been omitted from respectable, scholastic folk collections. The tune, on the other hand, has appeared in print many times, usually set to other songs. For examples, the tune was used for The Poacher (see in MB) and for the 1950s pop-novelty hit, The Thing.

The version below is one I learned from Cecil Campbell, Charlotte, N. C., in 1934.

## The Baker's Wife

Oh, I went down to the bakery,
To get myself a pie;
I walked right in and looked around,
But no one did I spy.
Well, I was disappointed
And some angry words I said,
When I heard the sound of a—
(knock, knock, knock)—
Right above my head.

Well, I was slick and mighty quick
As up the stairs I sped;
And, Lord, was I surprised to see
The baker's wife in bed!
With her was a handsome man
Of quite considerable size,
And they were having a——
(knock, knock, knock)—
Right before my eyes!

When they were finished with their fun,
The lady raised her head,
And quite surprised was she to see
A stranger near her bed.
"Oh, sir," said she, "If you won't tell,
If you would be so kind,
You, too, may come for a—
(knock, knock, knock)—
When you feel inclined."

Now many a time in broad day-light
I'd leave my humble home,
And right down to the bakery
It's straightaway I'd roam.

She never gave me pie or cake,
But gave to me instead
Another piece of that—
(knock, knock, knock)—
Just the way she said!

Now listen all you married men:
If ever you leave town,
Be sure to take your wives along—
You'll find the practice sound.
The only other thing to do
Is lay them on the floor
And give 'em so much of that—
(knock, knock, knock)—
They won't want any more!

**********

## No. 104

### BALLAD OF ABDULLAH BULBUL AMIR

also known as

Abdul, A Bulbul Amir
Abdullah Bulbul Amir
Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer
Ballad of Ivan Petrofsky Skevar
Ivan Petruski Skivah
Ivan Skivinski Skivah

This is a pseudo-oriental song of uncertain origin, though most authorities agree that it originated in England about the time of the Crimean War. The song had a rebirth of popularity in America during the 1920s due to Frank Crumit, who made a "hit" recording of it for RCA-Victor. Following the custom of the time, Crumit claimed the song as his own composition and had it published. There is a version in Ditson's Columbia University Songs, issued in 1904. For a parody, see The Cannibal Maiden in Shay (PF-2), 65-66.

REFERENCES

Best, 56-57
Kennedy (AB), 58-60
Kennedy (TAB), 211-212
Loesser, 274-275
Lomax (ABFS), 341-343
Luther, 257-258
Sandburg (AS), 344-346
Shay (PF-1), 19-21
Shay (PF-3), 3-5
Silverman, II, 216
Spaeth (REW), 145-149
Trident, 26-27

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Ballad of Abdullah Bulbul Amir

The sons of the prophet are hardy and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
Best of all, the most reckless of life or of limb
Was Abdullah Bulbul Amir.
When they wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or to shout "hullaloo" in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they straightway sent out
For Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

There are heroes in plenty and well-known to fame
In the ranks that are led by the Czar,
But among the most reckless of name or of fame
Was Ivan Petruski Skivar.
He could imitate Irving, play euchre or pool,
And perform on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Petruski Skivar.

One morning the Russian had shouldered his gun
And put on his most cynical sneer,
When walking down town he happened to run
Into Abdullah Bulbul Amir.
Said Abdullah, "Young man, is your life then so dull,
That you're anxious to end your career?
For, infidel, know that you've trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

Said the Russian, "My friend, your remarks in the end,
Will prove only futile, I fear;

For I mean to imply that you're going to die,
Mister Abdullah Bulbul Amir!"
Abdullah then drew out his trusty chibougue,
And shouting out "Allah Aklar!"
Being also intent upon slaughter, he went
For Ivan Petruski Skivar.

Now just as the knife was ending his life—
In fact, he had shouted "Huzza!"—
He found himself struck by that subtle Calmuck,
Bold Ivan Petruski Skivar.
There's a grave where the wave of the Blue Danube flows,
And on it, engraven so clear,
Is "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

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## No. 105

### BALL OF YARN
also known as

Little Ball of Yarn  Spin Your Little Ball of Yarn

This is a genuine folk song, because it has survived through oral transmission for a great many years. So long, in fact, we have nothing by which to identify its origin. The song, being on the bawdy side, is seldom seen in print. According to Hugill (1), 533-534, the song was a favorite of sailors at sea.

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Ball of Yarn

In the merry month of June when the roses were in bloom,
I chanced to take a walk around the farm;

I met a pretty miss and politely asked her this:
"Will you let me spin your little ball of yarn?"

Chorus

Ball of yarn! Ball of yarn!
Will you let me spin your little ball of yarn?
Ball of yarn! Ball of yarn!
Will you let me spin your little ball of yarn?

When she gave me her consent, out behind the fence we went.
I promised her that I would do no harm.
I gently laid her down and ruffled up her gown,
And began to spin her little ball of yarn.

It was nine months after that, in a pool-room where I sat,
I felt a heavy hand come down upon my arm.
A gentleman in blue said, "Young man, I've come for you!
You're the father of a little ball of yarn.

In this prison cell I sit with my bathrobe in the shade,
The shadow of my nose upon the walls.
The women, as they pass, stick their hatpins in my coat,
And little bugs play hop-scotch with my shoes.

**********

No. 106

BALM IN GILEAD
also known as
Balm of Gilead

This old spiritual was adapted from a hymn of the same title. Later, some verses from the spiritual were incorporated into Round About the Mountain, a

song credited to Lou Gottlieb and recorded by The Kingston Trio. Balm in Gilead was revived and made popular by Paul Robeson, the actor-singer and black activist.
See and compare: Good Physician in Jackson (SFS), 61 and The Little Shepherd in Fuson, 199.

REFERENCES

Chambers (TNS), 14-15
Dett, 88
Hillman, 15
Jackson (SFS), 147
Keach, 25
Luther, 173
Okun, 75-76
Silber (HSB), 50
Silverman, II, 110
Work (ANSS), 128
Work (FSAN), 43

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Balm in Gilead

There is a balm in Gilead,
To make the wounded whole;
There is a balm in Gilead,
To heal the sin-sick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged,
And think my work's in vain;
But then the Holy Spirit
Revives my soul again.

Don't ever feel discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll never fail to lend.

If you cannot preach like Peter,
If you cannot pray like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus
And say, "He died for all."

There is a balm in Gilead,
To make the wounded whole;
There is a balm in Gilead,
To heal the sin-sick soul.

**********

## No. 107

### BALTIMORE I
also known as

Build a Brick House
I Got a Gal in Baltimore
I've Got a House in Baltimore

The number of times one encounters references to the city of Baltimore in old songs is almost startling; it seems to be more a subject than a song. However, there are such songs, and at least one of them is based on a bawdy piece that was popular during the 1880s-90s. Owens (ST), 22, prints a Texas form of the song, observing that it "seems to be a variant of the old bawdy song Baltimore, which is still sung by certain persons of low repute." McLendon, 202, refers to several texts of a song called Baltimore and cites some of them. Brown, III, 136, gives a single stanza entitled I Want To Go To Baltimore, but it is different from all the stanzas reported by McLendon. Brown's stanza goes:

I want to go to Baltimore,
I want to go to France;
I want to go to Baltimore,
To see the ladies dance.

Randolph, III, 207, prints the following stanza:

I got a gal in Baltimore,
Street-car runs right by her door,
Crazy baby a-settin' on the floor,
Get your hair cut pompadour.

Many different songs deal with Baltimore in the location sense, and in this regard at least they are all related. Collectors who have published versions of these various songs are of the same opinion. For examples of the variety discussed, see: I'm Going to Italy in Brown; Lila Jane and Miss Mary Jane in Lomax (reprinted from Scarborough); Liza Jane in Botkin; My Mammy stoled a Cow in Scarborough; Pairing Off in Davis; and Who Moan For Me? in Scarborough. Also see: Baltimore II in this Master Book. The version given below represents about all the accuracy of comparison between versions in other collections logically permitted. The strongest claim to a relationship is based upon the key lines: "I got a gal in Baltimore" and "I got a house in Baltimore." Also compare: Riding in the Buggy, Miss Mary Jane in Seeger (1), 78-79 and Some Lady's Garden B in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 142-144
Brown, III, 136, 145
Dudley & Payne, 19
Jour (AFL), XXVII, 252
Lomax (FSNA), 498
Scarborough (NFS), 117
White, 296
Work (ANSS), 241

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Baltimore I

I got a house in Baltimore, baby,
Big fine old house in Baltimore, darlin';
Hundred dollar carpet on the floor,
Street-car runn' right by the door,
Honey babe.

My house is sixteen stories high, baby,
My house is sixteen stories high, darlin';
Ev'ry single room you pass by
Stacked to the beams with chicken pie,
Honey babe.

What you gonna do when the pie runs low, baby?
What you gonna do when the pie runs low,
darlin'?
There's a bakery in the corner store,
Run down there and get some more,
Honey babe.

I got a gal in Baltimore, baby,
Real lovin' gal in Baltimore, darlin';
Lovin' woman comes through my door,
Wants her lovin' down on the floor,
Honey babe.

What you gonna do when the love's all gone,
baby?
What you gonna do when the love's all gone,
darlin'?
If she ever leaves me here alone,
Jump in the river tied to a stone,
Honey babe.

**********

## No. 108

### BALTIMORE II
### also known as

I'm Going to Baltimore Italy

I Wish I Had a Needle and Thread
Needle and Thread

This appears to be both a game-song and a square-dance piece. It may also be a composite of Baltimore I (above) and Old Joe Clark. The tune is similar to that used for Italy in Brown, V, 80 E. Also compare Brown, III, 145-146 & V, 80.

## Baltimore II

Yonder comes a pretty little girl,
Tell you how I know:
Her head is full of pretty little curls
A-hangin' down so low.

Chorus

I'm goin' to Baltimore 'fore long,
Goin' to ride the Eastern line;
I'm goin' to Baltimore 'fore long,
To see that gal of mine.

Gonna take that gal a finer ring,
Shines like glitt'rin' gold;
I'm goin' home to see my own true love
Before I get too old.

Apple like a ripe, red cherry,
Cherry like a rose;
Oh, how I love that pretty little girl,
From head down to her toes.

Got a great big house in Baltimore,
Sixteen stories high,
And ev'ry room in that big, fine house
Is filled with rock-and-rye.

Oh, I wish I was an apple now,
Hangin' on a tree,
And ev'ry time my pretty gal went by,
She'd take a bite of me.

Wish I had a needle and some thread
Fine as I could sew,
And with a thimble straight from Baltimore,
To make that needle go.

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## No. 109

### BANGUM AND THE BOAR
also known as

Bangry Rewey
Bangum and the Bo'
Bangum Rode the Riverside
Bold Sir Rylas
Old Badman
Old Bangum
Old Bangum and the Boar
Rurey Bain
Sir Lionel

This old British ballad is not known to American tradition in its original form, yet it appears to have survived better here than in its native land.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 434-435
Belden (BS), 29-31
Belden (PLSB), No. 3
Bell (APBS), 124, 250
Bronson (BAS), 58
Campbell & Sharp, No. 8
Chase (AFTS), 126-127
Child, I, 208-215
Christie, I, 110
Coffin, 48-49
Davis (TBV), 125, 558
Dean-Smith, 105
Flanders, I, 226-229
Flanders (BMNE), 60-61
Gainer, 24-25
Hales, I, 75
Jour (AFL), XIX, 235; XXV, 175; XXX, 291
Leach (BB), 100-103
Lomax (FSNA), 510
Lomax (OSC), 149-150
McGill, 78-81
Moore (BFSS), 27-32
Niles (BB), 77-83
Percy MS., 32
Randolph, I, 72
Ritchie (FS), 91
Scarborough (NFS), 51-52
Scarborough (SC), 191, 407
Sharp, I, 54-55
Smith (AA), 4
Williams (FSUT), 118-119

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Bangum and the Boar

Now there's a wild boar in these woods,
Runnin' 'round, runnin' 'round,
Now there's a wild boar in these woods,
He'll kill you dead and drink your blood,
Runnin' 'round, runnin' 'round.

Old Bangum would a-hunting go, etc.
No braver man could strike a blow, etc.

Old Bangum found the wild boar's den, etc.
And saw the bones of many men, etc.

Upon that wild boar Bangum fell, etc.
They fought like fiends from deep in hell, etc.

Old Bangum pulled his killin' knife, etc.
And hacked away that old boar's life, etc.

Old Bangum told his lovin' bride, etc.
We'll eat the meat and save the hide, etc.

**********

## No. 110

### THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND I

Newfoundland fascinated ballad-makers almost as much as did the penal colony of Australia. In fact, this song seems to be an ocean-going version of Van Dieman's Land. It is also similar, in some respects, to Dixie Brown. As Jackson noted, the tune was used for an old spiritual, Wedlock.

#### REFERENCES

Beck (FLS), 175-176
Clements, 70
Colcord, 92, 173
Creighton (SBNS), 221-222
Doerflinger, 123-125
Eckstorm, 220-221
Greenleaf, 230-231
Hugill (1), 412-413
Hugill (2), 227-229
Jour (FSS), I, 142
Lomax (FSNA), 59-60
Mackenzie, 385-386
Scott (BA), 145-147

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The Banks of Newfoundland I

Come all ye rakes and rambling boys,
I'd have you all beware—
And when you sail those packet ships,
No dung'ree jumpers wear.
Just buy your monkey-jackets, boys,
And keep them at your command,
And beware of the cold north wester
On the banks of Newfoundland.

The other night I had a dream,
I dreamt that I was at home,
That me and my one sweet true love
At last were on our own.
I dreamt that we were there on shore,
A jug of ale in each hand,
But when I woke my heart it was broke
On the banks of Newfoundland.

An Irish girl, on board with us,
Had hoped to share my name;
I promised I would marry her,
And played the lover's game.
Then she tore up her dresses, boys,
And made mittens for each hand—
All because she thought that I would freeze
On the banks of Newfoundland.

We sailed straight by the Virgin Rocks,
Where stormy winds did blow;
A crowd of sailors were on deck,
All busy shoveling snow.
We'll wash her down and scrub the decks
With holystone and sand,
And we'll bid farewell to Virgin Rocks
On the banks of Newfoundland.

O, once we pass old Sandy Hook,
We'll hear the whistle blow;

A tug will sail ahead of us
And to New York we will go.
We'll fill our glasses to the brim,
A jug of rum in hand——
For while we are here we can't be there
On the banks of Newfoundland.

**********

## No. 111

### THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND II

also known as

Bound Down to Newfoundland  Saint Patrick's Day in Newfoundland  Sixty-Five

According to Roy Mackenzie, this song was authored by Captain Cale White of Maitland, Colchester Co., N. S. For a different song known by the same title, see The Dreadnaught in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Creighton (MFS), 195
Creighton (SBNS), 223
Doerflinger, 201
Mackenzie, 228
Mackenzie (QB), 199

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The Banks of Newfoundland II

Saint Patrick's Day in sixty-five,
From New York we did sail;
And Providence did favor us
With a calm and pleasant gale.
We sailed away from America
All feeling fine and grand;
With courage brave we rode the waves,
Bound down to Newfoundland.

Just two days out, to our distress,
Our Captain he took sick,

And soon he was unable
To show himself on deck.
His fever raged, which made us fear
That death was near at hand.
We bore away from Halifax,
Bound down to Newfoundland.

All that long night we ran our brig,
Till nine o'clock next day.
Our Captain, at the point of death,
Unto us all did say:
"We'll bear away from Cape Canso,
My boys, come lend a hand,
And trim your topsail to the wind,
Bound down to Newfoundland."

At three o'clock we saw a light,
Which we were glad to see;
The smallpox was a-raging then—
That's what it proved to be.
At five o'clock in the afternoon,
By the Lord's own just command,
Our Captain he did breathe his last
Bound down to Newfoundland.

Both day and night we did lament
For our departed friend;
And we were praying unto God
For what had been his end.
We pray the Lord God will guide us,
And keep us by His hand,
Give us fair wind while on the sea,
Bound down to Newfoundland.

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## No. 112

### THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE

also known as

The Banks of Dundee
Betsy of Dundee
The Farmer's Daughter
On the Banks of Sweet Dundee
Pretty Mary
The Sweet Dundee
Sweet William
Ten Thousand Pounds in Gold
The Undaunted Female
Undaunted Mary

Originally an English broadside, this ballad was a big favorite of the ballad publishers. Robert Ford, writing in 1898, said "It cannot be less than a hundred years old. Fifty years ago, when harvest work in Scotland was almost wholly done by the hand-hook, it was a common song among the bands of shearers in the Carse of Gowrie and there about when songs went round in the bothies at night."

### REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 137-139
Broadwood (ECS), 116
Brown, IV, 341
Cazden, I, 24-25
Chappell (FSRA), 102
Christie, I, 258
Combs (FSKH), 26-27
Cox (FSS), 379-381
Creighton (FSNB), 29
Creighton (MFS), 38
Creighton (TSNS), 128
Eddy, 155-157
Ford (VSBS), 77-78
Gardner (BSSM), 187-189
Greig & Duncan, No. 224
Hubbard, 54-55
Jour (AFL), XXXV, 354
Jour (FSS), I, 232
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 211
Kidson (TT), 53-55, 173
Leach (BB), 740-741
Mackenzie, 84-85
Mackenzie (QB), 47-48
Moore (BFSS), 175-176
O'Conor, 68
Ord, 406-407
Randolph, I, 275-279
Sharp, I, 399-401
Stout, 44-45
Tolman & Eddy, 354-355
Treat, 9-10

## The Banks of Sweet Dundee

I'll tell to you a story that took place in this land,
Of a very lovely female—but you must understand:
She never knew her mother, or so I have been told,
And her father died and left her ten thousand pounds
in gold.

Her uncle rose one morning and hasten'd with his clothes;
At Mary's door he stood and waited till she arose.
"Arise now, lovely Mary, for married you shall be;
You must wed the squire I've chosen on the banks of
Sweet Dundee."

"A fig for him you've chosen, your lords and dukes
likewise;
For Willie's eyes appear to me like diamonds in the
skies."
"You'll never have your Willie, what e'er the cost,"
said he;
"I'll have him slain or banished from the banks of
Sweet Dundee!"

He hired a gang of fighters—they numbered six to one—
But Willie fought for liberty, and never tried to run.
The blood poured forth in torrents, he fought so
skillfully;
But Willie died for Mary on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

As Mary was a-walking, lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire there in her uncle's grove.
He put his arms around her: "Stand off! Stand off!"
said she.
"The man I love died yonder, on the banks of Sweet
Dundee!"

He held his arms around her and tried to throw her down;
Two pistols and a sword she saw beneath his morning
gown.

And Mary took the pistols that he had used so free,
And then she shot and killed him on the banks of
Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle heard the noise and quickly came around.
"What have you done?" he cried, then knocked her to
the ground.
"Stand off, sir!" young Mary said. "Undaunted I
shall be!"
And then she shot her uncle dead on the banks of
Sweet Dundee.

**********

## No. 113

### THE BANKS OF SWEET LOCH RAY

This British ballad was never widely known in the United States, except in printed form. However, the ballad did manage to carve a traditional niche for itself in New England.

#### REFERENCES

Flanders (CSV), 16-17 Flanders (NGMS), 203

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The Banks of Sweet Loch Ray

I am a poor distressed maid, as others you have known;
By love I'm captivated and my heart is overthrown.
While herding out my father's flocks upon a summer's
day,
I chanced to meet a sailor bold on the banks of sweet
Loch Ray.
"Good morning, fair maid," he smiled and said as nicely
as could be,
"My pretty one, how would you like to go along with me?

I'll dress you finer than a queen, all in the latest
style,
And when we reach some small quiet town, we'll linger
there awhile."

With cheeks a-blush I did answer him, "Your suit I must
deny,
For I am not quite ready yet to give such life a try.
So far away from my own home I've no desire to stray;
My heart would break should I not live on the banks of
sweet Loch Ray."

"Be not concerned, fair maid," said he, "We have no
need to rove;
Let us just sit and court awhile here in this pleasant
grove.
We'll stay right here and ccurt a spell among the
flowers gay,
And keep an eye upon the sheep on the banks of sweet
Loch Ray."

Lost in the rapture of his gaze, the time stole slowly
on;
And now my love has taken flight and from me he is
gone.
I'll never love a sailor man, if one should come my
way;
I'll stay and watch my father's sheep on the banks of
sweet Loch Ray.

**********

## No. 114

### THE BANKS OF THE DEE

A Scottish ballad, and one set to the air of an older tune: Langolee. The text was written by John Tait in 1775. Tait wrote the ballad for friends who had shipped out to the American colonies, to help put down the rebellion.
Americans parodied the song with 'Twas Winter and Blue Tory Noses (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 74
Rabson, 26
Rogers, 22
Silber (SI), 61
Sturgis (SHV), 14
Vinson, 30

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The Banks of the Dee

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon cooed from the tree;
At the foot of the hill, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river;
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever—
'Twas there I first gained the affection and favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

My Jamie is gone now and I am here mourning;
He'll quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he—
But, oh! what I'd give for his speedy returning,
To wander once more on the banks of the Dee.

The Dee then will flow, all its beauty displaying,
And lambs on the banks will again be seen playing,
While Jamie and I shall be carelessly straying
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

**********

## No. 115

### THE BANKS OF THE LITTLE EAU PLEINE

also known as

Johnny Murphy
The Little Auplaine
The Little Eau Pleine
The Little Low Plain
On the Banks of the Little Eau Pleine

The text of this song is attributed to W. N. "Billy" Allen, who used the humorous alias of Shan T. Boy. The Little Eau Pleine is a small tributory of the Wisconsin River, and it flows entirely within Marathon country, once a busy logging area.

### REFERENCES

Arnett, 118
Beck (LLC), 151-155
Beck (SML), 119-122
Botkin (MRF), 578-579
Carmer (SRA), 192-193
Creighton (FSNB), 135-137
Glass (SFRF), 45-48
Lloyd, 42-43
Rickaby, 25-34

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The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine  Tune: Erin's Green Shore

Last June as I rambled one evening,
Through green woods, as I walked along,
The mosquitos' sounded melodious,
And so did the whippoorwill's song.
The frogs in the marshes were croaking,
The Tree-Toads were whistling for rain,
And Partridges round me were drumming,
On the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

The sun in the west was declining
And tinging the tree-tops with red;
My wandering feet bore me onward,
Not caring whither they led.

I happened to see a young woman,
Who mourned in a sorrowful strain;
She mourned for a jolly young raftsman
On the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

"Alas, my dear Johnny has left me.
Perhaps I will see him no more.
He's down on the lower Wisconsin,
And pulling a fifty-foot oar.
He went on a fleet with Ross Gamble
And left me in sorrow and pain;
It's over two months since he started
From the banks of the Little Eau Pleine."

"If John Murphy is your young love's name,
I used to know him very well;
But sad is the tale I must tell you:
Your Johnny was drowned in The Dells.
They buried him 'neath a scrub Norway,
And you'll never behold him again.
No stone marks the spot where's sleeping,
Far away from the Little Eau Pleine."

"A curse upon you, Wisconsin!
May your rapids and falls cease to roar!
May every towhead and sandbar
Be as dry as a long schoolhouse floor!
May the willows upon all your islands
Lie down like a field of ripe grain,
For taking my jolly young raftsman
Far away from the Little Eau Pleine!"

**********

## No. 116

### BANKS OF THE OHIO

also known as

Along the Banks of the Ohio
The Banks of the Obadee
The Banks of the Ole Pedee
The Banks of the River Dee
Down on the Banks of the Ohio
I Asked My Love to Take a Walk
I'll Never Be Yours
The Old Shawnee
On the Banks of the Ohio
On the Banks of the Old Knee
On the Banks of the Old Pedee
On the Banks of the Old T. B.

This is a fictionalized "murdered girl" song, similar to The Jealous Lover and The Knoxville Girl (see in MB). The Ohio River was a popular subject with 19th century songwriters, which explains the many different songs with the same or similar titles. For a study of a group of such related songs, see: Jour (AFL), XLII, 247-253. For a different song with the same title, see: Glass (SFRF), 54-55.

Of the versions given below, the first (A) is from upstate New York and the second (B) is from North Carolina.

#### REFERENCES

Best, 48
Botkin (MRF), 577
Brown, II, 247; IV, 144
Carmer (SRA), 109, 168
Eddy, 233
Gardner (BSSM), 80-82
Henry (BMFS), 44-45
Henry (FSSH), 220-221
Jackson (ESUS), 32
Jour (AFL), XLV, 134-135
Leisy, 20-22
Leisy (SPS), 40
Pound, 108-109
Pound (SFSN), V, 2
Randolph, II, 136-138
Silber (HSB), 39
Silverman, I, 76

## Banks of the Ohio (Version A)

I asked my love to go with me,
To come and walk a little way;
And as we walked, we stopped and talked
About our coming wedding day.

"Oh, darlin', say you will be mine,
And let no arms but mine entwine;
You'll be my bride where waters flow,
Along the banks of the Ohio.

"I asked your father for your hand,
But he did not understand;
So only say that you'll be mine,
And happiness we'll surely find."

I held a knife against her breast,
As gently in my arms she pressed.
She cried, "O Will, don't murder me!
I'm unprepared for eternity."

I took and gripped her trembling hand,
And threw her down in the river's sand;
I shoved her in and let her drown,
And watched her body floating down.

When I got home at half-past one,
I cried, "My God! what have I done?
I killed her there by the flowing tide,
When she refused to be my bride.

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## VERSION B

My love and I we took a walk
On the banks of the Old Pee Dee,
And as we walked we gently talked
When our wedding day would be.

"Only say, love you will be mine,
And your home will ever be,
Where the silent waters flow
On the banks of the old Pee Dee."

He took her by her lily white hand,
And swung her 'round and 'round,
Then threw her into the waters deep,
And there he watched her drown.

"Because she said she'd never be mine,
And her home would never be
Where the silent waters flow
On the banks of the old Pee Dee."

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## No. 117

### BARBADOES LADY
also known as

Jemmy and Nancy
Jimmie and Nancy
Jimmy and Nancy
Nancy of Yarmouth
Pretty Nancy
Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth

This an 18th century ballad. According to Kidson, the ballad was printed by John Evans about 1795. Cecil Sharp, who recovered a fragmentary version in North Carolina, pointed out that the original ballad was quite lengthy, consisting of 56 stanzas, or 244 lines. There are stall and garland prints of the ballad in the Harvard Library, but no such lengthy versions have been found in American tradition.

### REFERENCES

Brown, II, 223; IV, 134
Campbell & Sharp, No. 53
Christie, II, 282
Creighton (SBNS), 81-83
Davis (FSV), 68
Glyde, Jr. (NG), 266

Greig & Duncan, No. 222
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 178
Jour (FSS), II, 113; VIII, 209
Memoirs (AFL), XXIX, 15
Sharp, I, 379-380
Songster (61), 86-92

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Barbadoes Lady

Lovers, now come, lend an ear to my story;
Hear, for example, what happened quite near:
I tell of a young couple who loved out of measure—
It's of young Nancy from Yarmouth you'll hear.

Nancy of Yarmouth, a rich merchant's daughter,
Heiress of fifteen thousand a year;
The young man who loved her and called her his jewel,
Lived with his parents, who both loved him dear.

Many long years this young couple were courting.
Even as children the two did agree.
There seemed not a doubt they were meant for each other,
Altho' young Jimmy was poor as could be.

When the time came, and they wanted to marry,
Nancy's old father would not even hear;
He objected to Jimmy as mate for his daughter,
Stated his reasons precisely and clear.

Nancy held firm, and she said with deep feeling:
"Riches and honor I do both deny!
If I can't have young Jimmy to love and to marry,
Take all that I have and leave me to die!"

"Daughter," said he, "I will strike you a bargain:
Let him go sailing one year on the foam.
If the strength of your love has not then diminished,
I shall bless your marriage the day he comes home."

Jimmy set sail on the deep stormy ocean,
True to sweet Nancy in spite of his woes;
Then the ship he was sailing, all owned by her father,
Anchored one morning in the far Barbadoes.

There he was seen by a beautiful lady,
As he came ashore a walk for to take;
And she fixed her eyes on him and said in her heart:
If I don't possess him I'll die for his sake!

"Young man," said she, "I'm a Barbadoes lady,
Great are the treasures you'll have at my side."
'Twas then young Jimmy answered: "I'm vowed to a lady,
And I must return home and make her my bride."

Over the sea, on the shores of old England,
Nancy's cruel father had authored a plan;
To his good friend the boatswain he promised great
riches,
If he'd make of Jimmy a very dead man.

Greedy for wealth and the leisure it promised,
Deadly the vigil the boatswain did keep;
And one night in the darkness he murdered young Jimmy,
Then tossed his dead body adrift in the deep.

On a dark night, while sweet Nancy lay sleeping,
Into her chamber a ghost did appear,
Saying, "Rise up and listen to me, pretty Nancy:
Your father has murdered the one you hold dear."

She raised her head from the soft, downy pillow,
Feeling his presence all over the room,
Saying, "It is your promise I come here pursuing—
Join me, Nancy, down here in the tomb."

"Jimmy," said she, "it is soon I'll be going,
Going forever in your arms to sleep."
And as soon as sweet Nancy had walked to the ocean,
She plunged her young body to death in the deep.

**********

## No. 118

### BARBARA ALLEN
also known as

Barbara Allan
Barbara Allen's Cruelty
Barbara Ellen
Barbary, or Barbery Allen
Barb' ry Allen, or Allum
Barbry Ellen
Barby Ellen
Bawbee Allen
Bonnie Barb'ra Allan
Bonny Barbara Allen
The Cruelty of Barbara Allen
The Fate of Barbara Allen
Johnny Armstrong's Last Goodnight
Mary Alling
Sir John Grahme and Barbara All n
The Young Man's Tragedy

Of all the old English-Scottish ballads known in American tradition, Barbara Allen is undoubtedly the most popular and widely distributed. Collectors have recovered variants and versions in all areas of the United States. In England, the song was first published in Allan Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1740. Then came Percy's Reliques, 1765, where both the English and Scottish versions were given. The first song book of American issue in which a version appears is

The American Songster, Baltimore, 1830.

Of course, the ballad was known in America long before its publication, and probably dates back to the early colonial era.

The ultimate source for the ballad's text has never been established, but the plot and the words are much the same wherever encountered. The most unexpected and unusual title associated with the ballad is Little Johnny Green, a version recovered by Cox (FSS), 109 F.

The two (A & B) versions given below are merely representative, with version A being the one most commonly heard in the United States.

## REFERENCES


Agay (2), 17
Allsopp, II, 212-213
Arnold, 8-9
Ashton (CB), 173-175
Bantock, 38-39
Barry (BBM), 195-200
Belden (BS), 60-65
Berger, 14-15
Botkin (AFL), 820-822
Botkin (APPS), 58
Botsford, I, 26-27
Brander, 74
Brewer, 209
Brewster (BSI), 99-121
Brown, II, 111; IV, 57
Bulletin (VFS), Nos 2 & 10
Burne, 543
Cambiaire, 66-68
Campbell & Sharp, No. 21
Chappell (FSRA), 32
Chappell (PMOT), II, 538
Chapple (HS), 247
Child, II, 276; V, 416
Christie, I, 87-89
Coffin, 87-90
Cox (FSS), 96-109, 523
Creighton (MFS), 13-14
Creighton (TSNS), 49
Davis (TBV), 302, 577
Dean-Smith, 51
Downes, 28-29, 34-35
Ebsworth (RB), II, 25; III, 522
Eddy, 52-59
Emrich (CBF), 25
Emrich (FAL), 572
Fauset (FLNS), 113-115
Flanders, II, 246
Flanders (BMNE), 197
Friedman, 88-94
Fuson, 47-48
Gainer, 57-58
Gardner (BSSM), 50-52
Greenleaf, 26-27
Greig, II, art. 165 & art. 166
Greig & Keith, 67-70
Henry (FSSH), 80-88
Henry (SSSA), 248
Houseman, 130-131
Hubbard, 20-22
Hudson (FSM), 95-107
Hudson (SMFL), No. 13
Ives (SA), 42-43
Ives (SB), 58, 50
Johnson (FS), 327-328
Johnson (SMM), No. 221

Jones, 13, 301
Jour (AFL), VI, 132; XIX, 285; XX, 250; XXII, 63; XXVI, 352; XXIX, 160; XXX, 317; XXXV, 343; XXXIX, 97, 211; XLII, 268; XLV, 13; XLVI, 28; XLIX, 207
Jour (FSS), I, 111, 265; II, 15, 80
Jour (IFSS), I, 45
Joyce (AIM), 79
Kennedy (AB), 140-150
Kennedy (TAB), 25-26
Kidson (GEFS), 74
Kidson (TT), 36-40
Kincaid No. 1, 14
Kinsley, 353-354
Kirkland, 70
Lair (SLL), 4
Leach (BB), 277-280
Leisy, 22-24
Leisy (LAS), 15-16
Linscott, 163-164
Lloyd, 69
Lomax (FSNA), 183-184
Luther, 15-17
Macfarren, 204-205
Mackenzie, 35-40, 393
Mackenzie (QB), 100-102
McGill, 39-44
Moore (BFSS), 68-70
Morris, 283-290
Motherwell MS., 288
Muir, 187
Neely, 137-139
Neely (FBB), 77
Niles (BB), 202-206
Oberndorfer, 50
Okun, 35-36
Owens (TFS), 23-26
Percy (RAEP), III, 128
Perrow, XXVIII, 144
Pound, 7-10
Pound (SFSN), I, 1
Pub (TFLS), X, 146
Quarterly (M), II, No. 1, 120
Quarterly (SFL), II, 70
Quiller-Couch, 802-803
Raine, 115
Ramsay (TTM), II, 142; IV, 46, 343
Randolph, I, 126-139
Randolph (Ozarks), 183
Rayburn, 232-233
Reeves (EC), 46-48
Rimbault (MIPR), No. 53
Ritchie (FS), 79
Ritchie (SFC), 184
Roberts (IP), 52-57
Roberts (SBS), 95-96
Sandburg (AS), 57
Scarborough (NFS), 59
Scarborough (SC), 83-96, 386
Scott (BA), 7-8
Scott (SA), 57
Seeger (6), 79
Sharp, I, 183-195

Sharp (EFS), I, 20
Sharp (FSFS), No. 22
Sharp (100), 20-21
Shearin (BBCM), 3
Shearin (SKFS), 8
Shoemaker (MMP), 127
Shoemaker (NPM), 122
Silverman, I, 210
Smith (AA), 35
Smith (BSUS), 12, 20
Smith (SCB), 129-141
Smith (TBSCS), No. 8
Stout, 8-10
Thomas (DD), 94-95
Thomas (SG), 6-7
Thomson, III, 29
Treat, 22
Wells, 113-114
Western Folklore, VIII, 371
Wheeler (KMFS), 39-48
Wier (LS), 33
Wilder, 122-123
Williams (FSUT), 204-207
Wyman (LT), 1-5

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Barbara Allen (Version A)

In yonder town where I was born,
There lived a fair young maiden;
She was the fairest of them all,
And her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jimmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant thro' the town,
He sent him to her dwellin',
Saying, I've a message for you, fair maid,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

Slowly, slowly she rose up,
And slowly she drew near him;
But all she said when she got there
Was "Young man, I think you're dying."

Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
And death is near me dwellin';
But better I shall never be
Till I have Barbara Allen.

Slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she went from him;
She had not gone but a mile or two
When she heard his death bell tolling.

She looked east and she looked west,
She saw his coffin coming;
Lay down, lay down this young man,
And let me gaze upon him.

The more she looked the more she wept,
And then she burst out crying:
Take him to the graveyard now,
For he died for Barbara Allen.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
And make it long and narrow;
Sweet Jimmy died for me today,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

They buried him in one church-yard
And Barbara in another;
And from his grave there grew a rose,
And from her grave a briar.

They grew to the top of the old church-wall,
Where they could grow no higher,
And there they tied in a true love-knot;
The rose clung to the briar.

---

VERSION B

'Twas round about one October day,
When the green leaves were a-fallin',
That young Lord Grame of the West Country
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

He sent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where she was dwellin':
O haste and come to my master's side,
If you be Barbara Allen.

O slowly, slowly rode she up
To the place where he was lyin';
And when she saw him there, she said:
Young man, I think you're dyin'.

Said he, I'm sick, so very sick,
And it's all for Barbara Allen;
O, better that we had never met,
For now my life is ebbing.

Remember you not in the tavern,
When you the cups were fillin'—
How you made the healths go round and
round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin':
Adieu, adieu! my dear friends all,
Be kind to Barbara Allen.

Then slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighin', said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gone a mile or two,
When she heard the death-bell knellin';
And every tone the death-bell gave,
Cried, Woe to Barbara Allen!

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it soft and narrow;
Since my love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

**********

No. 119

THE BARDY TRAIN

American rural-type song in which the dogs of a person are the objects of praise. Origin and authorship unknown, though the reference to New England in the text may indicate area of origin.
For another version, see Chappel (FSRA), 176-178.

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The Bardy Train

Come on, Uncle Joe.
I know you want to go
Out through the wild woods a-hunting.
We've got dogs of our own
Just as good as ever was known,
And there's none in New England
can beat 'em.

There's Fido, Dido,
Councilo and Joe,
Old Clean that never lags behind 'em;
There's Miss Camellia Jane,
Who's the leader of the train,
Roxy and Toxy in the morning.

**********

## No. 120

### BARNEY AND KATIE

also known as

Barney Mavoureen When Barney Flew Over the Hills

This Irish song enjoyed a popular acceptance in mid-19th century America, then drifted off along the folk stream. Versions have been recovered from oral sources in areas as widely separated as New England, Ohio and Utah.

### REFERENCES

Creighton (MFS), 77
Eddy, 309-310
Flanders (BMNE), 222
Hubbard, 114

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Barney and Katie

On a cold winter night, when the weather was snarly,
And snow, like a sheet, covered house-top and sty,
Barney went over the hills to his darling
And rapped at the window where Katie did lie.

"Oh, my Katie," said he, as he stood at the window,
"The night is so cold and my coat is so thin—
The wind is a-howling—you know how I love you!
Oh, Katie, me darling, won't you let me in?"

"Dear Barney," said she, with her lips near the window,
"You should not have come. I'm already in bed.
To call such an hour is a sin, you know, barney—
It's whiskey, not love, that has gone to your head."

"Oh, my Katie," said he, "my poor heart is a fountain;
It weeps for the wrong it has brought to your door.
Your name is more pure than the snow on yon mountain,
But love and not whiskey now makes me implore.

"I will make my way home, tho' the bitter winds
face me;
I'll whistle them off, for to freeze is no sin.
My love for you, Katie, will warmly embrace me."
"Oh, Barney," sighed she, "you'd better come in."

**********

## No. 121

BARNEY McCOY
also known as

Barney McCoi Nora(h) Darling

This is a professional creation of the sort sung during the latter part of the 19th century. According to Sullivan, III, 398, it was copyrighted in 1881. A complete version is in Wehman (617), p. 105.
For a differn Irish song known As Norah Darling, see: McCaskey, VIII, 40 or O'Conor, 149.

### REFERENCES

Brown, II, 346; IV, 202
Davis (FSV), 124
Ford (TMA), 337-338
O'Conor, 134
Owens (TFS), 89
Pound (SFSN), III, 6
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 202
Randolph, IV, 291-292
Wolford, 75-76

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Barney McCoy

I'm going far away, Norah darlin',
And, oh, leavin' such an angel far behind,
It will break my heart in two,
Which I fondly give to you,
For no other is so lovin', kind an' true.

Oh, come into my arms, Norah darlin',
Bid your friends in dear old Ireland goodby;
It's happy we will be
In that dear land of the free,
Living happy with your Barney McCoy.

I would go with you, Barney darlin',
But the reason I told you oft before:
It would break my mother's heart
If from her I had to part,
And go roaming with you, Barney McCoy.

I'm going far away, Norah darlin',
Just as sure as there's a God I adore;
But remember what I say,
That until the judgment day,
You will never see your Barney any more.

I would go with you, Barney darlin',
If my mother and the rest of them were there;
For I know we would be blest
In that dear land of the West,
Living happy with you, Barney McCoy.

I'm going far away, Norah darlin',
And the ship is now anchored at the bay;
Before tomorrow you will hear
From the signal gun, my dear,
So be ready—it will carry us away.

**********

## No. 122

THE BARRING OF THE DOOR
also known as

Arise and Bar the Door-O
Barrin' o' Oor Door
Get Up and Bar the Door
Joan and John Blount
Johnie Blunt
The Old Man and the Door

This is an old Scottish song with a universal theme. The marital argument occurring in the text is the basis of a host of folk tales in Asia as well as in Europe. Edited versions of this song appear in numerous folios and song-books. The song was first published by David Herd, in 1776.
A burlesque version is in Delehanty and Hengler's Song and Dance Book, 1874, p. 169.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 318-321
Brown, II, 183; IV, 112
Bulletin (VFS), IX, 7
Child, V, 96-99
Coffin, 145-146
Combs (FSMEU), 147-148
Combs (FSUS), 128-129
Cox (FSS), 515-517
Creighton (TSNS), 92-93
Davis (TBV), 495-496
Flanders, IV, 72
Gainer, 88-89
Gardner (BSSM), 371-372
Greenleaf, 41-42
Greig & Keith, 216-218
Houseman, 236-238
Kinsley, 630-631
Leach (BB), 657
Macfarren, 112-113
Moore (BFSS), 122-124
Morris, 320-321
Niles (BB), 307-309
Pinkerton (SSB), II, 150
Quiller-Couch, 847-848
Randolph, I, 186

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## The Barring of the Door

It happened in the wintertime
As the cold night winds began, O!
John Macklin's wife had puddings to make,
And she boiled 'em in a pan, O!

The night-winds blew both hard and cold,
And blew up thro' the floor, Oh!
John Macklin called out to his wife:
"Get up and bar the door, O!"

"My hand is in the pudding, John,
As you can plainly see, O!
And if that door gets barred tonight,
It won't get barred by me, O!"

So they made a pact between them,
With an oath to God they swore, O!
The very first to speak a word,
That one would bar the door, O!

Two travelers came riding by
'Round twelve o'clock at night, O!
And straight they rode to Macklin's house,
Attracted by the light, O!

They entered in and said aloud,
"Are you people rich or poor, O!
But neither man nor wife would speak,
For the barring of the door, O!

The travelers ate the sausage meat,
They sopped their bread in fat, O!
At every bite the old woman thought,
"I hope they choke on that, O!"

Then one unto the other said,
"Here! now you take my knife, O!
And while you shave that old man's chin,
I'll just take his wife to bed, O!"

John Macklin leaped from off his bed,
And an angry man was he, O!
"Sir, if you touch my wife," he said,
"You will first be killing me, O!"

His loving wife then left her bed,
And she skipped across the floor, O!
"Well, John," she cried, "you've spoken first!
Now go and bar the door, O!"

**********

## No. 123

### THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM
### also known as
### Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys

This Civil War era song was written by George F. Root, a popular composer of that time. It is not a folk song per se, but it became the source of many folk pieces. As a Union "rallying" song, the original text and tune were most effective amd its popularity with the general public, South as well as North, was immensely gratifying to the composer.

New words were almost immediately forth coming, and a "battle" version was added to the "rallying" text. Then came parodies and a popular Souther adaptation. All these additional texts were sung to the original air. The five versions below (A, B, C, D, E) should serve to show the song's hold on people's imagination. Version A is the original. Version B is the battle text, C is a parody sung by Union soldiers, D is the Southern adaptation, and E is a text sung by Confederate soldiers.

James T. Field and William B. Bradbury borrowed one of the song's title lines, Rally Round the Flag, and used it for their own composition in the 1860s, which begins:

Rally round the flag, boys,
Give it to the breeze;
That's the banner we love,
On the land and seas.

For a complete text, see: Lawrence, 376 or Wier (SWWS), 226.

For a modern adaptation, see The People's Rally Cry in Greenway, 61.

REFERENCES

Beattie, 16
Chapple (HS), 17-18
Dolph, 232-234
Ford (TMA), 461
Glass (SS-2), 32-33
Grand Army, 6-7
Ives (SA), 294-296
Lawrence, 362-363
Lloyd, 122-123
Mackenzie (SH), 86-87
Oberndorfer, 106
Silber (SCW), 17-19
Songs (15), 63
Weavers, 18-19
Wier (SWWS), 232-233

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The Battle Cry of Freedom (Version A)

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
We will rally from the hillside,
We'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

Chorus

The Union forever, Hurrah! Boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call of
Our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
Oh, we'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million free-men more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We will welcome to our number
The loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

And altho' they may be poor,
Not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

Oh, we're springing to the call
From the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll hurl the rebel crew
From the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

---

VERSION B

Battle text added to the original song after its popularity was established. For other versions, see: Dolph, 235; Grand Army, 7; Ives (SA), 296; Luther, 181; and Silber (SCW), 19.

We are marching to the field, boys,
We're going to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And we bear the glorious stars
For the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

Chorus

The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
For we're marching to the field, boys,
Going to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

We will meet the rebel host, boys,
With fearless heart and true,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has
For loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

If we fall amid the fray, boys,
We'll face them to the last,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And our comrades brave shall hear us
As they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

Yes, for Liberty and Union
We're springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And the vict'ry shall be ours,
For we're rising in our might,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

---

VERSION C

This parody, also known as Mary Had a Little Lamb, was sung lustily by Union soldiers. Other versions may be seen in Dolph, 236-237 and Ives (SA), 297.

Mary had a little lamb,
'Twas always on the go,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
So she staked it on a grassy slope
Along the Shenando',
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

Chorus

Hurrah for Mary! Hurrah for the Lamb!
Hurrah for the soldiers, who didn't care
a damn!
Now we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

Frequently she turned it loose
Upon the banks to play,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

Soldiers eyed it from the shore
In a kleptomanic way,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

It swam across the Shenando'—
Our pickets saw it too,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
Oh, speedily it simmered down
Into a mutton stew,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

---

VERSION D

This adaptation, Our Dixie Forever, proves once again that boundaries and differences do not erect walls where music and songs are concerned. This text was written by H. L. Schreiner and W. H. Barnes, and it was tremendously popular in the South.
For another version, see: Glass (SS-2), 34.

Our flag is proudly floating
On the land and on the main,
Shout! Shout, the battle cry of freedom!
Beneath it oft we've conquered
And will conquer oft again,
Shout! Shout, the battle cry of freedom!

Chorus

Our Dixie forever! she's never at a loss!
Down with the eagle and up with the cross!
We'll rally round the bonny flag,
We'll rally once again,
Shout! Shout, the battle cry of freedom!

While our boys have responded,
And to the field have gone,
Shout! Shout, the battle cry of freedom!
Our noble women also
Have aided them at home,
Shout! Shout, the battle cry of freedom!

---

VERSION E

This adaptation was sung by "the boys in gray." Author of the text is unknown, but the tune is the same.

We're marching to the field, boys,
We're going to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And we bear the Heavenly cross,
For our cause is in the right,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

Chorus

Our rights forever, hurrah! Boys, hurrah!
Down with the tyrants! Raise the Southern star!
And we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

We'll meet the Yankee hosts, boys,
With fearless hearts and true,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And we'll show the dastard minions
What Southern pluck can do,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

**********

## No. 124

### BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC
### also known as
### Glory Hallelujah!

This song, with words by Julia Ward Howe, has been popular in the United States since it was first published in the Atlantic Monthly, Feb., 1862. Versions have appeared in several hundred song books and folios, including those printed especially for schools.
The tune to which Mrs. Howe set her stirring words was already well known.
Much false information exists concerning the song's history. At one time it was claimed that the song was based upon Stephen Foster's Ellen Bayne. It's origin was ascribed to a composer of Negro Minstrel music T. Brigham Bishop. We now know that the tune was actually composed by William Steffe, Charleston, S. C., in the 1850s. Steffe composed the air for his hymn, Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us, or On Canaan's Happy Shore. We also know that Mrs. Howe was not aware of the hymn and that she got the melody from Union soldiers who were singing it to the words of John Brown's Body. With the possible exception of John Brown's Body (see in MB), neither Steffe's hymn nor any other songs using the air came anywhere near reaching the height of popularity attained by Battle Hymn of the Republic.

For other songs set to the same air in this Master Book, see John Brown's Baby (No. 893), Pink Pajamas (No. 1350), Said I To Myself, Said I (No. 1502), and Solidarity Forever (No. 1583).

REFERENCES

Adler, 100
Agay (2), 128-129
Chapple (HS), 312
Dolph, 242
Downes (1940), 147
Downes (1943), 178
Elson, 28-29
Glass (SS-2), 4-5
Kennedy (AB), 199
Kennedy (TAB), 167
Kobbe, 160-161
Krythe, 132
Lawrence, 362
Lloyd, 126
Luther, 175
McCaskey, II, 117
Oberndorfer, 105
Silverman, II, 125
Songs (15), 64-65
Warner, 57
Whitman, 37
Wier (SWWS), 233

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Battle Hymn of the Republic Tune: John Brown's Body

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord!
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored!
He hath loosed the lightning
Of his terrible swift sword!
His truth is marching on!

Chorus

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watch fires
Of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar
In the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps!
His day is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on!

**********

No. 125

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH
also known as

The Battle at Pittsburgh Landing
The Battle of Shiloh's Mill
The Battle on Shiloh Hill
Pittsburgh Landing

Civil War song. The battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862, took its name from Shiloh Church, a meeting house, about three miles SSW of Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee. Confederate forces, commanded by Generals Johnson and Beauregard, attacked Union forces commanded by General Grant, and suffered severe defeat. 3500 men were killed during two days of fighting. This song quickly followed news of the battle; it was published at Boston by the Oliver Ditson Company. The words were written by M. B. Smith, who set them to the tune of The Wandering Sailor.

REFERENCES

Allan (LSB), 44-45
Brown, II, 535-536
Brown (BLNC), 10
Hudson (FSM), 260-261
Lomax (FSNA), 349-350
Randolph, II, 272-273
Sharp, II, 172-173
Silverman, II, 300
Staton, 95

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The Battle of Shiloh

All you Southerners now draw near,
Unto my story approach and hear,
For loyal Southerners hearts to cheer
With the victory gained at Shiloh.

Now it was April, the sixteenth day,
We had come a long and muddy way;
We landed there at Corinth Bay,
Right along the way to Shiloh.

That night we lay on the cold, cold ground;
No tents or shelters could be found.
It rained so hard we nearly drowned,
All along the way to Shiloh.

At last old Shiloh hove in view,
And broke the bravest hearts in two;
We saw the mighty Yankee crew
All along the way to Shiloh.

We charged the yanks in groups and
pairs,
And hit their batteries every wheres;
Our General Beauregard rang the air
With Southern steel at Shiloh.

Their guns and knapsacks they threw
down,
And ran like hares before a hound;
We made the Yankees turn around
From the Southern charge at Shiloh.

Oh, many a pretty maid will yearn
For lovers who will no more return;
This cruel war such love does spurn—
Their bodies lie at Shiloh.

**********

## No. 126

### THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

A poetic satire by Francis Hopkinson; it is based upon an incident that occurred during the American Revolution. One David Bushnell built a turtle-like vessel capable of carrying one man under water. The vessel contained valves for taking on water, to force submergence, a bomb loaded with approximately 150 lbs of powder, and sufficient air to allow proper breathing for at least thirty minutes. The idea was to send the vessel under water, to attach the bomb (with time-fuse device) to the bottom of a British ship and blow it up. Bushnell's vessel was tried-out in New York harbor, but failed to meet the test. With George Washington's consent, Bushnell tried another approach in January 1778. He and his assistants loaded a number of kegs with powder, designed to explode on contact, and set them afloat in the Delaware River, near Philadelphia, with the expectation of sinking British vessels at anchor there. Only one ship was destroyed, but the consternation caused by the exploding kegs as they hit ice cakes in the river was immense. When these kegs began exploding, Lord William Howe (the Sir William referred to in the song) "lay snoring" in bed with a married woman.

These events so impressed Francis Hopkinson (a signer of the Delcaration of Independence) that he wrote the poem, setting it to a variation of the tune of Yankee Doodle.

#### REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 94
Dolph, 469-472
Ives (SA), 268-269
Kennedy (TAB), 8-11
Lawrence, 77
Loesser, 66-67
Luther, 29, 32
Rabson, 58-59

Scott (BA), 77-80
Silber (SI), 93-95
Songster (8), 205
Vinson, 46-47

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The Battle of the Kegs

Gallants attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as the poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze—
The truth can't be denied, sir—
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing!

"The kegs now hold the rebels bold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they've come down to attack the town
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And, scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;

And some ran here and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.

Sir William, he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a-snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cried,
"For God's sake! what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And the other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity!—
Without a boat are all afloat
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir."

The royal band, now ready stand
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since war began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
"Why sure," thought they, "the devil's
to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.

The keg, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
Of rebel stave and hoop, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge.

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few
Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against those wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

**********

## No. 127

### THE BAY OF MEXICO

also known as

Round the Bay of Mexico 'Way, O, Julianna!

According to James F. Leisy, this is a Bahamian shanty. Perhaps it is. But if it is, it's more a case of "borrowing" than of creating. All the versions that I have seen, including Leisy's, were composites, made-

up of lines taken from older shanties and minstrel-show songs. For examples, see:

Blow the Man Down (stanza 3) in Colcord, 54;
Santiana (stanza 9) in Hugill (2), 128;
Sacramento (stanza 9) in Hugill (2), 157; and
Away, Rio! (stanza 3) in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Leisy, 285-286
Leisy (SPS), 20
Lomax (OSC), 88-89
Lomax (PB), 29
Silber (HSB), 34
Silverman, II, 269
Weavers, 128-129

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The Bay of Mexico

Around the Bay of Mexico,
'Way, O, Julianna!
Mexico is the place I'm bound to go,
Round the Bay of Mexico.

The Mexi-gals don't use no combs, etc.
They comb their hair with tuna-fish bones, etc.

When I was young and in my prime, etc.
I made love to three girls at one time, etc.

Them Mobile gals are long and tall, etc.
Wish I'd never left home at all, etc.

I met my wife in New Orleans, etc.
She feeds me on fat-back and beans, etc.

I'll sit down in my rockin' chair,
'Way, O, Julianna!
I'll rock myself and stay right there,
Round the Bay of Mexico.

**********

## No. 128

### BEANS, BACON AND GRAVY

One of the many songs inspired by the Great Depression of 1932. The version below, text and music, is from Greenway, 64.

---

Beans, Bacon and Gravy

I was born long ago, in eighteen ninety-four,
And I've seen many a panic, I will own;
I've been hungry, I've been cold,
And now I'm growing old,
But the worst I've ever seen is nineteen thirty-two.

Chorus

Oh, those beans, bacon and cravy!
They almost drive me crazy.
I eat them till I see them in my dreams,
In my dreams!
When I wake up in the morning,
And another day is dawning,
Yes, I know I'll have another mess of beans!

If there ever comes a time
When I have more than a dime,
They will have to put me under lock and key;
For they've had me broke so long
I can only sing this song,
Of the workers and their misery!

**********

## No. 129

### A BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN
also known as
A Bear Came Over the Mountain

This is an old, old nursery rhyme-song. Children have been delighted by the song for generations. The tune is older than the text and is used for several well-known traditional pieces. For examples, see: Drinking Song VII & VIII; For He's a Jolly Good Fellow; and Pig in the Parlor (all in this Master Book).
For additional information about this air, see head-notes to Duke of Marlborough in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Armitage, I, 28
Bertail, 16
Emrich (CBF), 23
Linscott, 164
Ryan, 41
Shay (DFW), 70
Winn (2), 72
Yolen, 110-111

---

A Bear Went Over the Mountain

A bear went over the mountain,
A bear went over the mountain,
A bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could saw!
To see what he could saw!
To see what he could saw!
A bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could saw!

The other side of the mountain, (3)
Was all he got to saw!
Was all he got to saw!
Was all he got to saw!
The other side of the mountain
Was all he got to saw!

**********

## No. 130

### BEAUTIFUL LIGHT O'ER THE SEA

This is one of those composite-type songs that show up regularly in the folk field, and with no one able to say how, when or where it originated.
Belden (BS), 494, has a text somewhat different from the one given below and suggests that it might be related to The Prisoner's Song. Randolph, III, 140, has a variation under the title, I Was Drunk Last Night.
The tune is a re-working of Goodbye, My Darling, Goodbye and is almost identical to that of The Train Is At the Station.

---

Beautiful Light O'er the Sea

I went out last night a-drinking.
I went out the night before;
But if or when I get sober,
I'll never get drunk any more.

Chorus

Beautiful light o'er the sea, o'er the sea,
Oh, beautiful light o'er the sea!
Oh, beautiful light o'er the sea, o'er the sea,
There's someone there waiting for me.

If I had the wings of an eagle,
I'd sail through the heavens above;
I'd fly from here to the mountains,
And fly to the one that I love.

Oh, I'm tired of being so lonesome,
And I'm tired of being alone;
If ever I find my sweet darling,
I'll take her and make her go home.

I will tell her how much I miss her,
For she is the one I adore;
And if she would only forgive me,
I'd never get drunk any more.

**********

## No. 131

### A BEAUTY BRIGHT
also known as

A Beauty, Beauty Bride
Charming Beauty Bride, or Bright
A Fair Beauty Bride
Fair Lady Bright
The Fair Young Miss
The First Girl I Courted
I Courted a Lady
I Courted for Love
Irish Molly-O
The Lover's Lament
Now Once I Did Court
Once I Courted a Charming Beauty Bright
Once I Courted a Damsel
Once I Courted a Fair Beauty Bride
Seven Year Song
A Soldier's Sweetheart
The Widow's Daughter

An English "pop" song that arrived in America sometime during the latter part of the 19th century. Judging from the number of collectors who have recovered traditional versions of the song, it is far more popular here than in the land of its origin.

### REFERENCES

Arnold, 16
Belden (BS), 164-165
Brewster (BSI), 196-197
Brown, II, 293-296; IV, 162-166
Campbell & Sharp, No. 57
Chappell (FSRA), 130-131
Cox (FSS), 342, 529
Davis (FSV), 63-64
Eddy, 113-114
Fuson, 136
Jour (AFL), XXV, 2; XXVI, 176; XXVIII, 147; XXIX, 184; XXX, 334; XXXV, 389; LX, 216
Jour (EFDS), II, 81

Jour (FSS), II, 81
Lomax (FSNA), 195
Moore (BFSS), 197-198
Morris, 343-344
Pub (TFLS), X, 158
Quarterly (SFL), III, 203-204; VIII, 164-165
Randolph, I, 346-349
Scarborough (SC), 311, 439
Sharp, II, 103-108
Sharp (AEFS), 48-52
Sturgis (SHV), 22
Tolman, 184
Treat, LII, 33
Wyman (TKMS), 76

---

A Beauty Bright

Once I courted a fair beauty bright,
I courted her by day and I courted her by night;
I courted her for love, and her love I did obtain,
And so I have no reason at all to complain.

When her parents chanced to learn
That their daughter for me did yearn,
They locked her in her room, like corpse within a tomb,
And told me that our love affair was doomed.

To her room I then did go,
To say my love was true, and I wanted her to know.
She would not come outside, but answered me and cried,
And said that she would wait to be my bride.

Seven long years I sailed the sea,
And then I went to take my love with me.
Her grieving mother said that her daughter now was dead—
For me to find some other girl to wed.

**********

## No. 132

BEEN A LISTENING ALL NIGHT LONG
also known as
I've Been Listening All Night Long

This is a spiritual from the first half of the 19th century, and it is one of many popularized by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For a later variation, see: Jesus Is Listenin' in Odum (NHS), 82.

REFERENCES

Dett, 170
Marsh (SJS), 144
Owens (TFS), 171
Pike, 226

---

Been A Listening All Night Long

Some say that John the Baptist
Was just a wanderin' Jew,
But the Holy Bible tells us,
He baptized Jesus too.

Chorus

Been a listening all night long,
Been a listening all night long,
Been a listening all night long,
To hear some sinner pray.

Go read the third of Matthew,
And read the chapter through,
For it's a guide for Christians,
And tells them what to do.

**********

## No. 133

BEFORE THE DOORS OF HEAVEN CLOSE
also known as
Go, Chain the Lion Down

Pre-Civil War "slave" spiritual that was introduced to the general public by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. Version sung by them may be seen in: Marsh (SJS), 174 and Pike, 214, or 256.

---

Before the Doors of Heaven Close

Do you see that grand old sister
Who's a-walkin' up the hill so slow?
She wants to get to heaven in due time,
Before the doors of heaven close.

Chorus

Go, chain the lion down! (3)
Before the doors of heaven close.

Do you see that good old brother
Who's a-walkin' up the hill so slow?
He wants to get to heaven in due time,
Before the doors of heaven close.

Do you see the good old Christians
Come a-waggin' up the hill so slow?
They wants to get to heaven in due time,
Before the doors of heaven close.

Do you see the good old preachers
Come a-trippin' up the hill so slow?
They wants to get to heaven in due time,
Before the doors of heaven close.

**********

## No. 134

### BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS
also known ass

The Boy Child
Drury Lane
He Called for a Candle
Home, Boys, Home
Jack the Sailor Boy
Never Trust a Sailor
Rosemary Lane
The Sailor Boy
Servant of Rosemary Lane
When First I Went to Service

This song from England is immensely popular in American tradition. The text has proven too salty for genteel collections of folk material, but omitting it from publication on grounds of vulgarity does not detract from its validity as a genuine folk song.
The tune has been frequently borrowed by professional songwriters. With dressed down words, the song became a "pop" hit in the 1940s due to a recording of it by Doris Day.
For a variation, see The Boy Child in Chappell (FSRS), 60. Also compare Home, Dearie, Home B in this Master Book.

### REFERENCES

Best, 126
Buchanan & Hall, 85
Cray, 32-33, 160-162
Durlacher, 272
Gardner (BSSM), 403
Hugill (1), 498
Jour (AFL), XLV, 41
Jour (EFDSS), VI, 18
Jour (FSS), VI, 1-3
Karpeles (EFS), I, 671-679
Laws K, 43, 162
Leisy (SPS), 186
MacColl & Seeger, 166
Reeves, 181-183
Reeves (EC), 223
Sedley, 14-15
Shay (ASSC), 146

## Bell Bottom Trousers

At the age of seventeen I lived in Meadow Lane;
My parents they were good to me, and never did complain.
Along came a sailor as handsome as could be,
And he was the cause of all my misery.

### Chorus

With his bell bottom trousers and coat of navy blue,
He climbed the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle, to light his way to bed;
He asked me for a pillow on which to rest his head.
Being young and foolish, and thinking it no harm,
I got into the feather-bed, to keep the sailor warm.

His hands were warm and friendly, and busy as could be,
Until I felt a thumping deep inside of me.
'Twas a nice sensation, and tho' I thought it wrong,
When he said he loved me I up and went along.

Next morning bright and early, when he got out of bed,
He buttoned up his trousers, smiled at me, and said:
"It really was a pleasure, I had a lot of fun,
And tho' I hate to say it, I've got to love and run.

"You may have a daughter, or you may have a son,
So take this twenty dollars for any damage done.
If you have a daughter, just bounce her on your knee;
And should you chance to have a son, send him off to sea!"

Now listen all you maidens, and take a tip from me:
Don't ever trust a sailor an inch above your knee.
Once he's had his pleasure, he'll button up and run,
And he won't give a tinker's dam for the damage he has done!

**********

## No. 135

## BELLE LAYOTTE
also known as
**Ma Mourri**

This is a Creole song that exists in several varying versions. Only two versions (A & B) are given below. Version A was sung by slaves. Version B was sung by Louisiana Creoles.

### REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 109, 166 Krehbiel, 166-167

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### Belle Layotte (Version A)

Mo deja roule tout La Cote,
Pancor ouar pareil belle Layotte.

Mo roule tout La Cote,
Mo roule tout La Colonie,
Mo pancor ouar griffone
La qua mo gout comme La belle Layotte.

Jean Babet, mon ami,
Si vous couri par en haut
Vous mande belle Layotte
Cadeau La Li te promi mouin.

Domestique la maison
Ye tout fache avec mouin
Paraporte chanson la
Mo compose pou La belle Layotte.

---

(version B)

Well I know, young men, I must die.
Yes, crazy, I must die.
Well I know, young men, I must, crazy, die.
Yes, crazy, I must die.

Ehhh! for the fair Layotte
I must, crazy, die;
Yes, crazy, I must die.
Well I know, young men, I must die!
Yes, crazy, I must die.

Well I know, young men, I must, crazy, die;
I must die for the fair layotte!

**********

## No. 136

### BELLE STARR
### also known as
### Queen of the Desperadoes

Here we have one of those historical songs with some facts and some fiction, but one of the kind that many Americans were so fond of. Born near Carthage, Missouri, Feb. 5, 1848, Belle Shirley Starr grew up to be a crude, vulgar, and somewhat ugly woman who spent her life in the company of various outlaws, including Cole Younger. She reached the peak of her fame when she moved into Indian Territory (then Oklahoma) and took-up with Sam Starr, a half-blood Cherokee, who was a cattle thief. At one point, the U. S. Government was willing to pay $10,000 for their capture, dead or alive. Both of them were finally sent to the penitentiary for stealing a horse from a cripple boy. Upon their releases, they returned to their old home

and their old ways. Then Sam, out on bail after having been charged with robbing a post office, was shot to death in a gun fight. Belle promptly moved in with another outlaw, but her days were numbered. Riding home on Feb. 3, 1889, she was bushwacked and died in the mud. The person who shot and killed her remained unknown. On the day of her death, Belle was two days shy of her 42nd birthday.
For two other versions of this song, see Fife, 269-270.

---

Belle Starr

She was a fast-gun woman,
And Belle Shirley was her name;
Down in the state of Texas
Is where she won her fame.

Jim Reed was her first lover;
She eloped with him one night.
Her Pa he took after them,
A-spoilin' for a fight.

The lovers lived together,
Till Jim Reed got in a fight.
All shot to death by Morris,
Jim cashed his chips that night.

Belle's lover from her taken,
She rode a dangerous trail;
She lived a life of wanderin'
That sure was bound to fail.

I was a poor young cowpoke,
And money came to slow;
I joined Belle's wild riders
In old New Mexico.

A mister Starr she married
And moved on to Younger's Bend.
'Twas there they lived together
Till Belle did meet her end.

We raided in Panhandle,
And we hid out in the Strip;
If we ran out of money,
We'd take another trip.

Then Belle was sorely injured,
And Watson, he was the cause;
But he was just as guilty
Of breakin' Texas laws.

Now come, cowhand and herder,
Prospector, gambler and bum;
Avoid gun-totin' ladies,
And don't drink rot-gut rum.

Yes, Belle was sure a tough one;
She led her men to the grave.
But while they were still living,
Each one was just her slave.

**********

## No. 137

BENJY HAVENS, OH!
also known as
Benny Havens, Oh!

This is a traditional military song that dates back to the War of 1812. Benjamin Havens, upon whom this song bestowed immortality, served as a first lieutenant of the Highland Falls, company during the 1812 war. Then,

afterwards, for several years, he lived in a cottage a short distance from the old cadet hospital. Havens started out selling only ale, cider, and buckwheat cakes. Then he began to sell whiskey. As a result, in 1832, he was expelled from the military reservation. Undaunted, he opened a tavern on the river's edge just below the cliffs of Highland Falls, approximately a mile and a half from the cadet barracks. It was a smart move. To his tavern, after taps and against regulations, came the cadets, many of whose names would later be inscribed on their country's roll of honor.
Original words of this song were written by Lieutenant O'Brien of the 8th Infantry, who sang it to the Irish tune, Wearing of the Green. The song was popular with the troops, and stanza upon stanza was added by many anonymous troopers. The process of adding lines and stanzas continued throughout the Civil War, at which time the song was widely sung by the general pupulation. Cadets at West Point still sing of "Benny Havens", and some probably contribute stanzas of their own.

REFERENCES

Carmer (SRA), 26-27
Dolph, 563-566
Lomax (ABFS), 540
Luther, 102-103
Randolph, II, 295
Shay (DFW), 114-115
Trident, 156-157

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Benjy Havens, Oh! Tune: Wearing of the Green

From Nevada's hoary ridges,
From stormy coasts of Maine
From lava beds and Yellowstone,
The story never waned—
Wherever duty called, they went,
Their steps were never slow;

With "Alma Mater" on their lips
And "Benjy Havens, Oh!"

Chorus

Oh! Benjy Havens, Oh! Oh! Benjy Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benjy Havens, Oh!

When life's troubled sea is o'er,
And our last battle's through,
If God permits us mortals there
His blest domain to view,
Then we shall see in glory crown'd,
In proud celestial row,
The friends we've known and loved so well
At Benjy Havens, Oh!

**********

## No. 138

### BESSIE OF BALLYDUBRAY

also known as

Ballentown Brae
Ballington Brae
Bessie of Ballington Brae
Jessie of Ballinton Brae
Sweet Ballenden Braes

An Irish song that emigrated to America, where, according to Helen Flanders, it became one of the "favorites of the Woodsmen." Probably true, because a version was printed for the first time by Dean, who said he learned it in the woods.

REFERENCES

Dean, 44-45
Flanders (NGMS), 90-91
Gardner (BSSM), 104-105
Mackenzie, 101

Bessie of Ballydubray

Now all you young ladies, I beg you draw near,
For it is of the fate of two lovers you'll hear;
Of the handsome young Bessie of Ballydubray
And the lord of the moorlands who led her astray.

'Twas one night as he on his pillow did sleep,
Young Bessie came unto him and o'er him did weep,
"Oh, the once blushing cheek, love, it moulders away
'Neath the cold, cold tomb in Ballydubray."

Then up from his pillow the young lord did rise:
"It's the voice of sweet Bessie," he frantically cries.
"Oh, if she lies dead no, as the voice did say,
I will lie down beside her in Ballydubray."

He ordered a servant to saddle his steed,
And over hill and mountain he rode with great speed,
Till he came to the house at the noon-time of day,
To the house of young Bessie of Ballydubray.

Young Bessie's old father he stood at the gate,
Like a man all forlorn bewailing his fate;
And the young lord came up to offer relief
And inquired of the old man the cause of his grief.

"I once had a daughter," the old man did say,
"Who nows lies a-mouldering on Ballydubray;
She was fair as the lilies, as proud as a queen,
And as lovely a creature as ever was seen.

"She died broken-hearted, and in great dispair—
Sometimes she was frantic and tearing her hair!
It was over some young man who led her astray,
And enticed her from home on Ballydubray."

"Oh, I am that young man!" the young lord then cried.
"And if she had loved me, she'd now be my bride.
But since she is dead, as the vision did say,
I will lay down beside her on Ballydubray."

**********

## No. 139

### BETSY BAKER

Through the second and third quarters of the 19th century, this song, Betsy Baker, was very popular in England, Canada, and the United States. A version of the song is in an 1829 chapbook printed by J. Neil, Glasgow, a copy of which is in the Harvard College Library. The same Library holds broadsides by T. Birt, Catnach, Harkness, Spencer, and George Walker. A parody (see version B below) also became popular in America. But neither the original (version A below) nor the parody is related to the dance song, Betty Baker, which is recorded in Ford (TMA), 36.

### REFERENCES

Jackson (ESUS), 64
Mackenzie, 353-354
Randolph, I, 423-425
Songster (9), 69-73
Songster (132), 59
Songster (150), 46-48
Williams (FSUT), 219

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Betsy Baker (Version A) Tune: Yankee Doodle

From noise and bustle far away,
Hard work my time employing,
How merrily I spent each day,
Content with health enjoying.

The birds would sing and so did I,
As they flew o'er each acre;
And I vowed if ever I did wed
'Twould be with Betsy Baker.

Chorus

To loora loora loora lay,
To loora loora li-lo,
To loora loora loora lay,
To loora loora li-lo.

In church I saw her dressed so neat,
One Sunday, in hot weather,
With love my heart began to beat
As we sang psalms together.
How piously she hung her head,
And while her voice did shake her,
I vowed if ever I did wed
'Twould be with Betsy Baker.

All over town, from stoop to stoop,
I learned from conversation,
She had come home from boarding-school
All filled with education.
But love made me speak out quite free:
"I own now many an acre—
Will you give me your company?"
"I won't," said Betsy Baker.

Now when I heard her dreadful slight,
I thought it best to leave her;
I got no sleep at all that night,
And love brought on a fever.
The doctor he finally came,
His long face like a Quaker;
"Young man," says he, "where is your pain?"
Says I, "With Betsy Baker."

And since I was not ill enough,
He bled me and he pilled me;
And if I'd taken half that stuff,
I'm certain he'd have killed me.
And suddenly I saw it true:
'Twas life or undertaker——
That all I really ought to do
Was go see Betsy Baker.

So stright I went 'neath stars above,
Determined to attract her;
But Betsy met and fell in love
With a rattlin' mad play actor.
If she'd marry him, he did say,
A lady he would make her;
And thus he led the girl astray,
And I lost Betsy Baker.

---

VERSION B

Parody with same title as version A, written by some anonymous author for American audiences. For another version, see Carmer (SRA), 94-95.

---

My sweetheart is a wonder quite,
And lately I did take her;
Her name you've heard before tonight,
Or else I did mistake her.
Yes, others may be great and good,
On land, on sea, or lake, sir——
Few names have ever fairer stood
Than my sweet Betsy Baker.

The ice ran down the Ohio,
The steamboat it impeded;
At last we got away from snow,
Of which we so much needed.
No accident did us befall,
Tho' steamboat was a shaker;
I was not then blown up at all,
Except by Betsy Baker.

At last arrived at Louisville,
We thought ourselves quite lucky
To get so far down our route,
And lodge safe in Kentucky.
My wife she wished to see the men
Half-horse, half-alligator;
I fearful was that they might gouge
My lovely Betsy Baker.

Down Mississippi we did sail,
The moon in her first quarter;
One night the boat ran on a snag
And filled her full of water.
The passengers, both great and small—
Enough to shock a Quaker!—
Had scarcely any clothes at all,
What a sight for Betsy Baker!

**********

## No. 140

### BETSY EVANS

also known as

Bessie Beauty
The Betrayed Maiden
Betsey
Betsey Evans
Betsey the Waiting Maid
Betsy
Betsy and Johnny
Betsy, Betsy from London Fair

Betsy Brown
Betsy from London
Betsy is a Beauty Fair
Betsy the Waiting Maid
Betty and Johnny
Johnny and Betty
The Lancaster Maid
Pretty Bessie
Pretty Betsey
The Young Man's Misery

On hearing this song today it is difficult to believe that it was once one of the most popular songs in the English-speaking world. To modern ears it has little meaning and practically no musical appeal, but through the 18th and 19th centuries it was known and loved by hundreds of thousands of people.

We know the song originated in England, but we do not know precisely when, where, or how. In Jour (AFL), XII (1889), 245, Newell traced Betsy Evans back to The Lancaster Maid, which was sung in Massachusetts as Long ago as 1800. Louise Pound said the song came down to us from Colonial days. Frank C. Brown and Malcolm Laws both thought Betsy Evans was a rewrite of the 17th century ballad, Love Overthrown--a version of which is in Rollins (PB), VII, 136-138. A stall print issued by Pitts of Seven Dials as The Betrayed Maiden was reprinted in Firth's An American Garland, 69-71.

The song's popularity was probably due to the situation described in the text; it was something that happened over and over again to the poor in the British Isles. During the 17th and 18th centuries, the dread of being kidnapped and shipped to virtual slavery in the American colonial plantations was more real than imaginary.

The reality of this general dread among the common folk is substantiated by historical records. In Rollins (PB), IV, 37-40, we read: "On May 23, 1682, in the course of a trial at London it was proved...that there was in general such a trade as kidnapping or spiriting away children, and witnesses testified that 'there had been

above five hundred sent away in two years at Christmas last.'"

Betsy Evans is one of many songs dealing with that political, social and commercial abuse of poor people in 17th and 18th century England.

See and compare: Richard and I in Creighton (MFS), 49.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 253; IV, 147
Campbell & Sharp, No. 74
Cazden, I, 74-75
Creighton (FSNB), 123-124
Creighton (SBNS), 62-63
Eddy, 218-219
Flanders (BMNE), 9-11
Flanders (CSV), 10-11
Gardner (BSSM), 114-116
Greig, I, art. 80
Jour (AFL), XII, 245; XXIX, 130
Jour (EFDS), III, 244
Laws (AB), 189
McCollum, 107-108
Peacock, III, 666-667
Pound, 66-68
Pound (SFSN), V, 19-20
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 235-236
Randolph, I, 235-236
Reeves (EC), 51-55
Sharp, II, 4-5

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Betsy Evans

Young Betsy was a lady fair
Who sailed over from London there;
A servant maid she was bound to be,
Which suited Betsy to a high degree.

In this new house there was a son,
And to his parents a priceless one;
But Betsy was so fine and fair,
He looked upon her and he learned to care.

Her eyes did shine with loving light,
And he told Betsy one summer's night:
"The love I feel I dare not show,
For my dear parents would make you go."

His mother, unseen, stood quite near.
Those words to Betsy she chanced to hear;
And in her mind resolved angrily,
To send poor Betsy far across the sea.

When morning came and she arose,
She said to Betsy, "Put on your clothes.
It's to our farm you and I must go,
And there we'll remain for a week or so."

When to the farm at last they came,
The wealthy woman, much to her shame,
She hired a ship anchored near the town,
And to Virginia Betsy soon was bound.

Back home again the mother came,
To hear Johnny cry out in pain:
"O mother, where is your servant maid?"
And she replied: "Upon the farm she stayed.

"O son! O son! it's plain to see
Your love for Betsy now worries thee;
But love no more—'tis all in vain,
For Betsy has sailed far across the main."

He turned his face unto the wall,
Then gave himself a hard, deadly fall.
He bade his friends and the world adieu,
And then cried out: "O mother, it's you!
It's you!"

O when she saw her son was dead,
She fell distracted and cried and said:
"If only my son would breathe again,
I'd send for Betsy far across the main!"

**********

## No. 141

### BEULAH LAND

Source Song. This 1709 revival hymn, written by Edgar Page and J. R. Sweney, has remained popular among the Protestants since its introduction. Many secular parodies have been written over the years, and on a wide variety of subjects. For two of these, see: Dakota Land (No. 326) and Kansas Land (No. 941) in this MB. For other versions, see: Benzigler, 83 and Vincent, (ALS), 28.

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Beulah Land

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has pass'd away.

Chorus

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away, across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore—
My heav'n, my home, forevermore!

My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is blown from ever vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

**********

## No. 142

### BIG BILL BRADY
also known as

Bill Brady
Brady, He's Dead and Gone
Depend On Me, Chollie, God Knows
Duncan and Brady
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

This song, reportedly based upon fact, originated about 1900. Some say the place of origin was St. Louis, Mo. Brady, a black man, had a reward on his head—$1,000. alive and $500. dead. According to Professor Ronald J. Shay, the man who killed him was named Bounds, not Duncan, and it happened in the following manner: Alfred Bounds, a deputy sheriff, came face to face with Brady on a railroad track near Purvis and Sumrail, Lamar county, Mississippi, beat him to the draw and shot him in each arm. Wounded, Brady ran. Bounds shot him in the back, fatally.

REFERENCES

Botkin (MRF), 596-597
Brown, II, 571-572; IV, 287
Dobie (CG), 43
Lomax (OSC), 333-334
Odum (NHS), 209
Perrow, XXV, 151
Sandburg (AS), 198-199
Scarborough (NFS), 85-87
Silverman, I, 73

---

Big Bill Brady

Down in St. Louis at Twelfth and Carr
Big Bill Brady was a-tendin' bar;
In came Duncan with a star on his chest,
And he says, "Brady, you're under arrest!"

Chorus

Brady, why didn't you run?
Big Bill, you should have run!

Brady, why didn't you run,
When you saw ol' Duncan with his big
black gun?

Brady told Duncan, "You ain't no fool!
I just come in here to shoot some pool."
Duncan shot him once, then he shot him twice;
And he says, "Brady, you should-a been nice!"

Down in hell Brady was curious,
Told the devil: "I'm from St. Louis!"
"Well, take off your clothes and step this-a
way,
Knowed you was comin' and here you will stay."

Final Chorus

Brady, Brady, where you at?
Brady, O where you at?
Brady, Brady, where you at?
He's a-struttin' thro' hell in a
Stetson hat!

**********

## No. 143

THE BIG DECEIVER
also known as
Oh, How He Lied!

Old but popular favorite of modern folk-singers, college students, and barroom quartettes. Scholarly folk collectors have ignored it, but versions may be seen in Best, 69 and Leisy (SPS), 145.

---

The Big Deceiver

He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar,
Smoked his cigar, smoked his cigar;
She sat there beside him and played her guitar,
Played her guitar.

He told her he loved her but it was a lie,
It was a lie, it was a lie;
He used her, abused her, and left her to cry,
Left her to cry.

Forsaken and lonely, she lay down and died,
Lay down and died, lay down and died;
He went to the funeral, but just for the ride,
Just for the ride.

Now up there in heaven flip-flap she flies,
Flip-flap she flies, slip-flap she flies;
And way down in hell he sizzles and fries,
Sizzles and fries.

The moral is simply never to lie,
Never to lie, never to lie;
Or just like that monster you'll sizzle and fry,
Sizzle and fry!

**********

## No. 144

### THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

This is a "hobo" song that gained wide popularity, aided in no small measure by the many professional "country-western" entertainers who sang it on stage, radio programs and phonograph records. Many versions are in print, with most in folios issued by regular music publishing companies and individual artists.

The earliest "in print" version I have seen was published in 1913 by the Baseball Publishing Company of Indianapolis.
For a parody, see The Sweet Potato Mountains in Milburn, 90.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 56-57
Arnett, 116
Best, 21
Botkin (AFL), 884-886
Briegel (4), 8-9
Greenway, 203-204
Ives (SA), 231-233
Kennedy (TAB), 115-116
Leisy, 27-28
Lingenfelter, 534-537
Lomax (FSNA), 422-423
Lomax (USA), 278-281
Luther, 265
Milburn, 61, 87
Okun, 178-180
Seeger (6), 66-67
Silverman, II, 202
Whitman, 95

---

The Big Rock Candy Mountain

On a morning bright, by the dawn's early light,
A brawny bum came a-hiking,
Down the railroad track with his shoulders back,
Just a-lookin' for his liking.
While he hiked along, he hummed a song
Of a land of milk and honey,
Where a bum can stay for many a day
And not need any money.

Tag Chorus

Oh! the buzzin' of the Bees in the Cigarette trees,
'Round the soda water fountain,
Near the lemonade springs where the wild birds sing,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain,
There's a land so fair and bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes, boys,
And you sleep out every night;
Where the box cars are all empty, boys,
And the sun shines every day—
I wanna go where there ain't no snow,
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind
don't blow,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

(Repeat Tag Chorus )

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
You never change your socks,
And the little streams of alchohol
Come trickling down the rocks!
The shacks all have to tip their hats
And the railroad bulls are blind;
There's a lake of stew and of red-eye
too,
And you can paddle all around in a big
canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

(Repeat Tag Chorus)

**********

No. 145

BILL CHEATUM

Fiddle piece used primarily for "square dancing." No words recovered. See music under "Tunes" in this MB.

**********

## No. 146

### BILLY BOY

**also known as**

Billie Boy
Can She Bake A Cherry Pie?
Charming Billy
My Billy Boy
My Boy Billy
Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?

Billy Boy is a folk classic; it is an English-Irish song that is known and sung throughout the English-speaking world. Practically every music publisher in the U. S. has published a version of Billy Boy, and sometimes more than once. Collectors have also included versions of the song in their published works, although many of the more scholarly ones offer differing opinions as to its origin. According to Baring-Gould, Billy Boy is a fore-runner of Lord Randal. Cecil Sharp, on the other hand, thought of it as a derivative "burlesque" of Lord Randal (see Will Davy, My Son in this MB). Whatever the truth may be, the song shows no sign of diminished popularity.

### REFERENCES


Armitage, II, 146
Baring-Gould (BNSR), 36
Baring-Gould (GCS), 83
Beadle (1), No. 10, 62
Belden (BS), 499-501
Berger, 11-12
Bertail, 66
Best, 35
Botkin (APPS), 145-146
Bronson, I, 227-233
Brown, III, 166-169; V, 97-99
Brown (BLNC), 10
Bulletin (TFS), III, 94
Cambiaire, 45-46
Campbell & Sharp, No. 89
Cazden, II, 28-31
Cazden (MD), 28-31
Chase (TBS), 18
Cole, 6-7
Cox (FSS), 484, 532
Davis (FSV), 193-195
Durlacher, 108
Eddy, 117-120

Emrich (CBF), 27
Flanders (VFSB), 162
Fuson, 105
Gainer, 166-167
Gardner (FSH), 208, 236
Halliwell (NRE), 226
Halliwell (NRNT), 89, 328
Halliwell (PRNT), 259
Henry (FSSH), 383-387
Herd (AMSS), II, 1
Hubbard, 375-377
Hudson (FSM), 278-280
Hugill (1), 450-452
Ives (SA), 30-33
Ives (SB), 190, 168
Johnson (SMM), VI, No. 502
Johnson (WTS), 225, 230
Jones, 3, 8, 299
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 356; XXXI, 78, 160; XXXIII, 92; XXXIX, 151
Jour (FSS), VIII, 210
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 315
Kennedy (AB), 60-61
Kennedy (TAB), 191-193
Kincaid No. 1, 25
Leisy, 32-34
Leisy (LAS), 18
Leisy (SPS), 82-83
Levy, 332-333
Linscott, 166-167
Lomax (ABFS), 320-322
Lomax (PB), 68
Luther, 48-49
Mackenzie (QB), 75
Memoirs (AFS), XXIX, 24-27
Morris, 420-422
Oberndorfer, 86
Owens (TFS), 10-11
Pound, 231-232
Pound (SFSN), XIII, No. 1
Randolph, I, 391-393
Rimbault (NR), 32-33
Roberts (IP), 114-115
Scarborough (SC), 296, 435
Scott (SA), 29
Scott (FSS), 56
Sharp, II, 38-39
Sharp (100), 132-133
Shearin (SKFS), 30
Shoemaker (MMP), 121
Shoemaker (NPM), 102, 116-117
Silverman, II, 170
Stout, 24-27
Terry, I, 2-3
Wier (SCLS), 230
Wilder, 56-57
Wolford, 24-25
Wyman (LT), 14-17

## Billy Boy

Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?
I have been to choose a wife, she's the joy of
my life,
But she's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Did she ask you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she ask you to come in, charming Billy?
Yes, she asked me to come in, with a dimple in her
chin,
But she's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Did she ask you to sit down, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she ask you to sit down, charming Billy?
Yes, she set for me a chair; she's got ringlets in
her hair,
But she's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?
She can make a cherry pie quick as a cat winks
her eye,
But she's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Can she make a feather-bed, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can she make a feather-bed, charming Billy?
She can make a feather-bed, place the pillows at
your head,
But she's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Did she ask you for a ring, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Did she ask you for a ring, charming Billy?
Yes, she asked me for a ring, and I'd give her
anything,
But she's a nice thing and cannot leave her mother.

**********

## No. 147

### BILLY GRIMES
### also known ass

Across the Fields of Barley
Billy Grimes, the Drover
Billy Grimes, the Rover
Will Ray

This musical bit of social satire was originally composed as a song for vaudeville.

### REFERENCES


Belden (BS), 251-252
Brown, II, 466; IV, 248
Chappell (FSRA), 134-135
Davis (FSV), 234
Hubbard, 104-105
Hudson (FSM), 281-282
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 173; LII, 40-41
Morris, 144-147
Pound, 205-206
Pound (SFSN), XIII, No. 2
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 190-191
Sharp, II, 248
Shoemaker (MMP), 63-65
Shoemaker (NPM), 61-62


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Billy Grimes

Tomorrow morning I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, a drover,
Has popped the question to me, Ma,
And wants to be my lover.

He says he's coming here, Mama,
Tomorrow morning quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the fields of barley.

You must not go, my daughter dear,
It's no use now in talking;
You must not go across the fields
With Billy Grimes a-walking.

To think of his presumption, too,
The ugly, dirty drover!
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a lover.

Old Grimes is dead, you know, Mama,
And Billy's feeling lonely;
Besides, of Grimes' whole estate
Billy's now the owner.

He is the heir to all that's left,
Which they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, Mama,
Or some six thousand yearly.

I did not hear, my daughter dear,
That last remark quite clearly;
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly.

Remember, dear, tomorrow morn
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the fields of barley.

**********

## No. 148

### BILLY RILEY, O!
also known as

Oh, Billy Riley  Old Billy Riley

This is a British halyard shanty that dates back to at least the 18th century. According to Smith (BOS), 52, it "is one of the real old stagers." It was never highly regarded by U. S. seamen, which is probably why I was able to find a version in only one recognized collection issued in America.

REFERENCES

Colcord, 74
Hugill (1), 452
Sharp (EFC-2), 63
Smith (BOS), 53

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Billy Riley, O!

O Billy Riley, Mister Billy Riley,
O Billy Riley, O!
O Billy Riley, wake him up so cheer'ly,
O Billy Riley, O!

O Billy Riley was a boarding master,
O Billy Riley, O!
O Billy Riley, make the day go faster,
O Billy Riley, O!

O Billy Riley had a pretty daughter,
O Missy Riley, O!
O Billy Riley threw her in the water,
O Missy Riley, O!

O Missy Riley didn't like us sailors,
O Billy Riley, O!
O Billy Riley shipped aboard a whaler,
O Billy Riley, O!

**********

## No. 149

### BILLY THE KID I

Billy the Kid (William H. Bonney) is supposed to have killed at least twelve men before being brought to national attention by a range war in Lincoln County, New Mexico. Details concerning Billy's early years are scarce, but it is known that he was born in New York City on November 23, 1859.

At some period between then and his twelfth birthday, Billy was taken West (possibly without a father), where he lived a rather delinquent childhood. At the age of twelve, according to some reports, he killed a man. However, his career as an outlaw did not really begin until the spring of 1877, when the Lincoln County War began. After the scattered battles of that conflict ceased, Billy continued in his career as gunman and became a cattle rustler as well. He was eventually arrested, tried for murder, and sentenced to be hanged. He escaped, killing two guards in the process, and once again became a fugitive.

Sheriff Pat Garrett, former friend and companion, shot and killed Billy the Kid (in the home of Pete Maxwell) on the night of July 14, 1881. Billy's exact age at the time of death was 21 years, 7 months and 21 days. Shortly after his death the folk process elevated the name of Billy the Kid from ignorant, vicious killer and thief to the mythical plateau of folk giants. He became the subject of articles, books, stage plays, songs and, in our own time, motion pictures. Here, of course, we are concerned with songs dealing with the outlaw's career. We offer three of those songs. A fourth, The Ballad of Billy the Kid, by Henry Herbert Knibbs, is in Songs of the Lost Frontier (Boston-New York, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1930), pp. 34-37. That ballad, which is sung to the tune of the song below, begins:

No man in the West ever won such renown
As young Billy Bonney of Sante Fe town;
And of all the wild outlaws that met a bad end,
None so quick with a pistol or true to a friend.

The entire ballad can also be seen in Fife, 266-268. Billy the Kid I is credited to Rev. Andrew Jenkins, Atlanta, Georgia.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL), 31, 162
Botkin (AFL), 106-107
Coleman, 110
Fife, 265-266
Glass (SW), 28-29
Ives (SA), 202-203
Lingenfelter, 319-320
Lomax (ABFS), 137-138
Lomax (CS-1938), 141-142
Lomax (FSNA), 387
Patterson (SRR), 6-7
Silverman, I, 69

---

Billy the Kid I

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid,
I'll tell of the desperate deeds that he did
Way out in New Mexico long years ago,
When a man's only chance was his own forty-four.

When Billy the Kid was no more than a lad,
He took to the trail and he went to the bad;
In old Silver City, where it all began,
At the age of twelve years he killed his first man.

Young Mexican maidens played on their guitars,
And sang of young Billy the Kid 'neath the stars;
He was a brave lover, and proud of his name,
And no man could stand against his deadly aim.

Young Billy rode wild, and his killings were vile;
He shot fast, and first, and rode off with a smile.
He rustled some cattle and thought it no sin,
And his guns held notches for twenty-one men.

Ol' Gov'ner Lew Wallace invited the Kid
To ride in and talk, for a pardon to bid;
But Billy replied, "To hell with the law!
No man alive can beat me to the draw!"

Pat Garrett, the sheriff, another fast man,
He gathered a posse and told them his plan:

"We'll put a high price upon Billy's young
head,
And bring him to Justice, alive or shot dead!"

Now this is how Billy at last met his fate:
The full moon was shining, the hour was late;
To Pete Maxwell's house Billy went for to hide,
Not knowing Pat Garrett was waiting inside.

As Billy stood there in the moon-lighted door,
He fell in his tracks, and lay dead on the
floor.
Gunned down by Pat Garrett, who once was his
friend,
Young Billy the Kid did at last meet his end.

There's many a man with a face fine and fair
Who starts out in life with a chance to be
square,
But just like young Billy he wanders astray
And loses his life in the very same way.

**********

## No. 150

### BILLY THE KID II

This song, which dates from the first decade of the 20th century, is a dozen or so years older than the foregoing song, Billy the Kid I. Fife, 268, gives a text of this song from the unpublished Stella Hendren collection. An almost identical text is in Lomax (CS-1919), 344, and, with an additional stanza, in Lomax (CS-1938), 140. A version is also in Lomax (ABFS), 136-137.

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Billy the Kid II

Billy the Kid was a young bad man,
And he carried a great big gun;
He was always shooting at the greasers,
Just to keep them on the run.

Billy would shoot one ev'ry mornin'
Just to make up his mornin' meal;
If a white man ever dared to sass him,
He was sure to feel his steel.

Billy he kept folks in hot water,
He robbed many a western stage;
And when he was full of rotgut whiskey
He was always in a rage.

One day he chanced for to meet a man,
Who happened to be much badder;
And Billy was shot to death in darkness,
And we ain't none the sadder.

**********

No. 151

BILLY THE KID III

This is the most recent song about Billy the Kid's career; it was written by Dickson Hall and is in his LP Album, Outlaws of the Old West (MGM Records). The song is reproduced here with the author-composer's permission.

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Billy the Kid III

Way out in Lincoln county, a long, long time ago,
They had themselves a range war that swept New
Mexico.

John Chisum got it started, just the way they say
he did,
But the one who kept it going was Billy the Kid.

Chorus

Billy, oh, Billy! the wind in the valley whispers
low.
Billy, oh, Billy! you hear his name wherever you go.

Now Billy was a young man but deadly with a gun;
He got into the habit of killing men for fun.
Then he became an outlaw, a price was on his head,
But those who tried to get him were shot down in-
stead.

Billy, oh, Billy! the wind in the valley whispers low.
Billy, oh, Billy! where is he now? Oh, where did he go?

When Billy was arrested, Oh! that was quite a day!
The law was gonna hang him, but Billy got away.
He rode up to the mountains, a place where he could
hide,
While the posse in the valley rode 'round the country-
side.

Billy, oh, Billy! the wind in the valley whispers low.
Billy, oh, Billy! riding alone and no place to go.

His girl was young and pretty; he couldn't stay away.
He knew he shouldn't do it, but he rode down anyway.
Pat Garrett was there hiding beside her father's bed;
When Billy came to visit, Pat Garrett shot him dead!

Billy, oh, Billy! the wind in the valley whispers low.
Billy, oh, Billy! Billy the Kid of New Mexico!

**********

## No. 152

### BILLY VENERO
also known as

Bill Vanero
Billy Veniro
Paul Venerez
The Ride of Billy Venero
The Ride of Paul Venarez

This song of the Southwest has endured despite its length, though one seldom encounters anyone who can sing the entire song from memory. According to Edwin Ford Piper, the song derived from The Ride of Paul Venarez, a poem by Eben E. Rexford.

REFERENCES

Botkin (WFL), 759-760
Clark (CS), 60-61
Coolidge (TC), 119-122
Fife, 129-131
Frey, 44-45
Garrett (100), 99-101
Larkin, 25-29, 40-45
Lingenfelter, 262-263
Lomax (CS-1919), 299-303
Lomax (CS-1938), 197-200
Ohrlin, 237-239
Queries (7/2/39), 15
Randolph, II, 222-227

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Billy Venero.

Billy Venero heard them say,
In an Arizona town one day,
That a band of Apache Indians
Were on the trail of death.
Billy heard of murder done,
Three men killed at Rocky Run—
"They're in danger at the cow-ranch,"
Said Venero 'neath his breath.

Not a moment he delayed
When brave resolve was made.
"Why, man," his comrades told him
When they heard his daring plan,

"You are riding straight to death."
But he answered, "Save your breath.
I may never reach the cow-ranch,
But I'll do the best I can."

As he crossed the Alkali,
All his thoughts flew on ahead
To the little band at cow-ranch
Thinking not of danger near.
With his quirt's unceasing whirl
And the jingle of his spurs,
Little Chapo bore Venero
O'er the far away frontier.

Lower and lower sank the sun—
He drew rein at Rocky Run:
"Here those men met death, my Chapo"—
And he stroked his glossy mane.
"So will those we got to warn
Ere the coming of the morn,
If we fail—God help my Bessie,"
And he started on again.

Sharp and clear a rifle shot
Woke the echoes of the spot.
"I am wounded," cried Venero
As he swayed from side to side.
"While there's life there's always hope.
Slowly onward I will lope—
If I fail to reach the cow-ranch,
Bessie Lee will know I tried.

"I will save her yet," he cried.
"Bessie Lee shall know I tried—"
And for her sake he then halted
In the shadow of a hill.

From his saddle-bag he took
With weak hands a little book,
Tore a blank leaf from its pages,
Saying, "This shall be my will."

From a limb a pen he broke,
And he dipped his pen of oak
In the warm blood that was spurting
From the wound above his heart.
"Rouse," he wrote, "before too late.
Apache warriors lie in wait.
Goodbye, God bless you, darling—"
And he felt the cold tears start.

Then he made his message fast,
Love's first message and its last;
To the saddle-horn he tied it,
And his lips were white with pain.
"Take this message, if not me,
Straight to little Bessie Lee."
Then he tied himself to the saddle
And gave Chapo the rein.

Just at dusk a horse of brown
Wet with sweat came panting down
The little lane at the cow-ranch,
Stopped in front of Bessie's door.
But the cowboy was asleep,
And his slumber was so deep
Little Bess could never wake him,
Though she tried for evermore.

You may have heard the story told
By the young and by the old,
Away down yonder at the cow-ranch
The night the Apaches came.

Of that sharp and bloody fight,
How the chief fell in his flight,
And the panic-stricken warriors
When they heard Venero's name.

**********

## No. 153

### BIRD SONG I
also known as

Birds Courting Song
Court All Night, Sleep All Day
A String to My Bow
The White Owl With the White Head

Versions of this song's theme are available in several forms; and lines and stanzas from one version often show up in others. All the various forms are related, however, and may ultimately have an identical source. According to Phillips Barry, the form of Bird Song I goes back to the 17th century English ballad, The Woody Queristers (in Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 301-303). For another and perhaps more popular form, see Bird Song II (No. 154 in this MB).
Two almost identical texts are given as versions of The Butcher Boy in Barry (FMA), 8 and Jour (AFL), XXII, 78.

### REFERENCES

Brown, III, 199; V, 117
Bulletin (FSSN), XII, 19
Emrich (CBF), 43

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Bird Song I

Says the Robin as he flew,
When I was a young man I choosed two;
If one didn't love me the other one would—
And don't you think my notion's good?

Said the blackbird to the crow:
Why do white folks hate us so?
'Cause ever since old Adam was born
It's been our trade to pull up corn.

Hoot! said the owl with head so white,
A lonesome time, day or night.
I thought I heard a young girl say
She'd flirt all night and sleep all day.

Said the jaybird hopping in the grass,
Wish I had my bottle and glass
And some fair lady to drink with me—
Oh, how happy I then would be!

Up spoke the lonely turtle dove:
That's no way to keep her love.
To be her love and heart's delight,
Just keep her up both day and night.

**********

## No. 154

BIRD SONG II
also known as

Birds' Courting Song
The Blackbird and the Crow
The Crow Song
The Hated Blackbird and Crow
The Leather-winged Bat
Said the Blackbird to the Crow
Sapsuck A-sucking Up a Hollow Gum Tree
Song of the Crow
Too Hoo, Says the Owl

This song is the better known form of The Birds Courting Song, which comes in several versions (two of which are given below).

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 41
Arnold, 119
Belden (BS), 32
Botkin (NEF), 883-884
Brown, III, 203; V, 117
Cazden, II, 56-59
Davis (FSV), 202-203
Downes (1943), 236
Edwards (CHSB), 64
Ives (SA), 113-115
Leisy (LAS), 52
Loesser, 40-41
Lloyd, 76
McIntosh (FSSG), 69
Morris, 197-198
Okun, 143-144
Randolph, II, 355-357
Sharp, II, 304
Silverman, I, 319
Sturgis (SHV), 40
Talley, 183
Wetmore, 10-12
Winn (1), 68
Yolen, 122-123

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Bird Song II (Version A)

Oh, said the blackbird to the crow,
To yonder cornfield I must go;
Pickin' up corn has been my trade
Ever since Adam and Eve was made.

Well, said the redbird to the crane,
Let's pray to God to let it rain.
Pond's all muddy, the creek's all dry,
Wasn't for tadpoles we'd all die.

Well, said the peckerwood as he flew,
When I was young I courted too;
Fickle she grew and from me fled.
Ever since that time my head's been red.

Well, said the bobwhite in the grass,
Once I did court a fair young lass;
Fickle she grew and took to flight.
Ever since then I've hollered bobwhite.

Well, said the crow high in the air,
I, too, did court a lady fair;

Fickle she proved and turned her back.
Ever since that time I've dressed in
black.

Well, said the owl up in the tree,
What's to become of you and me?
Must we suffer? Must we complain?
Let's all fly away and try again.

---

(Version B)

Hi! said the little Leather-winged bat,
I'll tell to you now the reason that
I've always had to fly in the night:
Because the Lord is my heart's delight.

Hi! said the woodpecker sittin' on the fence,
I once courted a handsome wench.
She proved false and from me fled,
And ever since then my head's been red.

Hi! said the Tomtit as he ran,
Wish I had a bottle in my hand
And two pretty girls to drink with me—
Oh, how happy, happy I would be.

**********

## No. 155

### THE BITTER WITHY
### also known as
### The Bridge of Sunbeams

This old carol-ballad, based on the legend of Christ and the bridge of sunbeams, has generally been ignored by folk song collectors in the United States, but not in England. The "bridge of sunbeams" miracle

from the pseudo-evangelical chronicles has been traced by Phillips Barry; his findings are recorded in Jour (AFL), XXVII, 79-89.

REFERENCES

Friedman, 60-62
Jour (FSS), II, 205, 300; IV, 29-47
Leach (BB), 689-690
Leather, 181
Lloyd (FSE), 124-125
Notes (4th series, I, 1905), 53
Pub (MLA), XXIII, 141
Sharp (EFC-1), 5
Wells, 188-189

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The Bitter Withy

As it fell out, on a high holiday,
Some hail from the sky did fall;
Our Saviour asked his mother dear
If he might go and play at ball.

To ball, to ball, my own dear son,
It is time that you were gone;
But don't let me here of anything wrong
At night when you come home.

So up the road and down the road
Our little Saviour ran,
And then he met three rich young lords—
And greeted one and all.

Hello, hello, hello, said they;
Good morning, then said he.
O which of you three rich young lords
Will come play ball with me?

We're all rich lords' and ladies' sons,
Born in our bower and hall,
And you are but a poor maid's child,
Born in an ox's stall.

Since you are lords' and ladies' sons,
Born in your bower and hall,
I will make you believe in your latter
end:
I'm an angel above you all.

He made a bridge with the beams of the
sun,
And o'er the water crossed he;
The rich young lords followed after him,
And drowned they were all three.

Then up the road and down the road
These young lords' mothers ran,
Saying, Mary mild, fetch home your child,
For ours he has drowned all.

So Mary mild fetched home her child
And laid him across her knee;
And with a band of green withy twigs
She gave him slashes three.

O withy, O withy, O bitter withy,
Thou hast caused me to smart;
And the withy shall be the very first
tree
That shall perish at the heart.

**********

## No. 156

### THE BLACK BALL LINE

A halyard shanty about the first and most famous line of packet-ships produced in the United States. Ships of the Black Ball Line sailed between New York and Liverpool, beginning in 1816. These were

little ships, comparatively, ranging between 300 to 500 tons, but they furnished for many years the only means of regular communication between North America and Europe. They sailed regularly from New York on the 1st and 16th of each month, and earned a bad reputation for the company. "In order to keep up their averahe time of three weeks out and six weeks home," observes Colcord, "the ships were driven unmercifully, and acquired a bad name among sailors for the iron discipline maintained aboard...The Black Ball Liners carried a crimson swallowtail flag with a black ball in the center, and the same symbol was painted on their fore topsails."

REFERENCES

Colcord, 53
Davis (SSC), 14-15
Hugill (1), 291
Lomax (ABFS), 489
Sharp (EFC-2), 26
Shay (ASSC), 38-39
Whall (SSS), 109

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The Black Ball Line

I served my time in the Black Ball Line
To me way-aye-aye, hurrah!
It was work like hell, come rain or shine!
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!

All Black Ball ships are good and true,
To me way-eye-aye, hurrah!
And the sailors like to sail them too,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line.

Oh, I once knew of a Black Ball ship, etc.
At fourteen knots an hour she'd clip, etc.

Now you should go to Liverpool, etc.
Over there you'll find a Yankee school, etc.

The Yankee sailors you'll see there, etc.
Wear Red-top boots and short-cut hair,
etc.

**********

## No. 157

### BLACK BART
### also known as
### The Stage Robber

Historical "outlaw" song. Charles E. Boles alias Black Bart was born in Jefferson county, New York. The last of the famous stage robbers, Black Bart became the most famous outlaw in California between 1875 and 1883. He added insult to injury by leaving poems in empty strong-boxes for Wells, Fargo detectives to read. So far as is known, he never rode a horse or fired a gun while practicing his trade. Traced by a laundry mark, Bart was finally arrested in San Francisco and brought to trial. Charged with only one robbery, he was sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. After serving four years, he was released and returned to San Francisco. Considering the number of stages robbed by Black Bart, it could be truthfully said that he made out like a bandit. Certainly he made out far better than most outlaws and robbers. Then, suddenly, in 1888 Black Bart disappeared; and he was never seen or heard from again.
The song below is the only one I've seen that deals with Black Bart's career, and it is from Dickson Hall's OUTLAWS OF THE OLD WEST (MGM Records, LP No. E3263). The tune is obviously taken from Cotton-Eyed Joe (see in MB).

Black Bart

Black Bart, Black Bart, don't you do it!
Believe me when I say,
If you rob that stage tomorrow,
You'll never, never get away!

Black Bart, Black Bart, don't be foolish!
You know you're doing wrong.
You're gonna lose your wife and children—
Go on home, where you belong.

Black Bart, Black Bart, why so reckless?
I told you you would fail!
When you face that judge tomorrow,
He's gonna send you straight to jail!

Goodbye, Black Bart, it's all over!
The truth I'm telling you:
You're gonna serve time in prison,
And that'll be the end of you!

**********

## No. 158

### BLACKBERRY BLOSSOMS

This old fiddle-banjo dance tune is technically a "reel." According to Burchenal, p. 16, who gives a version, this tune is played for the dance, The Bridge of Athlone. If there are words sung to this tune, I have not seen them. The melody is given under TUNES, No. 158, in this MB.

**********

## No. 159

### BLACK BESS
### also known as

Bonnie, or Bonny Black Bess
Dick Turpin's Ride
My Bonny Black Bess
My Poor Black Bess

This is one of several songs dealing with the life and career of Dick Turpin, an 18th century highwayman. For other songs, such as Dick Turpin and the Lawyer, O Rare Turpin, Toppin, or Turpin Hero, see: Mackenzie, 311; Pound, 157-158; and Williams (FSUT), 99 & 100.

Dick Turpin operated in England during the 1730s. He was captured in 1739 and hanged on April 10 of that year. This particular song centers on his ride from London to York (an invention of ballad-makers). Widely circulating broadsides were issued by Bebbington, De Marsan, Harkness, Pitts, Ryle, and Such.

#### REFERENCES

Ashton (MBS), 266-267
Brown, II, 356-357
De Marsan (SJ), I, 262
Fife, 15-16
Friedman, 369-370
Gardner (BSSM), 320-322
Hubbard, 260-261
Lomax (CS), 194, 217
Mackenzie, 313-314
Moore (BFSS), 155-156
Ohrlin, 30-31
Pound, 155-157
Randolph, II, 152-155
Williams (FSUT), 101

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Black Bess

When Fortune's blind goddess had fled my abode,
And friends proved ungrateful, I took to the road:
The wealthy to plunder, to relive my distress—
I bought you to aid me, my bonny Black Bess.

When dark clouds of mid-night are mantled and
thrown
O'er the face of green nature, how often we've
gone
From the points to the low heath as an unwelcome
guest,
To plunder the wealthy, my bonny Black Bess.

Oh, how gentle you stood when a carriage I'd stop!
What gold and what silver its inmates would drop!
No poor men were plundered, nor did we oppress
The widows and orphans, my bonny Black Bess.

When eagle-eyed justice that time did pursue,
From Yorktown to London like lightning we flew.
No toll bars could stop us, wide rivers we'd breast,
And in twelve hours we made it, my bonny Black Bess.

Hark! I hear the bloodhounds. Dispair is my lot,
For the law now pursues me for the many I've shot!
To save me, old friend, you have done but your best,
And now you're too weary, my bonny Black Bess.

They shall never have you, however they try!
Before they come closer, old friend, you must die.
My fate some will pity, but let me confess:
Through kindness I do it, my bonny Black Bess.

Thro all of the ages, when we're dead and gone,
Our tale will be told, and we shall live on.
I'll die like a man and soon be at rest—
Now, farewell forever, my bonny Black Bess.

**********

## No. 160

### BLACK IS THE COLOR

also known as

Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair

My Dear Sweetheart

Credit for collecting and re-introducing this old and hauntingly beautiful song belongs to John Jacob Niles. I suspect that he also did a little tinkering with both the words and the music. If he did so, we can only congratulate him for a job well done. The tune is similar to that of Little Sparrow (see MB).

Also compare: Campbell & Sharp, No. 85 and Randolph, I, 297-298.

REFERENCES


Agay (1), 7
Brown, III, 306
Cazden, II, 108
Cazden (MD), 108
Edwards (CHSB), 19
Henry (FSSH), 266
Leisy, 34-35
Lomax (FSNA), 206
Ritchie (FS), 94
Sharp, II, 31
Silverman, I, 92
Warner, 33


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Black Is The Color

Oh, black is the color of my true love's hair;
Her lips are like a rose so fair.
The prettiest face and the prettiest hands—
I love the ground on which she stands.

I love my love. How well she knows!
I'll follow her where e'er she goes.
The prettiest smile and the prettiest eyes,
She has a look so quietly wise.

Now winter's gone and grass grows green,
The time is past that might have been;
But still I hope, when all's said and done,
That you and I shall be as one.

I lay awake and start to weep,
And know that I shall never sleep;
The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
But peace of mind I have not found.

Oh, black is the color of my true love's hair;
She is the fairest of the fair.
I love her now and I always will,
And when she speaks my heart stands still.

**********

## No. 161

### BLACK SOLDIER'S SONG
also known as
Negro Soldier's Song

A Civil War song that was sung by Union troops. It was said to have been written by an ex-slave drummer-boy in the 107th Infantry, who remains anonymous.

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Black Soldier's Song — Tune: Yankee Doodle

You'll see the rebels on the street
Whispering in rotation—
What do they seem to talk about?
Lincoln's proclamation.

Now Richmond is a mighty place,
But Grant's sound as a dollar;
And every time he throws a shell,
Jeff begins to holler.

We'll get our colored soldiers strung
All 'long the line of battle:
I'll bet my money 'gainst the South—
The rebels will skedaddle!

**********

## No. 162

### THE BLACK TAIL RANGE

Margaret Larkin recovered this old cowboy song. She obtained it from Bob Norfleet, who told her: "It was back in 1893 that we made up this song in a cow camp in southern New Mexico. That's where the Black Tail Range is, in the Mogoloon Mountains."

REFERENCES

Felton, 84-87
Larkin, 140, 141
Lomax (CS-1938), 292-294

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The Black Tail Range

I am a roving cowboy from off the Western Plains,
My trade is cinching saddles and pulling bridle reins.
I can throw a lasso with the most graceful ease,
And I can rope a bronco and ride him where I please.

I started over the plains in eighteen ninety-three,
And the dearest girl in all this world fell in love with me;
Had I then a little stake, married I'd now be—
The dearest girl in all this world turned her back on me.

Come all you roving cowboys, if you're inclined to roam;
I left my sweet old mother, two sisters and a home.

I left them all one morning when I was young and
bold,
To follow long-horn'd cattle, boys, through the
heat and cold.

Now all you roving cowboys, with mining on the brain,
Start out prospecting cattle on the Black Tail Range;
And if mining proves unfair, a-hunting you can go—
If you can't kill a black-tail sheep, kill a black-
tail doe.

You hear that boy a-shouting along the Black Tail
hill?
He's got himself a mountain sheep, and made himself
a kill.
But when at home he does arrive, all from his noble
claim,
He'll get a sample of my mind— chief of the Black
Tail Range.

**********

## No. 163

### THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER
### also known as
### The Blind Beggar of Bednall, or Bethnal Green

The earliest known version of this ballad is in the Percy folio, and Percy said it "was written in the reign of Elizabeth (I)." He deduced this from the fact that the arms of England were called the "Queenes armes," and from the fact that the tune was quoted in other old pieces written during Elizabeth's reign. According to Pepys, the blind beggar was a real person. In his diary, June 25, 1663, he reports having dinner with friends and adds: "This very house was built by the blind beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads."

Rimbault found the tune in an MS. volume of Lute Music, left behind by a musician, and dating from the time of England's Charles II.
Despite its wide popularity in England, this ballad is rarely encountered in American tradition.

REFERENCES

Bell, 271
Chappell (OEPM), II, 16
Ebsworth (RB), I, 38
Eddy, 83-84
Flanders (BMNE), 107-109
Greenleaf, 71-72
Jour (FSS), I, 202
Karpeles, 188-190
Karpeles (EFS), I, 320-322
Laws N 27, 217
Leach (BB), 694-695
Percy (RAEP), II, 171-185
Quiller-Couch, 813-824
Sharp, I, 308
Sharp (EFS), II, No. 16
Williams (FSUT), 255-256

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## The Blind Beggar's Daughter

There was a blind beggar who begged day and night,
And he had a daughter that was lovely and bright.
"Shall I seek for my fortune, dear father?" said she.
The favor was granted to Pretty Betsey.

Then Betsey, who was of beauty so bright,
All clad in gray russet, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted she.
They sighed and they cried for Pretty Betsey.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
Then halted at Rumford along the highway;
There at the Quuen's Arms entertained was she—
So fair and well-favored was Pretty Betsey.

She had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistress and all were her friend;
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Fell straight-way in love with Pretty Betsey.

Fair Betsey just sighed and to them did say,
My mother and father I mean to obey.
First, get their goodwill and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your Pretty Betsey.

My father is every day seen,
For he's the blind beggar of Bednall Green.
But God above knows, and I swear it, said she,
He's been a good father to Pretty Betsey.

Why then, said a knight, I'm thinking no worse;
I weigh not my love by the weight of the purse.
And beauty is beauty in every degree——
So come marry me, my Pretty Betsey.

Thus was fair Betsey matched to the knight,
And then made a lady all in her own right:
A fairer lady there never was seen
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall Green.

**********

## No. 164

### THE BLIND GIRL

also known as

The Blind and Helpless Child
The Blind Child
The Blind Child's Prayer
The Blind Girl's Death
The Blind Orphan

Here we have one of those 19th century "sob" ballads that went directly from print into the folk stream, where it has remained.

### REFERENCES

Allsopp, II, 203-204
Arnold, 79
Belden (BS), 275-276
Brown, II, 392-393; IV, 218-220
Cox (TBFS), 198

Davis (FSV), 115-116
Fuson, 146
Henry (FSSH), 371-372
Henry (SSSA), 128-129
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 75-76
Memoirs (AFS), XXIX, 79
Morris, 117-119
Neely, 247-249
Perrow, XXVIII, 170
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 191-192
Randolph, IV, 191-193
Roberts (IP), 189-191
Shearin (SKFS), 32
Stout, 79-80

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The Blind Girl

"They tell me, papa, that tonight
You'll take another bride;
That you will hold her in your arms,
Where my dear mother died.

"Please, papa, do not bid me come
To greet your loving bride;
I cannot meet her in the room
Where my dear mother died.

"My mother's picture's on the wall,
Her books are lying near;
And there's the harp she often played,
And there's her vacant chair—

"The chair by which I often knelt
To say an evening prayer—
Oh! Papa, it would break my heart!
I could not meet her there.

"But I will kneel beside my bed
And to our Saviour pray,
That God's right hand shall shield you both
Through life's long dreary way."

He picked her up all in his arms
And laid her on the bed;

Next morning, at the break of day,
He found his daughter dead.

They laid her by her mother's side,
And raised a marble fair;
They had engraved these simple words:
"There is no blindness there."

**********

## No. 165

### THE BLIND MAN
also known as

A Blind Man Lay Beside the Road, or Way

The Blind Man Stood Beside the Road, or Way

This song reflects how things once were; it tells us of an age in which very little was done for the handicapped. People showed their humanity by shedding tears over the afflicted in countless songs. This particular song deals with biblical character that Jesus cured along the road. For a different version of the same theme, see: Downes, 178, or 212; Johnson (BANS), 108-109; Kennedy (M-1), 106-107.

### REFERENCES

Lomax (ABFS), 596
Lomax (FSNA), 473
Odum (NHS), 136
Sandburg (AS), 452

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### The Blind Man

A blind man lay beside the way;
He could not see the light of day.
The Lord passed by and heard him say,
"O Lord, won't you help a me?"
"O Lord, won't you help a me?"

Jesus died—he was crucified.
A thief was hung on either side;
One lifted up his voice and cried,
"O Lord, won't you help a me?" (2)

Blind man stood beside the road,
"O Lord, won't you help a poor me?"
And the thief who hung by his side,
"O Lord, won't you help a me?" (2)

Lord, I've been a sinner too,
But now I want to follow you.
O hear me pray like sinners do—
O Lord, won't you help a me? (2)

**********

## No. 166

### BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
also known as

Blood The Bloody Cowboy Trail End

This song, composed by Everett Cheetham and made famous by his friend, Tex Ritter, was inspired by a horse named Bolshevik that somersaulted and crushed its rider at a rodeo in Florence, Arizona, in 1926. The rider, Orville Fisher, Muddy Creek, Oregon, was given only half an hour to live by a doctor at the hospital. But six weeks later he walked out of the hospital and continued to live. He was unaware that a song had been written about him and his accident until some fifty years later. Cheetham, the composer, never knew that the hero of his dramatic ballad refused to die.

To be fair, I must report that Katie Lee says this

song was written by Romy Lowdermilk. What I don't know is how she came to that conclusion. Tex Ritter, who recorded the song and performed it on radio and on stage for years, told me that Everett Cheetham wrote the song. I had known Tex Ritter for many years, and I believe his version of the story.

REFERENCES

Coleman, 36
Fife, 112-113
Gardner (BSSM), 253-254
Hull (CB), 46
Lee (TTGC), 156, 190
Lingenfelter, 440
Lomax (CS-1938), 288
Lynn (CS), 16
Silverman, II, 195
Winn (2), 170

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Blood on the Saddle

There was blood on the saddle,
And blood all around;
And a great big puddle
Of blood on the ground.

The cowboy lay in it,
All covered with gore;
And he won't go riding
His bronco no more.

O pity the cowboy,
All bloody and red;
His bronco fell on him
And smashed in his head.

There was blood on the saddle,
And blood on the ground;
And a great big puddle
Of blood all around.

**********

## No. 167

### BLOOD-RED ROSES

also known as

Come Down, You Bunch of Roses, Come Down

My Bonnie Bunch of Roses O!

Red, Red Roses

This halyard shanty was adapted from an old British stall ballad, The Bonny Bunch of Roses (see No. 190 in MB). Several similar lines are also found in some versions of another shanty, Roll the Cotton Down.

#### REFERENCES


Doerflinger, 22-23
Hugill (1), 365-367
Hugill (2), 184-186
Ives (SA), 84-85
Lomax (FSNA), 54
Scott (BA), 132-134
Silber (HSB), 119
Silverman, II, 260


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Blood-Red Roses

My bonnie bunch of roses O!
Hang down, you blood-red roses, hang down!
It's time for us to roll and go!
Hang down, you blood-red roses, hang down!

Chorus

Oh! You pinks and posies!
Hang down, you blood-red roses, hang down!
Oh! You pinks and posies!
Hang down, you blood-red roses, hang down!

We're bound away at break of day, etc.
We're sailing to Iquique Bay, etc.

We're bound to sail around Cape Horn, etc.
Wish like hell we'd never been born, etc.

O growl you may but go you must, etc.
But growl too hard your head they'll bust, etc.

The gals on shore are straight ahead, etc.
A long hard pull should shift the dead, etc.

Just one more pull and that will do, etc.
So heave and pull and kick her through, etc.

**********

## No. 168

### BLOW, BOYS, BLOW
also known as

Blow, Blow, Bully Boys, Blow — A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Skipper
Blow, Boys, Come Blow Together

Halyard shanty, and one of the most popular among old-time seamen. The "Bully Hayes" referred to in most texts is said to have been one of the more infamous American captains. In fact, a Captain Hayes was lost in the Rainbow in 1848. There is some difference of opinion among scholars as to whether "Bully Hayes" and "Captain Hayes" were one and the same.

Compare: Blow, Blow, Bully Boys, Blow in Niles (SMM), 141; Blow, Bullies, Blow in Morris, 54-55; and Too-Li-Aye in Eckstorm, 240.

### REFERENCES


Adams, 314
Anderson (WY), 110
Baltzer, I, 90
Beck (FLS), 150-151
Bone, 57-58
Botkin (NEF), 868-870
Boughton, 122
Bradford, 4-5
Bullen & Arnold, 29
Chapple (HS), 465
Colcord, 7-8, 50-51
Davis (SSC), 40-41
Doerflinger, 25-29
Downes, 80, 86
Emrich (FAL), 455-456
Finger (SCCS), 14
Ford (TMA), 328
Grainger, No. 209
Greig & Duncan, No. 2
Harlow (C), 66-67
Hugill (1), 226-231
Hugill (2), 179-181

Jour (AFL), XIX, 24
King, 2
Linscott, 126-128
Mackenzie, 264
Masefield (SG), 318-319
Meloney, 14
Patterson (SA), 226
Robinson, 40
Samson, 44
Seeger (1), 161
Sharp (EFC-2), 55
Shay (ASSC), 59-60
Shay (IMWS), 71-72
Smith (BOS), 34-35
Smith (MW), 38-39
Stout, 27
Thompson (BBB), 209
Terry, I, 32-33
Trident, 83
Whall (SSS), 69-71
Whitman, 60

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Blow, Boys, Blow

A Yankee ship came down the river,
Blow, boys, blow!
A Yankee ship and a Yankee skipper,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

How can you tell a Yankee Clipper, etc.
The Stars and Stripes they fly above her,
etc.

Who do you think is the captain of her, etc.
Why Bully Hayes, for there is no other, etc.

What do you think she's got for cargo? etc.
Old shot and shell, for to break embargo,
etc.

What do you think they'll have for dinner?
etc.
Hot water soup, but it's slightly thinner,
etc.

O blow today and blow tomorrow, etc.
And blow for every old tar in sorrow, etc.

**********

## No. 169

### BLOW THE CANDLES OUT
### also known as
### The Jolly Boatsman

This is a "polite" version of an old English "bawdy" ballad. It is of uncertain age, but we know it predates the 18th century because a version is given by Petrie (No. 634). The song reclaimed some of its old popularity during the American "folk craze" of the 1950s.
The tune is from the Irish air, The Winding Banks of Erne.

REFERENCES


Best, 50
Bikel (FF), 64-65
Combs (FSUS), 140-141
Edwards (CHSB), 37
Leisy, 36
Leisy (SPS), 102
Lomax (FSNA), 312-313
Ord, 95
Sedley, 54-55
Shekerjian, 76-77
Silber (HSB), 123
Silverman, I, 118


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Blow the Candles Out

When I was apprenticed in London,
I went to see my dear;
The candles were all burning,
The moon shone bright and clear.
I tapped upon her window
And softly called her name;
She rose up to let me in,
Then barred the door again.

I like your good behavior
And thus I often say,
I cannot rest contented
While you are far away.

The roads they are so muddy,
We cannot gad about—
So roll me in your arms, love,
And blow the candles out.

Your father and your mother
In yonder room do lie,
A-huggin' one another—
So why not you and I?
They're huggin' one another
Without a fear or doubt,
So roll me in your arms, love,
And blow the candles out.

If you should prove successful,
Pray name it after me;
Keep it neat and kiss it sweet,
And bounce it on your knee.
When my hitch is ended,
I'll come home with a shout
And double my indebtedness
By blowing the candles out!

**********

## No. 170

### BLOW THE MAN DOWN

also known as

The Black Ball Liner  Knock a Man Down  Shanty Song

One of several shanties that became as popular on land as at sea, and on both sides of the Atlantic. It reached the zenith of popularity at sea soon after the War of 1812, when fast American packet ships took over communication between the U. S. and Europe, making frequent runs on a regular schedule. For additional

information, see headnotes to The Black Ball Line in this MB.

Note: In this shanty, "blow" means "knock."

## REFERENCES


Adams, 319
Agay (1), 3
Agay (2), 62
Arnett, 54
Baltzer, II, 99
Berger, 16-17
Bernard, 434
Best, 133
Bone, 74-82
Boughton, 20
Bradford, 14
Briggs, 87, 89
Brown, V, 499
Bullen & Arnold, 27
Cazden, II, 54-55
Cazden (MD), 54-55
Chapple (HS), 488
Colcord, 53-59
Davis (SSC), 42-43
Doerflinger, 18-20
Downes, 82-83, 90-91
Eckstorm, 243-244
Emrich (CBF), 17
Finger (FB), 157-158
Ford (TMA), 329
Grainger, No. 212
Hugill (1), 200, 203, 214
Hugill (2), 177-178
Ives (SA), 100-101
Ives (SB), 150-151, 130-131
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 298; LIX, 109
King, 3
Kolb, 123
Leisy, 37-38
Leisy (LAS), 67
Leisy (SPS), 183
Linscott, 128-131
Lomax (ABFS), 491-493
Luce, 155
Luther, 81-83
Mackenzie, 273-274
Masefield (SG), 352
Meloney, 19, 22
Oberndorfer, 69
Patterson (SA), 228
Riesenberg, 43
Robinson (July 28), 101
Sampson, 36
Sandburg (AS), 404-405
Scott (FSS), 4
Seeger (6), 38
Sharp (EFC-2), 44-45
Sharp (PC), 4
Shay (ASSC), 39-40
Shay (IMWS), 45-46
Silverman, II, 261
Smith (BOS), 50, 135
Smith (MW), 18
Terry, I, 34

Trevine, 8
Trident, 70-71
Warner, 113
Whall (SSS), 66-67
Whitman, 59
Williams (SC), 77
Williams (SFS), 7
Wood, 62

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Blow the Man Down

Oh, blow the man down, sailor, blow the man down!
Make a weigh, heigh, oh! Blow the man down!
Oh, blow the man down, sailor, blow the man down!
Give me some time to blow the man down!

I'm a flying fish sailor and I come from Hongkong!...
Oh, blow the man down, sailor, blow the man down!...

As I was a-walkin' down Paradise street...
A handsome young woman I happened to meet...

I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow...
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go...

As we were a-going she said unto me...
"A spanking full-rigger is ready for sea...

That spanking full-rigger to New York was bound...
She was very well manned and very well found...

As soon as that packet was clear of the bar...
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar!..

**********

No. 171

BLOW, YE WINDS, HIGH O
also known as

Blow, Ye Winds — The Whaling Song
Blow, Ye Winds, In the Morning

This shanty was first a well-known whaling song. The

tune is reminiscent of You Gentlemen of England. For an entirely different text, see Blow, Ye Winds in Hugill (1), 219. For another, see Blow, Ye Winds, In the Morning in Whall (SSS), 1920, 24-25.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 23
Botkin (AFL), 829-831
Colcord, 191-193
Harlow (C), 130-131
Hugill (1), 223-224
Huntington, 42-46
Ives (SB), 166-167
Silber (HSB), 69
Silverman, II, 267
Trident, 96

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Blow, Ye Winds, High O!

They advertised in Boston, New York and Albany:
Five hundred young Americans are wanted for the sea.

Chorus

Blow, ye winds in the morning,
And blow, ye winds, high O!
Clear away your running gear,
And blow, ye winds, high O!

They take you down to Bedford that famous whaling port,
And give you to some landsharks to board and fit you out.

It's then that they will show you their fine Clipper ships;
They say you'll have five hundred sperm before you're six months out.

It's now we're out to sea, my boys, the wind comes on to blow;
One half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.

Then it's to the masthead all of us must go;
And when you see those sperm whales, sing out:
"There she blows!"

Then clear away the boats, my boys, and after him
we'll travel;
And if you get too near his flujes, he'll kick you
to the devil!

Now when we've got him upside down, it's tow him
alongside
And over with our blubber hooks, to rob him of
his hide.

Next comes the stowing down, my boys, and it'll
take both night and day;
And you'll all have fifty cents apiece the hundred
and ninetieth lay.

Now we are bound into Tombas, that damned old whaling
port;
But if you run away, my boys, you surely will be
caught.

O when we arrive in Bedford, whaling we'll bid adieu;
And if any of you a flogging have got, just put your
skipper through.

Here's to all skippers and mates, I hope you all do
well,
And when you die may the devil just kick you all to
hell!

Once we are home with ship made fast, and we've got
through our sailing,
A winding glass around we'll pass and damn this
blubber whaling!

**********

## No. 172

### BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND
also known as

The New Highland Lad
Oh, Where? Tell Me, Where?
Where Has Your Highland Laddie Gone?

The original words of this old Scottish song were written by John Exenford. The original tune, which is not at all like a Scottish air, is in Johnson (SMM), VI, 566. The song as we know it today has a later text by Mrs. Grant and a tune by Mrs. Jordan, which dates from May 13, 1800. Ritson printed the song in his North Country Garland, 1802, under the title: The New Highland Lad.
Mrs. Jordan's tune is also used for the Protestant hymn, Celebration in the Harp of Columbia, p. 118.

#### REFERENCES

Armitage, I, 49
Chappell (PMOT), II, 739
Chapple (HS), 387
Cole, 138-139
Hopekirk, 108-109
Johnson (FS), 501-503
Leisy (LAS), 86
Macfarren, 238-239
Mackenzie (SH), 26
Shoemaker (MMP), 196
Silverman, I, 284
Songster (8), 127-128
Whitman, 33-34
Wier (LS), 75
Wier (SWWS), 248

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Blue Bells of Scotland

Oh, where, tell me, where
Has your Highland Laddie gone?
Oh, where, tell me, where
Has your Highland Laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners
Where noble deeds are done,
And it's, Oh! in my heart
I wish him safe at home.

Oh, where, tell me, where
Did your Highland Laddie dwell?
Oh, where, tell me, where
Did your Highland Laddie dwell?
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland
Where blooms the sweet blue bell,
And it's, Oh! in my heart
I love my laddie well.

Oh, what, tell me, what
If your Highland Lad be slain?
Oh, what, tell me, what
If your Highland Lad be slain?
Oh, no! true love will be his guard
And bring him safe again,
For it's, Oh! my heart would break
If my Highland Lad were slain.

**********

## No. 173

### BLUE-EYED BOY
### also known as

Adieu
Bring Back To Me My Blue-eyed Boy
Bring Me Back My Blue-eyed Boy
Go Bring Me Back My Blue-eyed Baby
Go Bring Me Back My Blue-eyed Boy
My Blue-eyed Boy

This gives every appearance of ebing a composite, except for the chorus. In fact, the chorus may well be the only original part of the text. All the stanzas are composed of lines found in various older songs.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 33
Belden (BS), 478-480
Brewster (BSI), 339
Brown, III, 298-299
Henry (BMFSB), 50
Hudson (FSM), 91
Jour (FSS), VII, 69
Owens (TFS), 93-94
Pound, 212-213
Randolph, IV, 260-262
Sandburg (AS), 324

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Blue-Eyed Boy

Go, bring me back my blue-eyed boy,
Go, bring my darling back to me;
Go, bring me back my blue-eyed boy,
And I will happy, happy be.

Just like a ring that has no end,
It's hard to find a real true friend;
But when you find one good and true,
Change not the old one for the new.

Shall I go bound while he goes free?
Must I love him when he don't love me?
Or should I play a childish part
And love him tho he broke my heart?

Last week my true love promised me
He'd take me far across the sea;
His heart is harder than a stone,
For he has left me here alone.

Go, dig my grave and dig it deep,
And lay me down and let me sleep;
Upon my breast a snow-white dove,
To show the world I died for love.

**********

## No. 174

### THE BLUE JUNIATA
also known as

Alferata, the Maid of Juniata

Bright Alfarata, or Alfaretta

This song was composed by Mrs. Marion Dix Sullivan, and was published in 1844. It was immensely popular through the latter half of the 19th century. It has survived in oral tradition as well as in print.

REFERENCES

Armitage, I, 114
Carmer (SRA), 45
Chapple (HS), 154
Hubbard, 145
Hudson (FSM), 210-211
Johnson (FS), 279
Luther, 111-112
Oberndorfer, 83
Shoemaker (MMP), 157-158
Shoemaker (NPM), 152-154
Wilder, 92-93

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The Blue Juniata

Wild roved an Indian girl, Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the Blue Juniata.
Swift as an antelope, thro the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks, in wavy tresses flowing.

Happy the mountain song of Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the Blue Juniata.
Strong and true my arrows are, in my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe upon the rapid river.

Bold is my warrior good, the love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume, along the Juniata.
Swift and low he speaks to me, and then his war-
cry sounding,
Brings his voice in thunder loud, from height to
height resounding.

**********

## No. 175

### BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE

also known as

The Belle of Long Lake
Come All Ye Good Fellows
Dorset's Song
Moosehead Lake

Lumbermen sang this song in various logging camps during the 19th century. Helen Flanders said she "crossed trails with this ballad in the home of Mr. Herbert Haley on Shrewsbury Mountains, when he spoke of Dorset's Song." According to Haley, Charlie Dorset "lumbered over on a job Griffith had on Long Lake. There was a fight there where a man licked a man and Dorset made up this song."
The text is set to a variation of the tune used for The Little Brown Bulls (see in this MB), which is a form of the Derry Down air.
For a Nova Scotian variation, see In the Month of October in Creighton (SBNS), 265-266.

REFERENCES

Flanders (NGMS), 174-178
Glass (SFRF), 24-25
Gray, 60-62
Lomax (FSNA), 115-117
Lomax (OSC), 226-228
Silverman, II, 408

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Blue Mountain Lake

Come all ye good fellers, where'er ye may be,
Come set down awhile and listen to me:
The truth I will tell you, without a mistake,
'Bout the racket we had on the Blue Mountain Lake.
Singing Down, Down, Down Derry Down!

The granahn brothers and big Jimmy Lew,
Meself and Mose Albert an' Handsome Pat, too,
Who were all as fine fellers as ever was seen;
We all lumbered for Grafton on Township nineteen.

Now Oliver Mitchell he kept the shanty—
A lazier damn man you never did see!—
He'd loaf round the shanty from morning till night,
And if we said a word he was all set to fight.

One mornin' 'fore daylight, Jimmy Lew got mad;
He knocked hell out-a Mitchell, makin' us glad.
His wife she just stood there, the truth I do tell,
All tickled to death to see Mitchell catch hell.

Old Grafton stood there—the damned grizzly drake—
A hand in the racket all ready to take;
Some of the fellows sorta pulled him away,
He said, "Fight and be damned! I got nothin' to say."

You may talk of fashions way out in Benzine,
But none will compare with the cook of nineteen;
She is short, thick and stout—and I don't over-rate—
The fellows all called her the belle of Long Lake.

So long, you good fellows, adieu to you all,
Christmas is coming and I'm for Glen Fall;
And when I get down there, I'm going on a spree—
'Cause when I have whiskey, the devil's in me!

Singing Down, Down, Down Derry Down!

**********

## No. 176

### THE BLUES AIN'T A THING BUT THE BLUES

The "blues" came out of the isolation and homelessness of the Black population following the American Civil War, and is not, as many seem to think, rooted in sex. The blues proper is rooted in poverty: it has been aptly described as "the po' man's heart disease." An old blues tanza tells us exactly what the blues

is all about:

Ain't it hard to stumble
When you got no place to fall?

Or, again:

When it rained down sorrow,
It rained all over me.

Lines found in some of the older songs let us know that there is more to the blues than just poverty:

When you lose your money,
No need to lose your mind.

On the other hand, the blues ignores both love and money when it cries:

I'm just a-standin' here lookin'
A thousand miles away.

The blues is a longing, a hunger; what it desires most of all is a physical and spiritual home—a place to belong, and something, anything, to believe in. Above all, the blues is personal. The man who feels blue is not concerned with society; he sits down and says to himself:

I'm sittin' here wonderin'
If a match-box would hold my clothes.

Speaking musically, however, the blues is much more complicated than it seems. For example, "blues singing" is invariably marked by individual style on the part of each singer and player. Unexpected chords break the familiar patter; there are dissonances, subtle shadings of tone, and improvised runs of melody. To understand the blues, one must realize from beginning to end that a human and a musical conversation is taking place; that the singer and the instruments are speaking and answering back, voice against voice. The whole process is similar to the antiphony of Bach. On the other hand, perhaps, it is as simple as Huddie Ledbetter said:

"Blues was compose up by the Negro people when they was under slavery. They was worried." Certainly the blues was anticipated by the Negro spirituals. The oldest blues that living singers remember are songs like CARELESS LOVE, JOE TURNER, and PALLET ON THE FLOOR. Yet there was a great number of blues melodies and texts long before these songs were formed, specifically among Southern blacks. Therefore it is not surprising to learn that a large number of people still believe that the rural, or country blues pieces are our only genuine blues songs. The modern, sophisticated songs, they say, are nothing but a mockery. Modern blues songs, they say, are too slick, too shallow; that too much emphasis is placed upon sexuality. In the words of Big Bill Broonzy, the only place to hear a "real blues singer is the remote backwoods of the South."

Whatever we may say about our blues song, it is important to know that they have shaped all our jazz music and, although technically just one of many sources, they have been rightly described as "the soul of good jazz." I am not implying that the blues pieces are the best of our folk songs. Far from it. But taken as a whole they are the most influential and the most typical of our country.

The song below is a composite piece; it was taken down from the singing of Jesse Rodgers who may or may not have put it together.

For a similar song, see De Blues Ain' Nothin' But a Good Man Feelin' Blue in Downes, 316, or 372; Sandburg (AS), 234-235; and Silverman (FB), 195.

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The Blues Ain't A Thing But The Blues

The blues is more than sorrow,
'Cause sorrow you can lose;
The blues is more than sorrow,
'Cause sorrow you can lose—
Oh lawdy, lawd!
The blues ain't a thing but the
blues!

When I woke up this mornin'
Some rascal done stole my shoes;
etc

Now if life was a union,
I couldn't pay my dues;
etc

There ain't no need to worry,
Jus' drown myself in booze;
etc.

**********

No. 177

THE BLUE TAIL FLY
also known as
Jimmie Crack Corn

Popular 19th century minstrel-show song. Words and music are credited to Dan Emmett, composer of Dixie and many other songs of that era. Unfortunately, this song was frequently published in sheet-music form without mention of author or composer. One such piece of music is dated 1844. Abraham Lincoln liked the song and is known to have sung it often while a circuit riding lawyer in Illinois. Versions of The Blue Tail Fly have been recovered by collectors under unusual titles. Frank C. Brown

has a version which takes its title from the first line of an incorporated stanza, I Had A Great Big House. Alfred M. Williams recovered a version in England with the title, So Early In The Morning. Two versions (A & B) are given below. Version A was recorded by Riley Shepard on King Records in the 1940s. Version B was published by Keith's Publishing House, Boston, in 1844.

REFERENCES


Agay (2), 70
Arnett, 66
Best, 47
Botkin (SFL), 709-710
Brown, III, 496-498
Coleman, 64
Emrich (CBF), 10
Finger (FB), 166-167
Friedman, 453-455
Ives (SA), 188-189
Kennedy (TAB), 114-115
Lair (SLL), 48
Leisy (LAS), 16-17
Leisy (SPS), 58-59
Lomax (FSNA), 505-506
Lomax (PB), 63
Luther, 231
Morris, 207-208
Nathan, 429-434
Owens (TFS), 125
Scarborough (NFS), 191, 201-203
Scott (BA), 33
Seeger (1), 124-125
Seeger (6), 12
Shay (DFW), 116-118
Silverman, II, 290
Williams (FSUT), 178


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The Blue Tail Fly (Version A)

When I was young I used to wait
On master and serve his plate;
I'd pass his bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the Blue Tail fly.

Chorus

Jimmie crack corn and I don't care!
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care!
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care!
My master's gone away.

When he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hick'ry broom;
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the Blue Tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch—
Threw my master in a ditch!
He died and the jury wondered why—
The verdict was the Blue Tail fly.

They buried him 'neath the 'simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see:
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
A victim of the Blue Tail fly.

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(Version B)

O when you come in Summertime,
To South Carlinar's sultry clime,
If in de shade you chance to lie,
You'll soon find out de Blue Tail fly—
An scratch 'im wid a brier too.

Dar's many kind ob dese here tings,
From diff'rent sort ob insects springs;
Some hatch in June, an' some July,
But August fotches de Blue Tail fly.
An scratch 'im wid a brier too.

When I was young I used to wait
On Massa's table an' hand de plate;
I'd pass de bottle when he dry,
An' brush away de Blue Tail fly.
An' scratch 'im wid a brier too.

Den arter dinner massa sleep,
He bid me vigilance to keep;

An' when he gwine to shut he eye,
He tell me watch de Blue Tail fly.
An' scratch 'im wid a brier too.

When he ride in de arternoon,
I foller wid a hickory broom;
De pony bein' berry shy
When bitten by de Blue Tail fly.
An' scratch 'im wid a brier too.

One day he rode aroun' de farm,
De flies so numerous did swarm;
One chance to bite 'im on de thigh—
De debble take dat Blue Tail fly!
An' scratch 'im wid a brier too.

De pony run, he jump, he pitch,
An' tumble massa in de ditch;
He died, an' de Jury wonder why—
De verdict was de Blue Tail fly.
An' scratch 'im wid a brier too.

Dey laid him under a simmon tree,
His epitaph am dar to see:
Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,
All by de means ob de Blue Tail fly.

Ole Massa's gone, now let him rest.
Dey say all tings am for de best.
I neber shall forget till de day I die,
Ole Massa an' de Blue Tail fly.
An' scratch 'im wid a brier too.

**********

## No. 178

### THE BLUE VELVET BAND
also known as

### The Girl In, or With the Blue Velvet Band

According to John Henry Johnson, the "age and ancestry of this gem are hidden in the dim recesses of the past." The words, according to Charles O'Brien Kennedy, were written by John F. Leonard. We only know that the poem was revived in print by Captain Billy Fawcett in his Smokehouse Poetry, which leaves the name of the person who finally set the words to music unknown.

REFERENCES

Davidson (SRMF), 45-46
Johnson (BBLL), 52-54
Kennedy (AB), 22-25
Milburn, 162-164
Randolph, IV, 115-117
Shay (PF-2), 168-172
Shay (PF-3), 213-216

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The Blue Velvet Band

I met a young maiden in Frisco,
The hour was just about nine;
She planted the evidence on me
At the corner of Kearney and Pine.

Her face had the first flush of nature,
And her bright eyes seemed to expand;
Her hair fell in rich, brilliant masses,
All entwined in a blue velvet band.

To a house of gentle ruination,
She invited me with a sweet smile;
She seemed so refined, gay and charming
That I thought I would tarry awhile.

We went to a well-kept apartment
That stood on the third floor above;

And I thought myself truly in Heaven,
All alone with the Goddess of Love.

What struck me the most was an object
Designed by an artistic hand—
The costly lay-out of a hop-fiend,
And that fiend was my Blue Velvet Band.

Upon a pile of robes and pillows
She reclined right there on the floor;
Then we hit the pipe and I slumbered—
I ponder it o'er and o'er.

'Tis months since the craven arm grasped me,
And in bliss did my life glide away;
From opium to "dipping" and thieving,
She artfully led day by day.

One evening I came home so dreary,
With swag from a jewelry store;
I heard the voice of my loved one,
As I quietly opened the door.

"If you'll give me a clue to convict him,"
Said a stranger, in tones soft and bland,
"You'll then prove to me that you love me."
"It's a go," said my Blue Velvet Band.

A few minutes before I was hunted
By the cops, who wounded me too,
And my temper was none the sweeter,
As I flung myself into view.

The copper, not liking the glitter
Of the Colt '44' in my hand,
He hurriedly left thro the window,
Leaving me with my Blue Velvet Band.

What happened to me I will tell you:
I was ditched for a desperate crime;

There was hell in a bank at midnight,
And my pal was killed in his prime.

A convict of hard reputation,
Ten years of hard grind I did land;
And I often thought of the pleasures
I had with my Blue Velvet Band.

Long years ago this all happened,
And the story belongs to the past;
I forgave her, but just retribution
Claimed this fair, false one at last.

She slowly sank lower and lower,
Down through life's shifting sand,
And finally she died in a hop-joint—
Farewell to my Blue Velvet Band.

**********

## No. 179

### THE BOATMAN'S DANCE
also known as

The Boatman's Song
Dance the Boatman's Dance
Hi Yo Boat Row

This was an extremely popular mid-19th century song, the chorus of which was well known to Ohio boatmen long before publication. The tune was composed by Dan D. Emmett, who also contributed several original stanzas. It was published in sheet music form by two different publishers in 1843, one crediting Emmett and the other crediting no one. It qualifies as a source song because its melody was used over and over again for different songs. For examples, see The Gold Seeker III & VII in this MB.
A variation, Hi Yo Boat Row, is in Brown, III, 256.

Versions of Boatman's Dance have always been available in print since its first appearance, but it has also been recovered by folk song collectors in all areas of the United States.

REFERENCES

Botkin (MRF), 566-567
Carmer (SRA), 155-156
Chapple (HS), 76-77
Glass (SFRF), 56-58
Hugill (1), 493
Keach, 38
Luther, 231-232
Minstrel, 146-147
Nathan, 320-323
Siegmeister, 58-59
Silverman, II, 272

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The Boatman's Dance

The boatmen dance, the boatmen sing,
The boatmen do most everything!
And when the boatmen go to town,
They throw their money all around.

Chorus

Oh! dance the boatman's dance!
Oh! dance the boatman's dance!
We dance all night 'til broad day light,
Go home with the girls in the morning.
Yes, here we go, yes, here we go,
Floating down the Ohio.

The teamsters should all stay on shore,
The river hogs should ramble more;
The boatmen work and then unwind,
And leave their troubles far behind.

I went aboard the other day,
To see what the Captain had to say;
We drank a jug of passion juice,
And wound-up in the calaboose.

The boatman is a thrifty man,
Always does the very best he can;
The pretty girls I've seen in life
Were always some one else's wife.

**********

## No. 180

### BOBBIN' AROUND

An 1855 "pop" song by W. J. Florence; it was published by S. C. Jollie, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y. C. The song's popularity quickly inspired a parody in the California gold fields. See Nippin' Round in MB.

REFERENCES

Black, 38
Dwyer, 129
Jordan, 221
Sherwin (SGM), 22

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Bobbin' Around

In August last on one fine day,
A bobbin' around, around, around,
When Josh and I went to make hay,
We went a bobbin' around.

Says Josh to me let's take a walk, etc.
Then we can have a private talk, etc.

We walked along the mountain ridge, etc.
Till we got near Squire Slipshop's bridge, etc.

Then Josh and I went on a spree, etc.
And I kissed Josh and Josh kissed me, etc.

Then Josh's pluck no longer tarried, etc.
And he says to me let's get married, etc.

I knew he loved another gal, etc.
They called her bow-legged, crooked-
shin, curly-toothed Sal, etc.

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## No. 181

### BOBBY SHAFTOE

An old English nursery song that was once well-known in the United States.

REFERENCES

Armitage, II, 106
Bertail, 105
Brown, III, 183-184
Davis (FSV), 200
Halliwell (NR), 149
Ives (SA), 72-73
Rimbault (NR), 42
Stokoe, 12-13
Winn (1), 87

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Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love for ever more,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's good and kind,
Sailing on the salty brine;
I'll be his and he'll be mine,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

**********

## No. 182

### BOHUNKUS AND JOSEPHUS
### also known as
### Josephus and Bohunkus

Origin of this old song is not known. Until the late 1940s the song was popular among college students throughout America. Many folk versions contain stanzas found in Old Grimes Is Dead (see in MB). Perrow has a version from Mississippi with a stanza from Uncle Ned affixed. The tune is Auld Lang Syne.

REFERENCES


Brown, III, 372-374; V, 227
Bulletin (HFL), III, 5
Chapple (HS), 383
Davis (FSV), 145
Lewis, 111
Luther, 254
Most (PCS), 71
Perrow, XXVI, 125-126
Randolph, III, 177-178
Songs (15), 51
Spaeth (REW), 91-94


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Bohunkus and Josephus  Tune: Auld Lang Syne

There was a farmer had two sons,
And these t o sons were brothers;
Bohunkus was the name of one,
Josephus was the other's.

Now these two boys are dead and gone,
Long may their ashes rest;
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Josephus by request!

Now these two boys, their story told,
And they did tell it well—
Bohunkus up to heaven went,
Josephus down to hell!

**********

## No. 183

### BOIL THEM CABBAGE DOWN

also known as

Bile Dem Cabbage Down Cooking Dinner

This is known primarily as a hoedown fiddle tune. The words, except for the chorus, are found in other songs, such as: The Kicking Mule B, I Ain't Got Time To Marry, Liza Jane III, and Old Joe Clark. Also compare Massa Had A Little Yaller Gal in Henry (FSSH), 436 and Cooking Dinner in Talley, 156.

#### REFERENCES


Best, 138-139
Botkin (APPS), 145
Botkin (SFL), 710-711
Brown, III, 519; V, 290
Coleman, 96
Lomax (FSNA), 506-507
Richardson (AMS), 88
Scarborough (NFS), 124
Silverman, I, 364
Steely, 221-224
White, 303-304


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Boil Them Cabbage Down

Went up on the mountain
Just to give my horn a blow;
Thought I heard my true love say,
"Yonder comes my beau!"

Chorus

Boil them cabbage down,
Bake that hoe-cake brown,
Craziest song I ever heard:
Boil them cabbage down.

Took my gal to the blacksmith shop
To have her mouth made small;
She turned around a time or two,
Then swallowed shop and all.

Someone stole my old coon dog,
Wish they'd bring him back;
He chased the big hogs thro the fence,
And the little ones thro the crack

Met a possum in the road,
Blind as he could be;
Jumped the fence and whipped my dog,
And bristled up at me.

Once I had an old gray mule,
His name was Simon Slick;
He'd roll his eyes and back his ears,
And kick and kick and kick.

Possum up a simmon tree,
Raccoon on the ground;
Raccoon says, "Come on now,
Shake them simmons down!"

I've heard some old folks say
There's gold in them there hills;
But I've lived up there thirty years
And all I've seen was stills!

I wish I had a needle now,
With thread that I could sew;
I'd sew my gal to my coattail
And down the road I'd go.

**********

No. 184

THE BOLD FISHERMAN
also known as
Down By The Riverside

A carol. Origin and source unknown. According to Lucy Broadwood, the song, as it appears on broadsides, is "a vulgar and secularized transmutation of a mediaevil

allegorical legend." It is not related to the several other songs that are sometimes known as Down By The Riverside. Nor is it related to The Bold Fisherman in Siegmeister, 20-23, which begins:

There was a bold fisherman
Who sailed out from Pimbeco,
To slew the wild codfish
And bold mackeral.

The song as given below circulated orally in America for many years, specially in the Appalachians and in New England.

REFERENCES

Broadwood (ECS), 110
Flanders (BMNE), 218-219
Jour (FSS), I, 138; V, 132
Leach (BB), 692-693
Reeves, 106-107
Sharp (100), 96-97
Silverman, II, 220

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The Bold Fisherman

As I walked out one May morning
Down by the riverside,
'Twas there I saw a bold fisherman
Come rowing over the tide.

Come rowing over the tide,
'Twas there I saw a bold fisherman
Come rowing over the tide.

I said to the bold fisherman,
"Why are you fishing here?"
"I'm fishing for your own soul's sake
All down the river clear.

"All down the river clear,
I'm fishing for your own soul's sake
All down the river clear."

He rowed his boat toward the side,
Which was his full intent;
Then he took hold of her lily-white hand
And down the stream they went.

And down the stream they went, etc.

Then he pulled off his morning gown
And threw it over the sea;
And there she spied three robes of gold
All hanging down his knee.

All hanging down his knee, etc.

Down on her bended knees she fell,
"Pray, sir, pray pardon me
For calling you a fisherman
And a rover down the sea!

"And a rover down the sea, etc.

"Rise up, rise up, my pretty fair maid,
Don't mention that to me;
For not one word that you have spoke
Has the least offended me.

"Has the least offended me, etc.

"Now we'll go to my father's hall,
And married we will be,
And you shall have your fisherman
To row you on the sea.

"To row you on the sea, etc.

Off they went to his father's house,
And married now they be;
And she has got her fisherman
To row her on the sea.

To row her on the sea, etc.

**********

## No. 185

### THE BOLL WEEVIL
### also known as

Ballad of the Boll Weevil
Ballet of de Boll Weevil
The Boll Weevil Blues
The Boll Weevil Holler
Boll Weevil Song
Mister Boll Weevil

This is a song about a bug, the boll weevil, which invaded Texas from Mexico around the end of the 19th century, creating havoc in the cotton fields. Now the boll weevil is known and dreaded wherever cotton is grown in the United States. The song is a creation of black people; it has an appeal that keeps it popular. Carl Sandburg gives two distinct versions in his American Songbag and, for reasons that escape me, he separated them by more than 200 pages. Country-Western performers have kept the song alive, and some of them have even claimed authorship.

### REFERENCES


Agay (1), 26
Arnett, 140
Botkin (AFL), 916-918
Botkin (SFL), 751
Botsford, I, 6-7
Brown, III, 245-247
Coleman, 66
Downes, 252, 294
Friedman, 319-322
Hudson (FSM), 199-200
Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 15
Laws (NAB), 241
Leisy, 39-41
Leisy (SPS), 64-65
Loesser, 264-265
Lomax (ABFS), 112-117
Lomax (FSNA), 535-536
Lomax (NFS), 184
Lomax (USA), 225
Luther, 266-268
Morris, 188-190
Richardson (AMS), 90-91
Sandburg (AS), 8-10 & 252-253
Scarborough (NFS), 77-79
Scott (BA), 316-318
Scott (FSS), 21
Siegmeister, 40-41
Silverman, II, 42, 357
Silverman (FB), 114-115
Warner, 29
White, 351-353
Whitman, 80
Yolen, 204-205

## The Boll Weevil

Now let me tell you 'bout the boll weevil:
It's a little black bug, you know.
He showed up down in Texas,
And said he came from Mexico.
He was looking for a home,
Just a-looking for a home!

Well, the first time I saw the boll weevil
He was standing on the Square;
The next time I saw the boll weevil,
He had his whole family there!
They were looking for a home,
Just a-looking for a home!

I said to the little boll weevil,
"What makes your face so red?"
The boll weevil laughed and answered:
"It's a wonder I ain't dead!
I've been looking for a home,
Just a-looking for a home!"

The boll weevil met up with a farmer
Who had a cotton farm.
The boll weevil said to the farmer,
"Now I don't mean no harm—
I'm just looking for a home,
Just a-looking for a home!"

The farmer took the boll weevil,
And he buried him in the sand.
The boll weevil said to the farmer,
"I'll do the best I can—
Wanna thank you for my home,
Just a-thank you for my home."

The farmer took the boll weevil,
And he buried him in ice.
The boll weevil said to the farmer,
"It's mighty cool and nice—
Wanna thank you for my home,
Just a-thank you for my home."

The boll weevil said to the farmer,
One bright and sunny morn,
"If I can't eat your cotton
I'll have to eat your corn,
Cause I gotta have a home,
Just a-gotta have a home!"

Now if any one should ask you
Who wrote this little song,
You can say it was that farmer,
Who had to move along—
He was looking for a home,
Just a-looking for a home.

**********

## No. 186

### BOLSUM BROWN

This song is probably of Negro origin, but I can't stipulate when or where. A similar version is in Sandburg (AS), 355.

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Bolsum Brown

There's a red light on the track for Bolsum Brown,
For Bolsum Brown, for Bolsum Brown;
There's a red light on the track,
And it'll be there when he comes back.
There's a red light on the track for Bolsum Brown.

Come along, darlin' Clara, come along,
Come along, come along;
There's a red light on the track,
And it'll be there when he comes back.
There's a red light on the track for
Bolsum Brown.

Working hard for my baby, working hard,
Working hard, working hard;
There's a red light on the track,
And it'll be there when he comes back.
There's a red light on the track for
Bolsum Brown.

**********

## No. 187

BOMB THROWING TIME
also known as
The Bomb Song

This is a modern folk song; it was born during the Great American Depression. The theme dates much farther back, however, and was sung as early as the 1890s. Song was taken over by college students. A version is in Best, 31.

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Bomb Throwing Time

In an anarchist's garret, so lowly and so mean—
Oh, smell the pungent odor of nitro-glycerine!—
They're busy making fuses and filling cans with nails,
And the little Slavic children set up this mournful wail:
"O, it's sister Jenny's time to throw the bomb!
The last one it was thrown by brother Tom.
Poor mama's aim is bad, and the Copskys all know dad,
So it's sister Jenny's time to throw the bomb!"

Sister Jenny took the bomb and started off.
"O mind you now," said Mama, "to blow the Templehoff."
And so the family waited while the dawn turned into day,
And the little Slavic children sang out this mournful lay:
"O, it's brother Ivan's time to throw the bomb!
Sister Jenny's gone the way of brother Tom.
Poor mama's aim is bad and the Copsky's all know dad,
So it's brother Ivan's time to throw the bomb!"

**********

## No. 188

### THE BONNIE WEE WINDOW

also known as

A Bonnie, Wee Lassie
The Bonny Sweet Window
Cute Little Window
The Neat Little Window

Considering its humorous lyric and catch tune, this Scottish song is not as popular as it might be.

REFERENCES

Creighton (FSNB), 162-163
Ives (SB), 202-203
Ord, 99-100
Randolph, I, 431-432

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The Bonnie Wee Window

A bonnie wee lassie with the name of Sweet Nell,
She lived in a house where Grandma did dwell;
The house it was small and the windows no less—
Each had four panes, but one needed glass.

Chorus

That cute little window, that nice little window,
That square little window where her Grandma dwelled.

One night as old granny had gone to her bed,
Jack, the farm-boy, with hair cherry red,
Came over the fields his sweet Nell to see—
And there by the window a-courting sat he.

That cute little window, etc.

Said Jack to sweet Nellie, "Let me tell you this:
Before we do part you should give me a kiss."
So sweet was the kiss and so loud was the smack—
That to his surprise he couldn't pull his head back,

From that little window, etc.

He ripped and he tore and he cursed and he swore!
Grandma heard the racket, jumped out on the floor;
She grabbed for the poker and a lick she gave one—
Another like that would have broke his backbone,

With his head in the window, etc.

She lifted the ladle from out of the pot;
Nobody e'er took the beating he then got!
He ran down the road with backside aflame,
And around his shoulder was the sash and the frame

Of that cute little window, etc.

'Twas early next morning before the daylight,
He sent for a glazier to make every thing right;
He thought of old granny, and all of his pain,
And swore he'd ne'er kiss thro a window again!

That cute little window, etc.

**********

## No. 189

### THE BONNY BROOM
also known as

The Bonny, Bonny Broom — Broom of the Cowdenknowes
The Broom, the Bonny Broom

This Scottish ballad was never extensively popular in the United States. Many versions have been collected in Great Britain, several of them by Herd, Kinloch, Gibb, Motherwell and Scott. The tune is known to have circulated prior to the union of the crowns of England and Scotland (1603). The text of the chorus is all that remains of the original words. Cowdenknowes is a district in Lauderdale, Scotland, once overgrown with broom. During the 17th century the tune was used for many songs. For information on these songs, see Chappell (PMOT), II, 458. Incidentally, Chappell believed the tune to be English rather than Scottish. The first Scottish version printed is in Allan Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, published in 1724.

#### REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 293-295
Buchan (ABS), I, 172
Child, IV, 191-209
Herd (1769), 308; (1776), I, 98
Johnson (SMM), No. 110
Kinloch (ASB), 160, 167
Moore (BFSS), 106-109
Scott (MSB-1803), III, 280; (1833), 37
Thomson (OC), I, 18-20

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The Bonny Broom

How blithe each morn was I
To see my swain come o'er the hill!
He leapt the stream, and ran to me;
I met him with good will.

Chorus

O, the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknowes!
I wish I were with my sweetheart,
And we were bride and groom.
O, the broom, the bonny, bonny broom.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gathered in my sheep at night,
And cheered me all the day.

He tuned his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood listening by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charmed with his melody.

While thus we spent our time by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.

Hard fate! that I should banished be.
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born!

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu!
Farewell, all pleasures there!
Dear God! restore to me my swain—
That's all I crave or care.

**********

## No. 190

### THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

also known as

Bold Blucher
Bonnie Bunch o' Roses
The Bunch of Roses O
Young Napoleon

This European ballad dates back at least to the first

part of the 19th century. Originally it circulated as a broadside under the title, Young Napoleon, or The Bonny Bunch of Roses. According to Scott (BA), 105, the text "is cast in the form of a dialogue between Napoleon Bonaparte's son, the Duke of Reichstadt (1811-1832), and his wife, the Empress Marie Louise, after the Emperor's fall from power and exile to St. Helena." Peacock, III, in his notes, says: "The Napoleon of this song is the Emperor's son by his second marriage to Marie Louise of Austria Austria," who "was kept a virtual prisoner in the Austrian court at Vienna" after the Allies refused to recognize his rights of succession. Napoleon II died of Tuberculoisis at the age og twenty-one. Mackenzie, who recovered two versions in Nova Scotia, tells us: "The ancients who sang the ballad for me took pains in each case to elucidate the symbolism of the 'bunch of roses' (i.e., England, Scotland and Ireland) before beginning the performance...."Several collectors insist that the ballad is in the stanza form of an older ballad, The Bunch of Rushes, and was often sung to the same tune.

This ballad was extremely popular throughout 19th century America, as can be demonstrated by the number of times it was published here. Broadsides of it were issued on both sides of the Atlantic.

A derivative, Blood Red Roses, can be seen elsewhere in this MB.

## REFERENCES


Baring-Gould (SW), No. 27
Buchan & Hall, 148-149
Christie, II, 232-233
Creighton (SBNS), 140-142
Greenleaf, 170-171
Greig, No. 94
Greig & Duncan, No. 155
Hayward, 17-18
Hughes, II, 92-100
Huntington, 207-209
Jour (FSS), II, 276; III, 17, 56
Jour (IFSS), XV, 31
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 303

Laws J 5, 131
MacColl & Seeger, 270-272
Mackenzie, 188-189, 399
Marsh (SSM), III, 42-44
O'Conor, 127
O'Lochlainn, 32-33
Ord, 301-302
Peacock, III, 988-989
Reeves (EC), 63
Scott (BA), 105-107
Songster (12), 42-44;
" (14), 42-44;
" (61), 222-223;
(62), 120-122;
(63), 90-92;
(103), 55-57
Wehman (ISB), No. 1, 49-50
Yeats, No. 4
Zimmerman, 190-191

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The Bonny Bunch of Roses

By the borders of the ocean,
One morning early in the month of June,
While little birds were a-warbling
A sweet and cheerful tune,
I overheard a lady
Who seem'd to suffer grief and woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte
About the bonny bunch of roses O.

"My son, don't be so venturesome,
For England has a heart of oak:
England, Ireland, Scotland—
Such a unity cannot be broke.
Remember how your father
In St. Helena now lies low;
If you attempt to follow,
Beware the bonny bunch of roses O!"

Then up stepped young Napoleon,
And took his mother by the hand,
Saying, "Mother dear, have patience
Till I am able to command.
I will raise a mighty army
And through all the dangers go,

And in spite of all the universe
I'll gain the bonny bunch of roses O!"

"Your father raised great armies,
And had kings to bear his train;
He was so well provided, son,
He swept the world for gain.
But when he came to Moscow, son,
High overpowered by driving snow,
The city was a-blazing,
And he lost the bonny bunch of roses O!"

"O please believe me, mother,
For I'm on my dying bed;
If I had lived, I'd have been brave
And crowned my fair youthful head.
But while our bones lie moldering,
And weeping willows o'er us grow,
The fame of great Napoleon
Shall shame the bonny bunch of roses O!"

**********

## No. 191

### THE BONNY IRISH BOY

also known as

The Bonny Young Irish Boy
Lament of the Bonnie Irish Boy
My Bonny Irish Boy
My Bonny Young Irish Boy

This song has both a common title and a common theme. For song with similar story, see The Irish Girl I, II, III & IV in this MB. For song with like title, see Greig, No. 48; Ord, 162-163, and Peacock, II, 560-561.

### REFERENCES

Gardner (FSH), 214-215
Greenleaf, 192-193
Hubbard, 136
Jour (FSS), I, 17
Kidson (TT), 152-153
MacColl & Seeger, 217-219
Peacock, II, 562-563

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The Bonny Irish Boy

Come all you young and pretty maids,
Come listen while I relate
A tale of broken-hearted love
And my own poor wretched state.

A handsome, bonny Irish boy
Has made me thus complain;
For I am here in Bedlam now,
And here I must remain.

When first he came a-courting me,
That bonny Irish boy,
He called me his jewel,
His heart's delight and joy.

He told me that he loved me true,
And filled my heart with pride;
He said if I would marry him,
He'd never leave my side.

Then suddenly he took flight,
And sailed over the main;
He never even said goodbye,
And never came again.

Now some other fair maiden
My true love does enjoy,
While I am left lamenting for
My bonny Irish boy.

Alone I live in sorrow,
Alone with grief and woe,
And all because an Irish boy
Came courting me for show.

**********

## No. 192

### THE BONNY SCOTCH LAD
also known as

Bonnets So Blue
The Bonnie Scotch Lad
His Bonnet So Blue
The Jacket So Blue

This song dates from 1805-1810 and was published around 1835 in the United States. Soon thereafter, the song was adapted to frontier conditions by an unknown American pioneer (see JACKET SO BLUE else where in this MB).
For British versions of The Bonny Scotch Lad, published in the 19th century, see Yorkshire Anthology, edited by J. C. Halliwell (1851).

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 301
Cazden, I, 76-77
Creighton (FSNB), 97, 99
Ford (VSBS), 213
Gray, 111-114
Greig, art. cv
Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 384
Logan, 101
Moore (BFSS), 252-253

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The Bonny Scotch Lad

'Twas down in a valley near a town in Yorkshire,
I lived at my ease and was free from all care;
I lived at my ease and had sweetheart's a few,
Till I met with a lad in his bonnet so blue.

A regiment of soldiers, as you shall soon hear,
From Scotland to Kingstone came aboard for to steer;
There was one lad amongst them, I loved him so true—
He's a bonny Scotch lad with his bonnet so blue.

His cheeks were like roses, his eyes like two sloes;
He's proper and handsome wherever he goes.
Besides, he's good-natured, and comely to view—
He's a bonny Scotch lad with his bonnet so blue.

It was early one morning I rose from my bed,
I called for my own maid, and to her I said:
"Come, dress me as well as your two hands can do;
I'm to see the Scotch lads with their bonnets so blue."

When I came to the regiment it was on parade;
I listened intently to talk that was made.
His name was Charles Stewart, I love him so true—
He's a bonny Scotch lad with his bonnet so blue.

My love he passed by with a gun in his hand;
I strove to speak to him, that he might understand.
I strove to speak to him, but by me he flew—
And my heart went along with his bonnet so blue.

I said, "My dear jewel, I'll buy your discharge.
From the army I'll free you and set you at large.
If you can but love me, my heart will be true—
O how well I love you with your bonnet so blue."

He says, "My fair lady, now listen to me:
I have a true sweetheart, and will soon married be.
The girl that I love, she'll always prove true—
And I'll ne'er put a stain on my bonnet so blue."

I'll send for a sculptor, an artist of skill,
To make me a likeness of Charles, as he will;
And in my bed-chamber so oft will I view
My bonny Scotch lad with his bonnet so blue.

**********

## No. 193

### THE BOSTON BURGLAR
### also known as

Boston City
The Boston Smuggler
The Bugle Boy
Charlestown
Charlie's Town
The Convict's Song
Covington
Frank James, the Burglar
I Was Born and Raised In Covington
The Jail at Morgantown
The Louisville Burglar
Prisoner's Song
The Springfield Burglar

This song is an adaptation of BOTANY BAY (see No. 194 in this MB). Or, as some suggest, it could be an adaptation of Henry's Downfall, or Young Henry the Poacher, a broadside ballad issued by Catnach, Such, Bebbington, Cadman, and W. R. Walker.
According to Sigmund Spaeth, the authorship of The Boston Burglar is credited to "M. J. Fitzpatrick." He was probably referring to the version published in New York by Edward B. Marks, since that is the version he reprints. But the song was published much earlier by H. J. Wehamn, another New York publisher. In fact, Wehman published the song twice——in sheet music form in 1881 and in broadside (No. 480). Then Wehman included it in The Vocalist's Favorite Songster, 1885, p. 179.
American versions traveled back to Scotland, where the song became known as The Boston Smuggler.
For a sharply variated version, see As I Sat Down To Play Tin-Can in Lomax (OSC), 308.

### REFERENCES

Arnold, 52-53
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Brown, II, 554-557; IV, 281-282
Chappell (FSRA), 100-101
Cox (FSS), 296-299
Cox (TBFS), 106
Creighton (SBNS), 206
Davis (FSV), 280
Eddy, 204-206

Edwards (OS), 12-13
Finger (FB), 88-89
Flanders (VFSB), 53-54
Friedman, 222-223
Gardner (BSSM), 335-336
Gray, 90
Greig, No. 132
Hubbard, 249-251
Kennedy (AB), 164-165
Kennedy (TAB), 303-304
Laws L 16
Leach, 254-255
Lomax (CS-1919), 147
Lomax (CS-1938), 203
MacColl & Seeger, 284
Morris, 387-388
O'Lochlainn, 88-89
Owens (TFS), 81-82
Pound, 57-60
Pound (SFSN), VIII, No. 5
Randolph, II, 37-39
Scarborough (SC), 289-296, 433-435
Sharp, II, 66-69
Silverman, I, 63
Spaeth (REW), 177-179

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The Boston Burglar

I was born in Boston, boys,
A city you all know well,
Brought up by honest parents—
The truth is what I'll tell.
Brought up by honest parents,
And raised most tenderly,
Till I became a sporting lad
At the age of twenty-three.

My character was taken,
And I was locked in jail;
There was none that I knew of
Who could get me out on bail.
The jury found me guilty,
The judge he wrote it down,
And when he passed my sentence
I was off to old Charlestown.

I saw my aged father
A-pleading at the bar;

I saw my darling mother
A-looking from afar,
And tearing out her gray locks
As the tears came rolling down,
Crying, "Son, what have you done,
To be sent to old Charlestown?"

They put me on an Eastern train,
One cold December day,
And every station we passed by
I heard the people say:
There goes the Boston Burglar,
In chains securely bound;
For robbing Sheffield bank
He must got to old Charlestown."

Now you who have your liberty,
Pray keep it while you can,
And don't go roam the streets at night
A-breaking laws of man.
For if you you'll surely rue,
And end up just like me—
Serving time for twenty years
In the penitentiary.

**********

## No. 194

### BOTANY BAY

An old British ballad said to be the prototype for many other prison songs, including the previous one, The Boston Burglar (No. 193).
Botany Bay, an inlet on the coast of New South Wales, was the first landing place of Captain Cook in 1770. The penal colony, established in 1787, quickly became famous and was the subject of many ballads. Some years

later the colony was moved to an area that is now a suburb of Sydney, Australia. For an entirely different song with an identical title, see Randolph, I, 374-375.

REFERENCES

Ashton (MSB), 359-360
Barrett, No. 52
Cambiaire, 69-71
Christie, II, 67
Flanders (CSV), 44-45
Flanders (NGMS), 253-254
Friedman, 220-222
Gardner (BSSM), 323
Greig, I, art. 45
Jour (FSS), V, 85-86
Karpeles (EFS), II, 139-142
Laws L 16 A, 174
Sharp (EFS), II, 90-91
Sharp (100), 198-199
Silverman, II, 385
Sturgis (SHV), 32
Trident, 116-117

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BOTANY BAY

I was raised up in London town,
A place I know so well;
Raised up by honest parents,
The truth to you I'll tell:
Raised up by honest parents,
And reared most carefully,
And I became a roving lad,
Which proved my destiny.

They stood me up before a judge
When I was twenty-three.
Because of my wrong-doing,
The judge he said to me:
"You broke the laws of England,
For which you now must pay.
You are to be transported
Across to Botany Bay!"

I left my darling mother there—
Don't worry her, I pray—
It is not her fault at all
I'm being shipped away;
And to the grief she's feeling,
I hope no one will add—
Remember, she has done no wrong—
I am the one who's bad.

They sailed us down the river
The twentieth of May,
And every ship we passed by,
I heard the sailors say:
"There goes a load of bad ones!
They're being shipped away,
To work as slaves and prisoners,
And live at Botany Bay."

**********

## No. 195

### BOUND TO GO
also known as
March On, Member

A spiritual that has survived also as a boat and marching song.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 22-23
Jubilee (PS), 28
Lloyd, 136
Scott (BA), 202-203

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Bound To Go

I'll build my house upon the rock,
O yes, Lord!
No wind, no storm can blow it down,
O yes, Lord!

Chorus

March on, member, bound to go!
March on, member, bound to go!
Left St. Helena, bound to go!
Brother, fare you well.

He built a house on shifting sand, etc.
A strong wind come and blow it down, etc.

I am not like that foolish man, etc.
He built his house upon the sand, etc.

**********

## No. 196

### THE BOY AND THE STRANGER
also known as

The Devil and the School Child
The False Fiddle, or Fidee
The False Knight
The False Knight and the Wee Boy
False Knight on the Road
False Knight Upon the Road
Fause Knight and the Wee Boy
The Fause Knight On, or Upon the Road
The Smart Schoolboy

This ballad is both old and rare in U. S. tradition. The tale of a mere schoolboy confounding the Devil is common to folklore; it is also ancient. As a ballad, however, the story has never enjoyed an extensive popularity. For an interesting Irish version, see: Modern Language Review, XII, 203.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (BNSR), 3
Barry (BBM), 11-14
Belden (BS), 4
Brewster (BSI), 29-30
Bulletin (FSSN), XI, 8
Campbell & Sharp, No. 1
Child, I, 20-22; V, 411
Coffin, 31
Creighton (SBNS), 1-2
DAVIS (TBV), 61, 549
Flanders, I, 79-81
Flanders (BMNE), 46-47
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 344; XXX, 285-286; LIV, 208
Moore (BFSS), 11-12
Niles (BB), 21-23
Pound, 48
Roberts (IP), 6-8
Roberts (SBS), 89-90
Sanders, 84-85
Sharp, I, 3-4
Sharp (AEFS), 20-21
Wells, 174-175

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The Boy and the Stranger

"Oh, where do you go?"
Said the stranger along the road.
"I'm on my way to school,"
Said the boy as he bravely stood.

"And what is on your back?"
Said the stranger along the road.
"It's nothing but my books,"
Said the boy as he bravely stood.

"And what have you learned?"
Said the stranger along the road.
"Distrust the likes of you,"
Said the boy as off he ran.

**********

No. 197

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THIS COUNTRY
also known as
Arizona Boys and Girls A Comical Ditty

There are many versions of this humorous "put down" song, with most being the result of regionalization by singers in communities where the song was being sung. For an interesting variation, see The Boys Around Here in Randolph, III, 215-216. Also compare Young Folks' Dispositions in Payne (SBGG), 236. We give two versions of the song below, with version A being non-regional and version B specifically regional.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 430
Cox (FSS), 250-253
Lomax (CS), 211-213, 256-258
Memoirs (AFS), XXIX, 96
Moore (BFSS), 296-297
Pub (TFLS), VI, 236-237
Randolph (Ozarks), 220-221
Stout, 96-97

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Boys and Girls in This Country (Version A)

If all you young people will kindly come near,
A comical ditty you're going to hear.
American fellows believe that romance
Is courting the ladies and learning to dance!
Let 'em go! Fie-lo, la lurry, fie-lo!

The girls in this country are just like a cat;
They laugh and they giggle, and don't know what at.
They think they are lovely, so pretty and wise;
They flirt with the fellows and tell them all lies.
Let 'em go!, etc.

The boys in this country are striving for fame:
Get something for nothing—that's playing the game.
They wear their hair longer than girls that they date,
And value good music as something to hate.
Let 'em go!, etc.

American parents, the rich and the poor,
Are happy to see them go out of the door.
The girls and the fellows disturb us, you see,
For they are the people that we used to be.
Let 'em go!, etc.

---

(Version B)

Come now, you good people, I pray you stand near:
A funny new ditty I'll sing in your ear.
Arizona boys are out to advance;
They flirt with the girls and offer romance.

And it's down, down low,
hi du ra, down low!

They'll take up their stirrups, they'll brush and
they'll rub,
Their old dirty boots they'll black and they'll
scrub;
They'll ride on their ponies with whips in their hands,
And tell all the ladies they own house and lands.

And it's down, etc.

Now I'm not complaining, but isn't it sad?
And look at the ladies—they're ten times as bad!
Their frazzled old bonnets with ribbon they'll trim,
And look like a crow set out on a limb!
And it's down, etc.

They'll dab on the powder and put on the paint,
They'll go to a meeting as mute as a saint;
But once they arrive there, the truth I'll disclose:
They spend their time planning on how to get beaus.
And it's down, etc.

They're always a-laughing, in vain to be wise!
They couldn't get married to save their own lives!
Girls in Arizona will sit on your lap,
But if you should kiss one, your face gets a slap!
And it's down, etc.

It's time now, I think, for my story to end;
I fear there is someone that I might offend.
But if anyone here should now take offense,
Go straight to the Devil and seek recompense!
And it's down, etc.

**********

## No. 198

### THE BRAES OF STRATHBLANE

also known as

The Braes of Strablane  The Braes of Strachblane

A scottish song rarely encountered in American tradition, but one that is known in some areas of the country.
As Kidson pointed out, "The air is peculiar in structure, and is no doubt an old one."

REFERENCES

Ford (VSBS), I, 76
Greig, No. 18
Hubbard, 102-103
Kidson (TT), 90-91
MacColl & Seeger, 187-189
Ord, 125
Peacock, II, 499-500

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The Braes of Strathblane

As I went a walking one fine summer's day,
Down by yon green meadows I did carelessly stray;
I spied a fair maid—she was standing her lane,
And bleaching her clothes on the braes of Strathblane.

I stepped up to her as I seemed for to pass,
"You are bleaching your clothes, my bonny lass;
It's a twelvemonth and better since I had you in
mind,
And for to get married, if you're so inclined."

"To marry, to marry, sir! I am too young.
I know you young men have a flattering tongue.
My father and mother quite angry would be
Were I to marry a rover like thee."

The young man turned 'round, a tear in his eye:
"I wish you good morning and tell you good-bye;
I wish you good morning, and to ease my own pain,
I'll go court another on the braes of Strathblane."

"O stay awhile, laddie, you've quite won my heart,
And here in my hand, love—we never shall part!
No, we never shall part till the day that we die;
May all good attend us whatever we try."

"O now you've consented, and I thank you in kind,
But since we last spoke, love, I've altered my mind.
The clouds look heavy, and I think it will rain——"
So we shook hands and parted on the braes of Strath-
blane.

**********

## No. 199

### THE BRAMBLE BRIAR
also known as

The Apprentice Boy
The Bamboo Briars
Boomberry Briars, or
Brier
The Branbury Briars
The Bridgewater Farmer
Bruton Town
Burlington Town
The Constant Farmer's Son
The Cruel Brother

The Ditch of Briars
The Hunt
In Brunton Town
In Bruton Town
In Seaport Town
In Strawberry Town
The Jealous Brothers
Late One Sunday Evening
Lord Burling's Sister
Lord Burlington's Sister
The Merchant's Daughter
The Murdered Servant Man
The 'Prentice Boy
Seaport Town
Strawberry Town

This ballad tells an old, old story. In fact, it is identical to the story told in Boccaccio's Isabella and the Pot of Basil in the DECAMERON. The story was also told by Keats in a poem of the same title. Despite its popularity during the Middle Ages and later in ballad form, the piece was omitted by Professor Francis J. Child, who made no mention of it in his English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Several versions of this ballad share titles with other songs, one of which has led to some erroneous references by several collectors (see version B below).

## REFERENCES


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Brewster (BSI), 193-195
Broadwood (ETSC), 28
Brown, II, 229; IV, 135
Bulletin (TFS), II, 27
Campbell & Sharp, No. 38
Cox (FSS), 305-307
Cox (TBFS), 70
Cox (TBWV), 57-59
Creighton (MFS), 118
Creighton (TSNS), 141
Davis (FSV), 64
Eddy, 85-87
Gardner (BSSM), 59-61
Gillington (SOR), 10
Henry (FSSH), 161
Hubbard, 49-50
Hudson (FSM), 154-155
Jour (AFL), XX, 259; XXIX, 165; XXXV, 359; XLV, 48, 51; XLVI, 25
Jour (FSS), I, 160; II, 42; V, 123
Karpeles (EFS), I, 280
Laws, M 32
Leach (BB), 705-707
MacColl & Seeger, 106-107
Mackenzie, 90-91

Mackenzie (QB), 154
Moore (BFSS), 159-162
Owens (TFS), 48-49
Pound, 53, 76
Pound (SFSN), V, 20
Pub (MLA), XXXIII, 327
Pub (TFLS), II, 6; XXIII, 83
Quarterly (SFL), V, 176
Randolph, I, 380-382
Sewanee Review, XIX, 222, 321
Sharp, I, 380-382
Sharp (EFS), I, 4-5
Sharp (FSFS), No. 12
Sharp (100), 4
Williams (EFS), 24

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The Bramble Briar

In Seaport town there lived a merchant,
He had three sons and a daughter fair;
And among them all was the handsomest boy,
Who was the daughter's only care.

One evening late they were a-courting,
The eldest son happened to be near;
He went and told his younger brothers,
"We cannot have her lover here.

"I know he thinks he'll wed our sister,
And you should see how they behave;
But all his dreams will soon be ended,
For we shall put him in his grave."

They rose up early the next morning
And called to them their sister's beau.
This poor young man they all did flatter,
And said they should a-hunting go.

They wander'd o'er the hills and mountains,
And through the woods all overgrown;
And way out there in a lonesome place,
They killed the boy and went back home.

Now when they met their lovely sister,
She said, "O where is the serving-man?
I asked because you seem all worried,
So tell me, brothers, if you can."

"We lost him there where we were hunting,
And do not know where he might be,
And that is why we seem to worry.
But none of this should worry thee."

That very night, as she lay sleeping,
Her lover came to her beside
All cover'd o'er with blood, and weeping—
The girl then knew that he had died.

She rose up early the next morning,
And she did sigh and make a moan;
"I'll go," she said, "to find my lover
And bring his blood-soaked body home."

She found him there in bramble briar,
And her poor heart did burst with woe;
She said, "My love, I'll stay here with you,
But first I must let some one know."

Her brothers three were all convicted,
And she heard the death-bell clang;
She saw her love in the bramble briar,
And she was glad to see them hang.

---

(Version B)

aka The Constant Farmer's Son

There was a farmer's daughter, near Dublin town did dwell,
So modest, fair and handsome—her parents loved her well.

She was admired by lords and dukes, but all their
hopes were vain;
There was but one, a farmer's son, young Mary's
heart could gain.

All summer Willie courted her and fixed their wedd-
ing day;
Her parents both gave their consent, but her brothers
they did say:
"There lives a lord that pledged his word, and if
you do him shun,
We will betray and then will slay your constant
farmer's son."

There was a fair not far from home, her brothers
went to play;
They asked Willie to go along, to pass the time
away.
But on returning home at night they swore his race
was run;
And with a stake the life did take of her constant
farmer's son.

As Mary on her pillow lay she dreamed a dismal dream;
She dreamt she saw her true love dead, his blood a-
flow in streams.
She then arose, put on her clothes, to seek her love
did run,
And dead and cold she did behold her constant farmer's
son.

The bitter tears ran down her cheeks and mingled
with his gore;
She cried in vain to ease her pain and kissed him
o'er and o'er.
She gathered leaves from off the trees, to shade
him from the sun,
And a night and day were passed away with her
constant farmer's son.

When hunger it came creeping on, Poor Mary cried
with woe;
And for to find his murderers unto her home did go.
"O parents dear, you soon shall hear of a shocking
deed that's done—
In yonder vale lies dead and pale my constant
farmer's son.

Then up did stand her eldest brother, saying, "In-
deed it was not me."
The same replied the younger one, and cursed most
bitterly.
"Brothers," she said, "don't turn so red, or try the
law to shun;
You did the deed and you'll surely bleed for my
constant farmer's son."

The brothers then did own their guilt and for the
same did die,
And Mary fair, in deep dispair, she never ceased
to cry.
Her parents then did fade away, their span of life
all run,
And Mary cried and of sorrow died for her constant
farmer's son.

**********

## No. 200

### THE BRASS MOUNTED ARMY

Every war produces "complaint" songs such as this one, which comes down to us from Civil War soldiers.

### REFERENCES

Lomax (FSNA), 348 Randolph, II, 273 Silverman, II,
306

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## The Brass Mounted Army

O whiskey is the monster
That ruins great and small,
But in old Kirby's army,
Headquarters gets it all!

Chorus

O, how do you like the army,
The brass mounted army,
The high falutin' army,
Where eagle buttons rule?

They drink when there is plenty,
Altho they think it hard,
But if a private touches it,
They put him under guard.

Our army is more richer
Than when the war begun,
Furnishes three tables
But all they set is one.

The first is richly laden
With chicken, goose and duck;
The next is pork an' mutton
The third is pore old buck.

Our Generals eat the poultry,
They get it very cheap;
Our colonels and our captains
Devour the hogs and sheep.

Our soldiers git so hungry
They're bound to press a pig;
The biggest stump in Dixie
They're sure to have a dig.

On every big plantation,
Or a big holder's yard—
Just to save his property,
Our Generals place a guard.

Altho my song is ended,
It's beautiful and true,
Still poor men and the widders
Should have a line or two.

For them no guard is stationed,
Their fence is often burned,
Their property's molested,
As long ago we learned.

**********

## No. 201

THE BRAVE SERVANT GIRL
also known as

The Beautiful Damsel
The Box upon Her Head
The Dauntless Maid
The Fair Damsel from London
It's of a Pretty Fair Maid
The Maid and the Robber
The Staffordshire Maid
The Undaunted Female

This song first gained popularity as an English broadside, then traveled to North America and became popular on the frontier. Unfortunately, it has survived only in fragmented versions, notably in Utah and in Nova Scotia.

### REFERENCES

Broadwood (ECS), 60
Greig, art. xxxv
Greig & Duncan, No. 268
Hubbard, 267-268
Jour (EFDSS), IX, 186
Jour (FSS), VIII, 129

Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 209 Mackenzie, 321-322
Laws, L 3, 166 Williams (FSUT), 280

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## The Brave Servant Girl

There was a rich old merchant who in London did dwell,
With wife and with daughter who loved him quite well;
They had a servant girl who served them one whole year,
A brave young maiden of whom you shall hear.

One night as she lay sleeping this young girl did dream
Her father was dying, or so it did seem;
And early next morning to the master she goes
Demanding her wages, her box, and her clothes.

She put the box upon her head, her journey began,
And soon she did meet a stout and able man.
Said he, "My pretty fair maid, I bid you good day;
Allow me to show you a much shorter way."

He took her by the hand and then led her into a lane.
Said he, "My pretty fair maid, I mean to tell you plain:
Deliver up your money without fear or strife,
Or else this very moment I will take away your life."

The tears from her eyes like two fountains did flow,
"O where shall I wander? O where shall I go?"
And while this young fellow searched round for his knife,
The beautiful maiden did take away his life.

She took up her box again and quickly she ran,
But soon she did meet with a noble gentleman.
Said he, "My pretty fair maid, where are you going so late?
And what was the noise that I heard at yonder gate?

"That box upon your head, does it to yourself belong?
To your master or your mistress, have you done wrong?
To your master or your mistress you have done some-
thing ill,
For not one moment from trembling have you stood still."

"The box upon my head, sir, to me it does belong;
To my master and my mistress I have done nothing wrong.
To my master and my mistress I have done nothing ill,
But I fear in my heart for a man I have killed.

"He demanded my money and I soon let him know,
But when he reached for his knife, I struck him a blow."
She took him by the hand and led him to the place
Where that stout, able fellow lay bleeding on his face.

They searched him all over, to see what he had got;
He had three loaded pistols, some powder and some shot;
He had three loaded pistols, some powder and some ball,
A knife and a whistle, more robbers for to call.

He put the whistle to his lips, blew loud and shrill,
And four stout, able fellows came tripping down the
hill.
The gentleman shot one, and that most speedily,
And the beautiful young maid shot down the other three.

"O now, my pretty fair maid, for judging you wrong,
I'll make you my charming wife before very long;
I'll make you my charming wife for what you have done,
For taking your own part and firing of your gun."

**********

## No. 202

### BRAVE WOLFE
also known as

Death of General Wolfe
On the Plains of Abraham
The Plains of Abraham
Quebec

The death of General Wolfe in 1759 generated speeches, poems and songs. The song below was written in the American colonies; it is one of two surviving ballads based on Wolfe's death at Quebec. He was engaged to be married to Katherine Lowther at the time, which accounts for the lines dealing with his courtship. Wounded three times in battle, Wolfe died September 13, 1759. This ballad appeared shortly thereafter. In time, traditional use resulted in words, lines and stanzas being changed.

Brave Wolfe was extensively popular among American colonists, and versions appeared in dozens of publications, including newspapers and magazines. The piece known as Bad News Has Come To Town (see version B below) is hardly more than an extraction.

The English song, Bold General Wolfe, which may be seen in Williams (FSUT), 162-163, is not related to the one given here.

### REFERENCES

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Combs (FSMEU), 176-178
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Downes (1943), 50-51
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Flanders (VFSB), 55-57
Ford (BB), Nos. 1157-1160, 3049-3052
Friedman, 288-290
Greenleaf, 96-98
Howe (100), 242
Jackson (ESUS), 174
Laws (NAB), 118
Leach (BB), 716-719
Lomax (FSNA), 42-43
Mackenzie, 198-100
McCarty, III, 8-10
New (2), 118-121
Randolph, IV, 101-103

Scott (BA), 36-38
Shoemaker (MMP), 108-111
Shoemaker (NPM), 105-107
Silber (SI), 33-34
Silverman, II, 301
Soldier, 8-10
Songster (8), 209-212
Songster (50), 152-154
Songster (61), 45-47
Songster (62), 133-135
Songster (84), 242-243
Songster (126), 45-47
Songster (179), 100-102
Thomas (CAB), Nos. 55, 58
Thompson (BBB), 323
Vinson, 16-17

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Brave Wolfe (Version A)

Cheer up your hearts, young men, let nothing fright you;
Be of a gallant mind, let that delight you.
Let not your courage fail, till after trial,
Nor let your fancy move at the first denial.

I went to see my love only to woo her;
I went to gain her love, not to undo her.
Whene'er I spoke a word my tongue did quiver;
I could not speak my mind while I was with her.

Love, here's a diamond ring, long have I kept it—
'Tis for your sake alone, long may you wea r it.
When you this posy read, think on the giver—
Oh, love, remember me, or I'm undone forever.

Brave Wolfe then took his leave of his own dear jewel.
Most surely did she grieve, saying, "Don't be cruel."
Said he, "'Tis for a space that I must leave you."
Yet, love, where'er I go, I'll not forget you."

So then this gallant youth did cross the ocean,
To free America from her invasion.
He landed at Quebec with all his party,
The city to attack, both brave and hearty.

The drums did loudly beat, the colors were flying;
The purple gore did stream, and men lay dying.
When shot from off his horse, fell this brave hero;
And we lament his loss in weeds of sorrow.

The French began to break their ranks, and flying,
Brave Wolfe began to wake as he lay dying;
He lifted up his hand while guns did rattle,
And of his army asked, "How goes the battle?"

His aide-de-camp replied, "'Tis in our favor.
Quebec, with all her pride, we soon shall have her.
She'll fall into our hands with all her treasure."
"O then," Brave Wolfe replied, "I die with pleasure."

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(Version B)

aka Bad News Has Come To Town

The "bad news" stanza is almost identical to the 3rd stanza of an English song, A Blacksmith Courted Me, Which is in Butterworth, 4-5. This song, originally known as The Unconstant Maiden, was published in 1690.

.....

I went to see my love, never to leave her;
I meant to be her love, and would not deceive her.
But when I tried to speak my poor heart would quiver;
I could not speak my mind while I was with her.

Chorus

Bad news has come to town, bad news is carried;
Bad news has come to town: My love is married.
Bad news has come to town, and I am weeping;
Somebody stole my love while I lay sleeping.

Here is a chain of gold, for years I have kept it;
Here is a ring of gold, dear, won't you accept it?
But when I tried to speak my poor heart would quiver;
I could not speak my mind while I was with her.

**********

## No. 203

### BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

also known as

Bold Brennan
Bold Breannan on the Moor
Brandon on the Moor
Young Brinnon on the Moor

This Irish song celebrates the career of William Brennan, a highway robber, who operated in County Cork. He was captured and hanged in 1804. In Maine, a local tune-smith appropriated the melody for a song called Bracey on the Shore (see Eckstorm, 332-334). Age of Brennan on the Moor is debatable, but we know it does not predate 1804. Joyce, who published a version in 1909, remarked that he had "some copies in sheets printed by Haly of Cork sixty years ago." American and English broadside versions were issued by Bebbington, De Marsan, W. Fortey, Partridge, Such, and Wehman.

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DeMarsan (SJ), I, 21
Farnsworth, 6-7
Flanders (VFSB), 98-99
Ford (VSBS), II, 56-61; (1904), 245
Friedman, 371-374
Gillinton (HFS), 7-9
Greig & Duncan, No. 258
Hubbard, 258-259
Ives (SA), 10-12
Ives (SB), 52-54
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 379
Kidson (TT), 123-126
Laws, L 7, 169

Leach (BB), 745-747
Leisy, 42-44
Lomax (OSC), 317-319
Mackenzie, 309-310
O'Conor, 59
O'Lochlainn (2), 144
Randolph, II, 168
Scott (BA), 264-266
Sharp, II, 170-171
Sharp (FSFS), No. 26
Silber (HSB), 122
Silverman, I, 61
Songster (155), 58-59
Songster (190), 28-29
Wehman (ISB), I, 106
Wells, 300-301

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Brennan on the Moor

It's of a brave highway-man
A story I will tell:
His name was Willie Brennan,
And in Ireland he did dwell.
It was on the Kilwood Mountain
He commenced his wild career,
And many a wealthy nobleman
Before him shook with fear.

Chorus

It was Brennan on the Moor,
Brennan on the Moor;
Brave, bold and undaunted was
Young Brennan on the Moor!

A brace of loaded pistols
He carried night and day,
But never robbed a poor man
Upon the King's Highway.
What he'd taken from the wealthy,
Like Turpin and Black Bess,
Bold Brennan did divide it
With a widow in distress.

One night he robbed a packman,
His name was Hedler bawn;
They travelled on together
Till the day began to dawn.
The pedlar seeing his money gone,
Likewise his watch and chain,
He at once faced up to Brennan
And robbed them back again.

When Brennan saw the pedlar
Was as good a man as he,
He took him on the highway,
A companion for to be.
The pedlar threw away his pack
Without any more delay,
And proved a faithful comrade
Until his dying day.

Bold Brennan being an outlaw
Upon the mountain high,
Where cavalry and infantry
To take him they did try.
He laughed at them with scorn,
Until at length, it's said,
A false friend did betray him
For the price on his head.

In the county of Tipperary,
In a place they call Clonmore,
Willie Brennan and his comrade
One day did suffer sore.
He lay among the fern
Which was thick upon the field,
And nine wounds he had received
Before he came to yield.

Then Brennan and his companion,
knowing they had been betrayed,

Fought with the mounted cavelry,
And a noble battle made.
He lost his foremost finger,
Shot off by a well-aimed ball,
And Brennan and his comrade
Were captured after all.

So they were taken prisoners,
In irons they were bound
And conveyed to Clonmel Jail,
With strong walls all around.
They were tried and found guilty,
The judge made this reply:
"For robbing on the King's Highway,
You are both condemned to die!"

**********

## No. 204

### BRIAN O'LINN
also known as

Barney O'Lynn
Brien O'Lynn
Bryan O'Lynn
Brynie O'Linn

An Irish satirical song that was adaptated from Tom Bolynn (see in MB). Tom Bolynn is a 16th century Scottish song. The tune is similar to Sweet Betsy From Pike.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 459-460
Hubbard, 322
Jour (AFL), LIV, 83-84
Lomax (OSC), 117-118
O'Conor, 64
O'Lochlainn, 30-31
Owens (TFS), 110
Randolph, III, 231-232
Wehman (ISB-1937), 70
Wells, 167
Williams (FSUT), 181

Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn had no britches to wear;
He got a sheepskin for to make him a pair.
"With the fleshy side out and the wooly
side in,
They'll be pleasant and cool," says Brian
O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no shirt on his back—
'Twas easy to borrow an old 'tater sack;
He puckered the 'tater sack under his chin,
"It'll answer for ruffles," says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no hat for his head;
He stuck on a pot he stole from the dead.
He murdered a cod and cutt off its fin,
"It'll pass for a feather," says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no watch to put on;
He scooped up a turnip and made himself one.
Then he planted a cricket right under his skin,
"They'll think it's a-ticking," says Brian
O'Linn.

**********

No. 205

THE BRIDE'S DEATH
also known as

| | |
|---|---|
| The Awful Wedding | The Green Willow |
| Down In My Garden | The Green Willow Tree |
| The Faultless Bride | The Wedding |

A 19th century "tear-wringer" with a story far from being original. The idea was borrowed from a much older song, The Plymouth Tragedy, a ballad which, in turn, was something like The Nobleman's Wedding. The song, Johnny Doyle, also tells a similar tale.

This is not to say that the songs are copies of one another, only that the basic theme is the same in all three. There is also a relationship between The Bride's Death and the comic music-hall song, All Round My Hat. For an explanation, see Gilchrist's article in Jour (FSS), VIII, 203-205.

REFERENCES

Ashton (MSB), 173
Belden (BS), 165-166
Campbell & Sharp, No. 105
Graves, No. 94
Greig, I, art. 24
Hubbard, 47-48
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 339
Jour (FSS), VIII, 4-5
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 413
Karpeles, 124-125
Karpeles (FSN), II, 135-139
Laws, P 31
Moffat (MI), 98
Ord, 132-133
Peacock, III, 691-697
Petrie, 490-495
Reeves (EC), 44
Sharp, II, 83

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The Bride's Death

I'll tell you of an awful wedding,
Where two true lovers proved unkind;
She began to reflect on her former romance,
And her old true love remained in her mind.

They were all seated at the table,
Where every one would sing a song;
And the first to sing was her old true lover,
And these are the words that he sang all along.

"If any one should ask the reason
Why I am dressed so strange tonight,
I'm crossed in love and out of season;
I've lost my only heart's delight.

"So I'm all dressed in strange attire,
And I'll wear it for a week or two;
And one day soon I hope to lose my pain,
And trade my old love for a love that's new.

"Oh, how can you sleep on another man's pillow,
When you loved me more than words can tell?"
To bear it any longer she was not able,
And down at the bridegroom's feet she fell.

She said, "There is one thing that I desire,
And I pray you will not deny me:
I wish this night to lie by my mother,
And all that love me lie with thee."

This strange request her husband granted,
And with watery eyes all went to bed;
And when they rose up early in the morning,
They learned that the young bride was dead.

**********

## No. 206

### BRIGHAM YOUNG I

also known as

Brigham Young, Brigham Young Brigham Young and Brother Jeddie

The Mormon leader Brigham Young inspired many songs, and this is one of them. Unfortunately, the unfavorable songs gained the widest popularity outside Utah. Strangely, the folk status of many critical songs was established by the Mormons themselves. The "brother Jeddie" referred to in the text is Jedediah Grant, the first mayor of Salt Lake City (1852). The text below is from Hubbard, 413.

Brigham Young I Tune: All Noddin'

Brigham Young saw the lights
Of the Saints a-burning blue,
And he sent for Brother Jeddie,
Who was always firm and true,
To stir up the watchmen
And rally round the post,
For the Devil's up and doing
And stirring up his host.

Chorus

To find us a-noddin', a nid, a nid a-noodin',
To find us a-noddin' to our mountain home.

**********

No. 207

BRIGHAM YOUNG II
also known as

Brigham Young, the Western Pioneer This is the Place

This is one of the many songs celebrating the life and deeds of Brigham Young. Versions have circulated far and wide, but mostly west of the Mississippi.

REFERENCES

Cheney, 70 Fife (SSS), 327 Lingenfelter, 561

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Brigham Young II Tune: Casey Jones

Come all you people if you want to hear
A story about a brave pioneer;
Brigham Young is the pioneer's name,
In the Salt Lake Valley he won his fame.

Chorus

Brigham Young, the western pioneer!
Brigham Young won a noble race!
Brigham Young made a broad statement
When he raised up on his elbow
And said, "This is the place!"

He told his people on the Mississippi River,
"You better get ready, for we're leaving for-
ever.
We'll turn our faces straight to the West,
And don't get discouraged—we will do our
best."

They reached Salt Lake on July the Twenty-
fourth,
A thousand miles of travel and they were tired,
of course,
Old Brigham was sick, weariness was on his face,
But he raised upon his elbow and said, "This is
the place!"

Some went to California. They wouldn't take
advice;
They didn't seem to prosper—lived as poor as
church mice.
Some joined other churches, but I have a little
bunch
They wished to hell they hadn't quit the
Birgham Young bunch.

They met old Jim Bridger in the country of
Wyoming;
He'd give a thousand dollars for a head of
corn a-growing.
They instituted irrigation, and they had fine
crops,
'Til along came the crickets and the old
grass-hops.

The crickets and the grasshoppers, they got so
awful bad
The saints tried to kill 'em, and fought 'til they
were mad.
The Lord sent the sea gulls, in about two shakes—
How they heaved 'em over in the Great Salt Lake!

Once they had a celebration up in old Cottonwood;
They were happy and doing the very best they could.
Then news came to Brigham, Johnston's army on the
wing;
"Before we let them enter we'll destroy everything!"

He built a big theater, erected many schools,
To educate the children—'cause they wanted no fools.
He called 'em his busy bees—they built a lot of
hives—
And he ought to go to heaven with his nineteen wives.

**********

## No. 208

### BRIGHAM YOUNG III

also known as

Oh, Brigham, 'Brigham Young

Old Brigham Young Was a Mormon Bold

Here we have a satirical tribut to the Mormon leader. Just how popular in general the song was is questionable, but it was widely sung by Mormons.

### REFERENCES

Cheney, 176-178
Fife (SSS), 121-123
Hubbard, 408-409
Lingenfelter, 212-213
Lomax (ABFS), 432-433
Lomax (CS-1919), 401-402
Lomax (CS-1938), 400-401
Silber (SGAW), 83-88
Songster (141), 53

Brigham Young III

Old Brigham Young was a Mormon bold,
And the leader of the roaring rams;
He's a shepherd of a heap of pretty little sheep,
And a nice fold of pretty little lambs.
Well, he lived with five and forty wives
In the city of the Great Salt Lake,
Where they woo and coo as pretty doves do,
And cackle like ducks to a drake.

Chorus

Oh, Brigham, Brigham Young! It's a miracle how
he survives
With his roaring rams and his pretty little lambs
And his five and forty wives!

There is no man like old Brigham Young,
And none so curious and queer;
Tho' his rights are double, he is never out of
trouble,
And it gains on him every year.
Oh, he sets in his state and bears his fate
In a steady sort of way——
When there's one wife to bury, there's another
one to marry,
And a child is born every day.

Old Brigham Young was a stout man once,
But now he's thin and old;
And it's a pity to state there's no hair on his
pate,
Which once held a covering of gold.
For his oldest wives won't have white wool,
And the youngest won't have red.
So, with tering it out, and taking turn about,
They have pulled all the hair from his head.

Now the oldest wives just talk all day,
And the youngest just sing songs;
And among all the crowd he has it kinda loud—
They're as noisy as Chinese gongs.
Whenever they dance, it's a game of chance,
For some never gain the prize;
And they finish the night with tabernacle fight,
And scratch out one another's eyes.

If any man envies old Brigham Young,
Let him journey to Great Salt Lake;
And if he has the measure to take on the pleasure,
He'll find it a big mistake.
One wife at a time—that ain't no crime!
One's enough, there's no denial;
So before you strive to take on forty-five,
Take three for a month on trial.

**********

## No. 209

### BRIGHAM YOUNG IV
also known as
Old Brigham

In 1868 the text of this song was credited to J. W. Conner. However, the same text is in the 1857 edition of Put's Golden West Songster. The song is a typical satire of Mormons and their way of life, stressing the interest in polygamy. The version below is far from complete, but its intentions are clear.

REFERENCES

Conner, 23
Fife (SSS), 123
Lingenfelter, 210-211
Lomax (CS-1919), 399-400
Lomax (CS-1938), 399-400

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Brigham Young IV — Tune: Vilikens and Dinah

I will sing you a song
That has often been sung,
About that old Mormon
They called Brigham Young;
His wives they were many,
And were strong in the lungs,
As Brigham found out
By the length of their tongues.
Ri tu ral, lol, lu ral.

Oh, sad is the life
That a Mormon must lead,
But Brigham he clung
All thro life to his creed.
He said it was fun—
'Twas true, there's no doubt—
To watch the young wives
Knock the old wives about.
Ri tu ral, lol, lu ral.

"Oh, I love one and all,"
Old Brigham said slow,
"So do not provoke me
Or my anger will show.
What would be our fate
If found here in a row,
If Uncle Sam comes
With his row-de-dow-dow?"
Ri tu ral, lol, lu ral.

**********

## No. 210

### BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME
also known as

Bonnie
My Bonnie
My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

This is one of the best known old songs in the English-speaking world. It first appeared in print as, My Bonnie; it was introduced in William H. Hill's Student Songs (2nd edition), in 1882, published by T. B. Harms & Company. Words and music are credited to H. J. Fulmer (an alias used by Charles E. Pratt). Since then the song has appeared in hundreds of songbooks, including those used in the public schools. The tune has been used many times by other songwriters, making Bring Back My Bonnie to Me a spurce song. For examples, see Cowboy's Meditation I and My Family II elsewhere in this MB.
A parody sung by college students is given below as version B.

REFERENCES

Best, 6
Chamberlain, 69
Chapple (HS)., 178
Ford (OTFM), 15
Leisy (SPS), 76-77
Luther, 260
Mackenzie (SH), 27-28
Most (PCS), 9
Silverman, I, 162
Songs (15), 89
Waite, 22-23
Wier (SWWS), 181
Winn (2), 128-129

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Bring Back My Bonnie To Me (Version A)

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
My Bonnie lies over the ocean—
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And blow, ye winds, over the sea;
Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me!
Bring back, bring back,
Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me!

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea;
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

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(Version B)

My Bonnie has tuberculosis,
My Bonnie has only one lung;
My Bonnie can cough up raw oysters
And roll them around her tongue!

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

My Bonnie's complexion was lovely,
Her face, it was beauteous to see;
One day she got caught in a rainstorm—
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank,
The height of its contents to see;
I lighted a match to assist her—
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!

**********

## No. 211

### THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Although this song's tune is widely known and deeply steeped in American tradition, the song itself was generally ignored by American collectors. The tune, originally called Nancy, or Sir Howell's Delight, dates back to the 1630s. Sometime following 1678 the tune was used for The British Grenadier. We know that Grenadiers does not pre-date 1678, because, as Chappell remarked, that was the year when "the Grenadier Company was first formed..." The tune has since been used for many songs. For some American examples, see American Taxation and The Liberty Song IV in this MB. Also see The Mountain Battery in Dolph, 49-51.

#### REFERENCES

Adler, 46
Bantock, 24
Chapple (HS), 44
Gilbert (100), 12
Lawrence, 36
Silber (SI), 142
Silverman, II, 304
Whitman, 31

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The British Grenadiers

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes
There's none that can compare,

With a tow row row row row row,
To the British Grenadier.

Whene'er we are commanded
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses
And we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis
About the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row,
For the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches
And wear the louped clothes:
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row,
For the British Grenadiers.

**********

No. 212

THE BROKEN-HEARTED LOVER

also known as

Charles Graeme
Cold Blows the Wind
Cold Blows the Winter's Wind
The Ghost and Sailor
The Green Grave
The Restless Dead
The Restless Grave
The Resurrected Sweetheart
The Unquiet Grave
The Wind Blew Up, the Wind Blew Down

The idea expressed by this song is one deeply rooted in the folklore of many peoples. It is based on the

belief that excessive weeping or grief for a departed loved one is wrong, even sinful, because it disturbs the rest of the dead in his or her grave. Many ancient songs use this theme to tell their stories. This sone, however, is not ancient; it dates from the 19th century. Some scholarly collectors suggest that The Broken-Hearted Lover is a variant of The Restless Ghost (see elsewhere in MB).

The text, in the case of this song, is more stable than the tune. Bronson, for example, gives no less than 43 different tunes for this ballad.

REFERENCES


Baring-Gould (SW), 12-13
Broadwood (ECS), 34-35
Broadwood (ETSC), 50, 54
Brown, II, 94-95
Buchan, I, 268
Burne, 542, 651
Child, II, 234-238
Coffin, 82-83
Davis (FSV), 17
Davis (MTBV), 157
Dean-Smith, 113
Emrich (FAL), 578
Flanders, II, 184-186
Flanders (BMNE), 232
Folk-Lore Record, I, 60
Friedman, 32-34
Gilbert (100), 8
Greenleaf, 23-24
Houseman, 88-90
Jour (EFDSS), IV, 49
Jour (FSS), I, 119, 192
Karpeles, 58-59
Kinsley, 96-97
Leach (BB), 262-263
Leather, 202-203
Niles (BB), 173-180
Niles (MSHF), 18-19
Notes (5th series), VII, 387, 436
Peacock, II, 410-411
Quiller-Couch, 140-141
Reeves (EC), 272-274
Ritchie (FS), 64
Sedley, 193-194
Sharp (EFSC), 63
Sharp (100), 56-57
Shekerjian, 48-49
Silverman, I, 209
Wells, 154-155
Williams (FSUT), 76

## The Broken-Hearted Lover

The wind blew warm, the wind blew cold,
And brought some drops of rain;
"My own true love, my own true love,
My heart is filled with pain.
My heart is filled with pain.

"The wind blows cold today, my love,
There falls a chilly rain;
I never had but one true-love,
And she in her grave was lain. (2)

"I'll do as much for my true-love
As any lover may;
I'll sit and mourn beside her grave
Until death takes me away." (2)

He mournful sat beside her grave,
Until she heard him weep;
"Why do you mourn beside my grave,
Disturbing peaceful sleep?" (2)

"It's me, it's me, my own true-love,
Who longs to hear you speak;
For I would kiss your cold, cold lips—
One kiss is all I seek." (2)

"My lips are cold as clay, my love,
My breath is earthly strong;
If you should kiss these lips, my love,
Your time would not be long. (2)

"Lament no more for me, sweetheart,
For death we must obey;
Go find yourself another love,
For I am turned to clay." (2)

**********

## No. 213
## BROWN EYES I
### also known as

Oh, Those Brown Eyes Those Brown Eyes

This is what, until the late 1940s, was called "a hillbilly" song. It was very popular during my boyhood and remained a staple item on country-type radio programs until stations became automated and programs were centralized. For another version, see Roberts (SBS), 114-115.

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Brown Eyes I

One evening when the sun was low,
Brown Eyes whispered, "I must go."
Not one moment would she wait—
She kissed my cheek and left the gate.

Chorus

Oh, those brown eyes I love so well!
Oh, those brown eyes I long to see!
How I sigh for those brown eyes—
Strangers they have grown to be.

One night we met upon the street,
I bowed my head and could not speak;
With another by her side,
I knew she'd never be my bride.

One year ago just from today,
They laid my darling brown eyes away.
Life is filled with misery
Since those brown eyes no longer see.

**********

No. 214

BROWN EYES II
also known as
Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes

This is a composite-type song. Lines and stanzas were taken from several other 19th century "temperance" songs, combined and set with a catchy refrain, and made into a new song. Its rebirth in 1936 was due to a version recorded by Fiddlin' Arthur Smith and Alton and Rabon Delmore (The Delmore Brothers). It was revived again in the 1950s, but its new popularity was not related to the song's earlier purpose. Its continuing popularity is attested to by the fact that ASCAP (The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers) has approximately fifty different versions of the song on file.
For other versions, see: Leisy, 24-25 and Randolph, II, 417.

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Brown Eyes II

Billy, oh, Billy, I love you,
Love you with all of my heart;
You promised that we would be married,
But whiskey has kept us apart.

Chorus

Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes!
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes!
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes!
I'll never drink whiskey again.

Seven long years I've been married,
Wish I was single again;
You never know nothin' of trouble,
Until you have married a man.

Early each mornin' I rise up,
I work and toil all day;
It's supper to cook in the evening,
And then put the children away.

Down to the barroom he staggered,
Staggered and fell at the door;
The last words he ever did utter—
"I'll never get drunk any more."

**********

## No. 215

## THE BROWN GIRL
also known as

The Bonny Brown Girl Doctor

When a ballad has both title and story-theme in common with other songs, the temptation to associate all of them as "aform," or "type" or "variety" is very great. In such cases, therefore, the research student must be careful of references given by the collectors of such songs.
There are other songs in this Master Book known as The Brown Girl, two of which tell a similar story, but neither is related to the other. Nevertheless, many collectors have lumped all these songs together in their published works as "Brown Girl" songs. Some, eager to associate their finds with the Child ballads, list "Brown Girl" themes as "secondary forms of Child. No. 295 (which, incidentally, is the ballad given here). I take the position that the relationship between The Brown Girl and Sally the Rich Southern Lady is no closer than, say, the relationship between a Robin Hood ballad and a Jesse James ballad. In the latter case, about all they have in common is the fact that both were robbers.

REFERENCES

Cambiaire, 115-116
Child, V, 166-168
Henry (FSSH), 134-135
Kinsley, 355-356
Leach (BB), 678-680
Quiller-Couch, 800

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## The Brown Girl

I am as brown as brown can be,
And my eyes are black as sloe;
I am brisk, as you can see,
And wild as a forest doe.

My love he was so high and proud,
His fortune too was high;
He loved another fair pretty maid
And thereafter passed me by.

He sent a letter to my home,
He sent it from the town,
Saying no more he loved me,
Because I was so brown.

I sent his letter back again,
Saying he soon would be forgot;
Whether he loved or fancied me
Was something I valued not.

When near six months were over-passed,
And contempt for him had grown,
Then did my lover, once so bold,
Lie on his bed and groan.

First sent he for the doctor-man,
"Oh, doctor, find a cure!
The pains that now do torture me
I can not long endure."

Then did he send from out of town,
And he sent for none but me;
He sent for me, the brown, brown girl
Who once his wife should be.

Now you shall hear what love she felt
For this poor love-sick man,
How all one day, a summer's day,
She walked and never ran.

Oh, when she came to his bedside,
Where he lay sick and weak,
O then for laughing she could not stand
Upright upon her feet.

"You flouted me, you scouted me,
And many another one;
Now the reward is come at last,
For all that you have done."

The rings she took from off her hands,
Removed them two and three.
"O take, O take these golden rings,
By them remember me."

"My love," said he, "Forget, forget,
My love, forget, forgive;
O grant me yet a little space,
That I may be well and live."

"O never will I forget, forgive,
Nor offer you relief;
I'll dance above the green, green
grave
Where you do lie beneath."

**********

## No. 216

### BUCHANAN VS FREMONT I
### also known as
### The White House Chair

The American Presidential campaign of 1856 was not the most musical campaign in U. S. history, but it did produce two songs of some significance: one for the winner, one for the loser. The more popular song of the two was distributed by the losing candidate's party. Here we deal with the winner: James Buchanan, 15th President (1857-1861).

Buchanan, 10-year Congressman, U. S. Minister to Russia, 3-term U. S. Senator, Secretary of State during Polk's administration, President Pierce's special representative in Great Britain, was nominated by acclamation at the Democratic Convention (after 16 ballots) in 1856. John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky was nominated as his running mate.

It was a three-party race. The new Republican Party's candidate was John C. Fremont (see Buchanan vs Fremont II). The American Party (Know-Nothings), nominate ex-President Millard Fillmore. When the votes were counted, Buchanan was the winner with 174 electoral votes to 114 for Fremont. Fillmore received only 8 electoral votes.

The Democrats sang and distributed several pro-Buchana and several anti-Fremont songs, none of which survived in tradition. The song below was rescued by a music publisher some twenty-one years after the composer's death. But only because the composer was better known than the ex-President for whom he wrote the song. Why Stephen Foster wrote a political campaign song is another matter, although one suspects that his sister's marriage to Buchanan's brother may have been the reason.

Buchanan vs Fremont I

Let all our hearts for Union be,
For the North and South are one;
They've worked together manfully,
And together they will still work on.

Chorus

Then come ye men from every State,
Our creed is broad and fair;
Buchanan is our candidate,
And we'll put him in the White House
Chair.

We'll have no dark, designing band,
To rule with secret sway;
We'll give to all a helping hand,
And be open as the light of day.

**********

No. 217

BUCHANAN VS FREMONT II
also known as
Fremont and Freedom Fremont Campaign Song

This was the most popular song of the 1856 Presidential campaign, and it was written to help the new Republican Party's candidate, John C. Fremont. All parties and candidates were well represented musically. For pro-Fillmore songs, see The Union Wagon and Wide Awake Yankee in Silber (SAVB), 75. For several other pro-Fremont songs, see Freedom, Freemen, Fremont!, Huzza for the Railroad, The March of Freedom. amd We'll Give 'em Jessie, see Silber (SAVB), 69-71.
For another version of the song given below, see Jordan, 128-131.

Buchanan vs Fremont II Tune: Few Days

A song I've got, my friends, for you,
Few days, few days!
The tune and style will please you too,
For we're going home.
Fremont and freedom is our word,
Few days, few days!
We've nailed our flag and drawn our sword,
For we're going home.

Chorus

For there's the White House yonder,
Few days, few days!
Fremont and Dayton's bound there,
We're going home.
We can't be kept back longer,
Few days, few days!
Ev'ry day we're growing stronger,
We're going home.

Old ten-cent Jimmy is no go!, etc.
And Breckinridge is far too slow!, etc.
They both endorse weak Pierce's reign, etc.
Which on our country leaves a stain! etc.

Old Benton says he's out for Buck, etc.
But his finger on his nose is stuck! etc
Fremont's the man, he surely knows, etc.
Or, if he don't, his daughter does! etc.

**********

## No. 218

### BUCKEYE RABBIT

also known as

Big-Eyed Rabbit Buckeye Rabbit's Daughter

This is one of thos "put together" songs, taking lines from various other old songs and welding them into an independent piece. Traveling minstrel shows made frequent use of this type song, which probably explains the high number of "rabbit" and "possum" refrains encountered everywhere in the South. For references to such songs, see Brown, III, 206. Also see and compare Buck-Eyed Rabbit! Whoopee! in Talley, 175. For a similar piece, see I've Been to the East in Ames (MPP), 303-304 and Botkin (APPS), 213.
For other versions of the song below, see Arnold, 120 and Lomax (FSNA), 504.

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Buckeye Rabbit

Now if I had a scoldin' wife,
I'd whip her ev'ry morn,
Then take her down to Birmingham
And trade her off for corn.

Chorus

Buckeye Rabbit, shoo shoo!
Buckeye Rabbit, shoodah!
Buckeye Rabbit, shoo shoo!
Buckeye Rabbit, hoo-hah!

When I want somethin' very sweet,
I go to Sugar town;
I climb up in that sugar tree
An' I shake that sugar down.

I've traveled east, I've traveled west,
I've been to Arkansas,
An' Buckeye Rabbit's daughter
Is the best I ever saw.

I went down to my sweetheart's house,
Just like I've done before;
She fed me from an' old dog's trough,
So I don't go there no more.

**********

## No. 219

BUFFALO BOY
also known as
The Mountaineer's Courtship

This song has been doctored repeatedly by professional collectors and folk-singers. The tune is popular among modern square dance groups and musicians. According to Alan Lomax, the version he printed was a "composite version of The Mountaineer's Courtship...and Buffalo Boy..." He also noted the similarity between the tune of this song and that of The Old Gray Goose is Dead.

REFERENCES

Bikel (FF), 206-207
Durlacher, 118
Leisy, 44
Leisy (SPS), 90
Lomax (FSNA), 315
Silber (HSB), 97
Silverman, I, 356
Winn (2), 88

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Buffalo Boy

When are you coming to court me,
court me, court me?

When are you coming to court me,
darlin' Buffalo Boy?
I will be coming next Sunday,
Sunday, Sunday;
I will be coming next Sunday,
If the weather is good.

When will we be married,
married, married?
When will we be married,
darlin' Buffalo Boy?
We will be married in a week,
in a week, in a week;
We will be married in a week,
If the weather is good.

Who will you bring to the wedding,
wedding, wedding?
Who will you bring to the wedding,
darlin' Buffalo Boy?
I'm gonna bring all my children,
children, children;
I'm gonna bring all my children,
if the weather is good.

Never knew that you had children,
children, children;
Never knew that you had children,
darlin' Buffalo Boy.
There won't be no Sunday wedding,
wedding, wedding;
There won't be no Sunday wedding—
Married life ain't no good!

**********

## No. 220

### THE BUFFALO HUNTERS

also known as

The Buffalo Hunt The Buffalo Song

Here we have a western frontier song that celebrates an occupation that was deliberately destroyed by those who practiced it.

### REFERENCES

Fife, 4-5
Glass (SW), 50-51
Gordon (OSMS-4/20/25), 91
Haley, 203
Lingenfelter, 412-413
Lomax (CS), 185, 343
Pub (TFLS), XVIII, 5
Thorp & Fife, 208

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The Buffalo Hunters

Come all you pretty fair maids,
These lines to you I write;
We're going on the range
As we poor hunters do,
While those tender-footed fellows
All stay at home with you.

Our game it is the antelope,
The buffalo, elk and deer;
They roam these broad prairies
Without the least of fear.
We rob them of their robes
In which we think no harm,
To buy us chuck and clothing
For to keep our bodies warm.

The buffalo is the largest
And the noblest of the van,
He sometimes refuses
To throw up his hands,

With his shaggy mane uplifted,
And face toward the sky,
As if to say, "I'm coming,
So hunter mind your eye!"

All the day long
We go tramping around,
In search of the buffalo
That we may shoot them down!
Armed with our trusty rifle
And belt of forty rounds,
We send them up Salt River
To their happy hunting grounds.

While armed with Sharps rifle
Or the Neddle gun so true,
We cause the "buff" to bite the dust,
For they send their bullets through.
And when we come upon them,
If our guns have no defects,
We cause them to throw up their hands
And pass us in their checks.

Our houses are made of buffalo hides,
We build them tall and round;
Our fires are made of buffalo chips,
Our beds are on the ground.
Our furniture is the camp kettle,
The coffee pot and pan;
Our chuck is buffalo meat and bread
Intermingled well with sand.

Our neighbors are the Cheyenne,
The Arapaho and Sioux;
Their mode of navigation
Is the buffalo-hide canoe.

And if they all should emigrate,
I'm sure we wouldn't care,
For a peculiar way they have
Of raising hunters' hair.

The hunters are jolly fellows,
They like their lager beer;
But when it comes to preference,
They drink their whiskey clear!
Now that you've heard my song,
You must not think it queer
If I take a drink of whiskey
Or perhaps a lager beer.

**********

## No. 221

### THE BULL-DOG ON THE BANK
also known as
The Bull Dog

This song apparently originated sometime during the first part of the 19th century, at a time when young men were apt to get together, toss a tankard down and harmonize a song or two. In various colleges some students made their own contributions, such as the the stanza in Pound (SFSN), XXVII, No. 8, p. 70, which goes:

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole
And sent him along to school,
Singing tra la la la la lidy-whoo.

So we are dealing here with a college as well as a drinking song.

REFERENCES

Chamberlain, 114
Chapple (HS), 393
Ford (TMA), 320-321
Lewis, 36
Loesser, 306-308
Most (PCS), 77
Oberndorfer, 123
Waite, 92

---

## The Bull-Dog on the Bank

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank!
And the bull-frog in the pool!
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank!
And the bull-frog in the pool!
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank!
And the bull-frog in the pool!
The bull-dog called the bull-frog
A green old water fool.

Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch,
And the snapper caught his paw!
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch,
And the snapper caught his paw!
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch,
And the snapper caught his paw!
The pollywog died a-laughing
To see him wag his jaw.

Says the monkey to the owl,
"O what'll you have to drink?"
Says the monkey to the owl,
"O what'll you have to drink?"
Says the monkey to the owl,
"O what'll you have to drink?"
Since you are very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink.

**********

## No. 222

THE BULL-WHACKER
also known as
The Good Boy

According to Sandburg (AS), 203, this is "a high-brow folk song which has several variants."
See and compare Root, Hog or Die in MB.

---

The Bull-Whacker

I'm just a bullwhacker, full of rum and riot!
I've never had me a day of peace and quiet.
I've spent my life haulin' freight across the prairie,
And there ain't nothing that I didn't carry.

I've never been wed, altho' I've often yearned to;
I've chased ev'ry woman my fancy turned to.
I've been a rough hombre, 'cause it was expected,
But here I am now unloved and unrespected.

**********

## No. 223

BULLY OF THE TOWN
also known as

The Bully Song
I'm Looking for the Bully
Looking for the Bully
Looking for the Bully of the Town
The New Bully Song

This is a 19th century ragtime song, written and composed by Charles E. Trevathan and made famous by the singer, May Irwin. Nevertheless, it has a folk tradition of sorts despite having always been easily

available in print.
A traditional version collected by Wheeler (SD), 100, is given below as version B.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 198-199
Charters, 42-43
Leach (BB), 767
Odum (FSFP), 293
Odum (NHS), 203-204
Silverman, II, 154

---

Bully of the Town (Version A)

I'm looking for that bully,
The bully of the town;
He's pickin' on the poor folks,
And a layin' their bodies down.
I'm looking for that bully,
And he must be found.
I'm a Kentucky rambler
And I don't allow
No blow-hard river roustabout
To raise a nasty row.
I'm looking for that bully,
The bully of the town.

Chorus

When I walk the Levee round, round, round, round,
When I walk the Levee round, round, round, round,
When I walk the Levee round, I'm looking for the
bully of the town.

I'm going down the street
With an axe in my hand,
I'm looking for that bully,
For to sweep him off this land.
I'm looking for that bully,
And he must be found!

I brung 'long my razor,
For to cut him deep;
And if I see that bully, boys,
I'll put him right to sleep!
I'm looking for that bully,
The bully of the town.

---

(Version B)
aka
Stacker Lee

Stacker Lee is lookin' fo' the Bully,
The Bully can't be found;
Now we're goin' to walk the Levee roun',
roun',
Goin' to walk the Levee roun'.
I'm looking for the bully of your town.

I'm lookin' fo' the Bully,
The Bully must be found!
I'm lookin' for the Bully, boys,
To lay his body down.
I'm lookin' for the Bully of your town!

**********

No. 224

BUNKER HILL I
also known as
The American Hero The Ballad, or Battle of Bunker Hill

This is a poem that became a song. Originally called The American Hero, the poem had been written by one Nathaniel Miles just before the battle at Bunker Hill

occurred. Following the September 1775 battle, one Andrew Law, a graduate of Rhode Island College, set the poem to music. People naturally associated the song with the battle at Bunker Hill and it was soon being referred to accordingly.
This song is not related to the other three Bunker Hill somgs which follow: Bunker Hill II, III & IV.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 24
Botkin (NEF), 851-852
Downes, 58-59, 64-65
Jackson (ESUS), 179
Lawrence, 58-59
Rabson, 72-73
Silber (SI), 114
Vinson, 40-41

---

Bunker Hill I

Oh, the Redcoats came down to the foot of the hill,
In barges and rowboats, some great and some small;
They twadled and dawdled and tarried until
We feared that they would not attack us at all.
Let the foemen draw nigh 'til the white of his eye
Comes in sight of our rifles and then let it fly!
We'll prove to Columbia, to Britain and Spain,
How justice will triumph when free men take aim.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc
Let slip your bloodhounds, nam'd the British lions;
Dauntless, as death stares, dauntless, as death
stares,
Nimble as the whirlwind, dreadful as demons.
Still shall the banner of the king of heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow;
While that precedes me, while that precedes me,
With an open bosom, War, I defy thee.

Fame and dear Freedom lure me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a Death's Head,

Stringe me with serpent, strings me with serpent
Fiercer than Medusa's, to encounter.
Life, for my country and the cause of Freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserved, and if preserved
In so great a contest, life is redoubled.

**********

## No. 225

### BUNKER HILL II

This song was also a literary creation, but it has a place in American history and tradition. It was first sung at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843. The words were written by James B. Taylor, the music by Henry L. Tuckerman. Versions have appeared in many song books, but I have not found one in a folk collection. The version below is from Chapple (HS), 200-201.

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Bunker Hill II

Lonely and still was the wood and hill,
And the waves below yet slumbered;
The breezes light of a summer night
All the dewy hours numbered.
The sentry's tramp from the foeman's camp,
With his tone of hasty warning,
Came low and clear to the yeoman's ear
As he watched the early dawning.

The heroes thought as they bravely wrought
Their country's altar rearing,
Of a noble land by valor's hand
Made free and home endearing.

In firm array when broke the day,
The deadly charge they waited,
And side by side in silent pride
With skill their prowess mated.

Then wav'd the sword, then blood was pour'd,
Oppression's host dismaying,
Death rent the air and the cannons' glare
O'er Freedom's birth were playing.
And that green height, with evening light
Its crimson turf o'er-shading,
Had holy grown as Freedom's throne
Like her starry crown unfading.

Today a throng with festal song,
The sacred mount o'er flowing,
Have gathered there with pomp and prayer,
All hearts with rapture glowing.
On the gory bed of the martyred dead,
Its shade majestic sleeping,
Stands Freedom's pile in glory's smile,
Eternal vigil keeping.

**********

## No. 226

### BUNKER HILL III
### also known as
### Bunker's Hill

This song expresses an English-Tory view of the battle at Bunker Hill. The version below consists of only four of the original ten stanzas.

REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 46 Lawrence, 56-57 Songster (8), 194

## Bunker Hill III

The seventeenth of June, at Break of Day,
The rebels they surprised us,
With their strong works, which they'd thrown up,
To burn the town and drive us.
But soon there was an Order came
An Order to defeat them.
Like Rebels stout, they stood it out,
And thought we ne'er could beat them.

About the hour of ten next day,
An order came for marching;
With three good flints and sixty rounds,
Each man was to discharge them.
Then we march'd down to the Long Wharf,
Our boats were ready waiting,
With Expedition we embark'd
Our ships were cannonading.

From cops-Hill Batt'ry, near Charles Town,
The Twenty-fours they played,
And from three Frigates in the stream,
Who very well behaved.
The Glasgow Frigate clear'd the shore,
All at the time of landing,
With her Grape shot and cannon-balls,
No Rebels near could stand them.

But when our boats all filled were
With officers and soldiers,
Of as good troops as England had,
We cared not who opposed us.
But when our boats all filled were,
Drawn up in line of battle,
Like show'rs of hail the shot did fly,
And cannons loud did rattle.

**********

## No. 227

BUNKER HILL IV

also known as

The Sword of Bunker Hill

Although this is another literary song, it has a place here because of its historical and traditional interest. The words were written by William Ross Wallace (1819-1883) and the music was composed by Bernard Covert, a professional entertainer.

### REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 316-317
Flanders (BMNE), 224-225
Grand Army, 40-41
Lewis, 45
Johnson (FS), 552-553

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Bunker Hill IV

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he call'd
His weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy!" the vet'ran said,
"I bow to heav'n's will.
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit with sudden flame;

And as he grasp'd the ancient blade
He murmured Warren's name,
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold—
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep the sword!" his accents
broke—
A smile, and he was dead!
His wrinkled hand still grasp'd the
blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains—
Its glory growing still—
And twenty millions bless the sire
And the Sword of Bunker Hill.

And twenty millions bless the sire
And the Sword of Bunker Hill.

**********

No. 228

THE BURNING OF THE BAYOU SARA
also known as

The Bicera City of Bayou Sara
B'y' Sara Burned Down

Ship and train wrecks were big news to Americans of the 19th century, and ballad-makers were fascinated

by such disasters. Even the burning of a river boat, such as the Bayou Sara, resulted in at least one song. The Bayou Sara, however, inspired two songs, both of which are given below as A and B.
According to Wheeler (SD), "The City of Bayou Sara was a wide-wheel packet; it was owned by the St. Louis and New Orleans Anchor Line. She was built in Jeffersonville, Indiana, in 1884..." According to Belden (BS), the Bayou Sara "was the queen of the Anchor Line fleet or River vessels, and was burned—a total loss—at the New Madrid levee on the night of Saturday, 5 December, 1885, when she had been in service a little more than a year."
The fire occurred around 11 p. m. Captain J. Baker, all the passengers and most of the crew were saved.
For other versions of A and B, see: Belden (BS), 423 and Wheeler (SD), 41.

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Burning of the Bayou Sara (Version A)

Way down the river an' I couldn't stay long,
B'y' Sara burned down;
The fire broke out and she was gone,
B'y' Sara burned down.

The people began to run an' squall, etc.
When they began to look, they was about to fall, etc.

Looked o'er my shoulder and what'd I'd see? etc.
The cap'n an' the mate was runnin' after me, etc.

See two bright angels at my side, etc.
Lord, O let me go to heaven, we all cried, etc.

---

VERSION B

Ol' Charlie he lay a-sleeping,
And he was sleeping real sound

When the fire broke out in the deck-room,
The night the Bayou Sara burnt down.

Chorus

Oh, the Bayou Sara hollered!
And the Bayou Sara churned!
The people on shore cried and prayed
The night the Bayou Sara burned.

Now when she sailed from St. Louis,
She had five hundred men;
When she anchored at New Madrid,
She only had one hundred and ten!

Ain't that a God awful pity?
Ain't it a sin and a shame
That a fire broke out in the deck-room
And there ain't nobody to blame?

The Bayou Sara was built right,
The Bayou Sara was strong,
But she sailed up to New Madrid,
And now the Bayou Sara is gone!

**********

## No. 229

### BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW

also known as

Down By the Weeping Willow
O Bury Me 'Neath the Weeping Willow Tree
Under the Willow Tree
The Weeping Willow
The Weeping Willow Tree

This song is not as ancient as the tradition expressed in the text may suggest. The willow tree is an ancient symbol of unrequited love, and is so used in folklore. This song, which uses the willow tree in the traditional manner, is still performed frequently by professional

"country-western" entertainers.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 482-483
Brown, III, 314-317; V, 189-190
Cambiaire, 85
Carmer (SRA), 39
Davis (FSV), 78-79
Fuson, 126
Henry (BMFS), 40
Leisy, 46-47
Leisy (SPS), 15
Neely, 228-229
Owens (TFS), 91-92
Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 144-145
Randolph, IV, 228-230
Richardson (AMS), 56
Roberts (IP), 214-215
Sandburg (AS), 314-315
Silber (HSB), 53
Silverman, I, 108

---

Bury Me Beneath the Willow

My heart is sad and I am lonely
Since my darling went away;
And I'm thinking of him only,
Hoping he'll return to me.

Chorus

Oh, bury me beneath the willow,
'Neath the weeping willow tree,
And when he knows where I am sleeping,
Then perhaps he'll weep for me.

Tomorrow was our wedding day—
Lord, O Lord, where can he be?
Gone, he's gone, to love another
And no longer cares for me.

**********

No. 230

BUXTER'S BOLD CREW

also known as

Huster's Bold Crew
The Lorena Bold Crew

Aside from the fact that it tells a story of a battle with a pirate, there is little to report concerning

this ballad. For other versions, see: Brown, II, 353, IV, 204 and Chappell (FSRA), 52-53.

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Buxter's Bold Crew

As we sailed over the wide ocean, I spied a fair sail;
All under her foreyard there flew a black flag.

"O my god!" cried our captain, "O what shall I do?
If they be bold pirates, they will heave us to!"

Up spoke our noble, brave first mate, "Boys, that they can't do!
We'll hoist our main topsail and see this thing thro'.

"We will turn our jackets all 'round, the linings are bright red—
If they be bold pirates, they'll feel a great dread!"

They quickly sailed down on us, and hailed us just so:
"Where are you from, my boys, and where do you go?"

Our noble captain answered, and he let them know,
"We are just from New England, and bound for Bordeaux."

They tried us to the windward, but nothing could they do;
Then they tried us to leeward for an hour or two.

"Now we have got clear, boys—Here's cup and here's can;
Here's a drink of good brandy for every good man.

"Let's drink to your sweethearts, let's drink to your wives;
And one more for the 'prentice, for saving of our lives."

Oh, here's to the sailors and pretty girls they knew,
And a drink in remembrance of Buxter's bold crew!

**********

## No. 231

### CALIFORNIA BLOOMER

This is one of many songs by J. A. "Old Put" Stone, who "borrowed well-known tunes and wrote his own words to them. This time, he used the tune of Lucy Long (see No. 1085 in MB).

### REFERENCES

Black, 36-37
Dwyer, 125
Grant (SF), 159
Lingenfelter, 103
Vitus, 10

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California Bloomer — Tune: Lucy Long I

Miss Ella is a gallus nag,
Miss Ella she is neat—
Her eyes look like a saffron bag,
And, Lord, what awful feet!

I saw Miss Ella on the Platte
Where she got alkalied;
Her jackass he was rolling fat,
And straddle she would ride.

She's from Lumpkin County, Georgia.
I know her like a book.
I used to see her wash her feet
In Johnson's saw-mill brook.

Miss Ella has a claim, they say,
And works it all the while;
She creviced round the other day,
Panned out a little pile.

She'll get it all after awhile,
If patiently she waits;
I'll leave her when I make a pile,
And vamose for the States!

**********

## No. 232

### CALIFORNIA JOE

This is a poem by Captain Jack Crawford, a professional Indian fighter and one time Chief of Scouts to the U. S. Army. The words were later discovered by some unknown person who noticed that they matched the tune of The Lad With The Auburn Hair (see in MB).

### REFERENCES

Larkin (1931), 134-137
Larkin (1963), 135-139
Lingenfelter, 104-105
Lomax (CS-1919), 139-146
Lomax (CS-1938), 346-353
Roberts (IP), 176-181

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California Joe Tune: Lad With the Auburn Hair

Now, boys, you don't like falsehood,
So I'm not going back
To say a word this evening
That ain't a gospel fact.
Now set yourselves and listen:
I'll tell you, let me see,
I think it was in 'fifty,
From then to 'sixty-three.

You've all heard tell of Bridger—
I used to run with Jim—
And many a hard day's scouting
I've done along with him.
Well, once near old Fort Reno,
A trapper used to dwell;
We called him old Pap Reynolds—
The souts all knew him well.

One night in the spring of 'fifty
We camped on Powder River;
We killed a calf of buffalo,
And cooked a slice of liver.
While eating quite contented,
We heard three shots or four;
Put out our lights and listened,
Then heard a dozen more.

We knew that old Pap Reynolds
Had moved his traps up here,
So, picking up our rifles
And fixing on our gear,
We mounted quick as lightning,
To save was our desire.
Too late, the painted heathen
Had set the house on fire.

We hitched our horses quickly
And waded up the stream,
And there amongst some bushes
I heard a child-like scream.
And there close beside me
A little girl did lie.
I picked her up and whispered,
"I'll save you or I'll die."

Lord, what a ride! Old Bridger
Had covered my retreat.
At times the child would whisper,
In a voice so low and sweet,
"Dear Papa, God will take him
To Mama, up above.
There is no one left to love me,
There is no one left to love."

The little one was thirteen
And I was twenty-two.
I says, "I'll be your father,
And I'll love you just as true."
She nestled to my bosom,
Her hazel eyes so bright,
Look up and made me happy,
Though close pursued that night.

A month had passed, and Maggie—
We called her Hazel Eye—
In truth was going to leave us,
Was going to say goodbye.
Her uncle, Mad Jack Reynolds,
Reported long since dead,
Had come to claim our angel,
"His brother's child," he said.

By a laughing, dancing brook
A little cabin stood;
Being wearied with a long day's scout,
I spied it in the wood.
The pretty valley stretched beyond,
The mountains towered above,
And close beside that brookling
I heard the cooing of a dove.

While drinking from my juggery,
And resting in my saddle,
I heard a gentle rippling,
Like the dipping of a paddle.
And turning to the eddy,
A strange sight met my view:
A maiden with a rifle
In a little bark canoe.

She dropped her little rifle
And sprang from the canoe.
She said, "I was mistaken,
I taken you for a Sioux.
Your long hair and your buckskin
Look warrior-like and rough;
My bead was spoiled by sunshine,
Or I'd a-killed you sure enough."

It's one more glance she gave me,
And then hung down her head.
"My dear, my bold preserver,
They told me you were dead.
It's been a long, long time, Joe."
With tear drops in her eye,
I pressed her to my bosom,
My long lost Hazel Eye.

"It's he who claimed me from you,
My unlce, brave and true,
Lies sick in yonder cabin—
He oft-times speaks of you.
'If Joe was living, Maggie,'
He said to me last night,
He'd care for you, dear Maggie,
When God puts out my light.'"

**********

## No. 233

### CALIFORNIA STAGE COMPANY

Another lyric by the gold-rush poet, J. A. "Old Put" Stone. In this instance, Stone wrote words to match the popular tune, Dandy Jim From Caroline (see in MB).

### REFERENCES

Black, 34-35
Dwyer, 140-141
Grant (SF), 70-71
Handy (1), 431-433
Lengyel, 75
Lengyel (HB), 50
Lomax (CS-1919), 411-412
Lomax (CS-1938), 393-394
Silber (SGAW), 130-131
Songster (141), II, 51
Vitus, 22

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California Stage Company Tune: Dandy Jim From Caroline.

There's no respect for youth or age,
On board of a California stage;
But pull and haul about for seats
As bed-bugs do among the sheets.

Chorus

They started as a thieving line
In eighteen hundred forty-nine;
All "opposition" they defy,
So the people must "root hog or die."

You're crowded in with Chinamen,
As fattening hogs are in a pen,
And what will more a man provoke
Is musty plug tobaccc smoke.

The ladies are compelled to sit
With dresses in tobacco spit;
The gentlemen don't seem to care,
But talk on politics and swear.

The drivers, when they feel inclined,
Will have you walking on behind,
And on your shoulders lug a pole,
To help them through some muddy hole.

The dust is deep in summer time,
The mountains very hard to climb;
And drivers often stop and yell,
"Get out, all hands, and push up hill!"

They promise, when your fare you pay,
"You'll have to walk but half the way."
Then add aside, with cunning laugh,
"You'll push and pull the other half!"

They have and will monopolize
The business, till the people rise
And send them "kiteing" down below,
To start a line with Bates and Rowe!

**********

## No. 234

### CAL'S COUNTRY DANCE

This is an old dance-fiddle tune we used to play on the radio and at public performances and square-dances. It is a tune known to practically every "old time" fiddler, whether professional or not. The tune has no lyric that I am aware of, except dance "calls" which are usually "made-up" on the spot by individual "square dance callers."
See tune under TUNES (No. 234) in this Master Book.

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## No. 235

### THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

Source Song. The melody of this old Scottish song has always been a favorite with German composers. It is the chief theme in Bruch's Cantata "Fair Ellen" and Volkmann used it as a battle theme in his Richard III Overture——even though the Battle of Bosworth took place in 1485 and the theme was not composed until 1568.

Germans were not the only borrowers of this tune, however. Sir Walter Scott used it for his Bonnie Dundee. In Australia, the tune was used for A Billy of Tea, and, during the American Civil War, the Confederates used the tune for their song, The Yankees Are Coming.

For an American political campaign song using the tune, see Jackson vs Adams IV (No. 850) in this Master Book.

#### REFERENCES

Adler, 40
Amer (13), 57
Chapple (HS), 37
Elson, 86-87
Ford (OTFM), 6
Ford (TMA), 110, 315
Gilbert (100), 20
Greig & Duncan, No. 116
Hopekirk, 144-145
Johnson (FS), 513-515
Leisy (LAS), 84-85
Macfarren, 168-169
Mackenzie (SH), 98-99
Oberndorfer, 42
Ryan, 164
Songs (15), 243
Whitman, 191
Wier (SWWS), 244-245
Wilder, 48-49
Winn (2), 204-205

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The Campbells Are Coming

The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Loch Leven,
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

The great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes the cannon loudly roar;
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

The Campbells they are all in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are coming, O ho, O ho!

**********

## No. 236

### CAMPTOWN RACES

Source Song. This is a Stephen Foster song. The tune has been borrowed over and over again by songwriters. Lyrics were written to the tune even when it was new. For example, four such songs are in this Master Book: No. 8, Abraham Lincoln VI; No. 577, Gold Seeker II; No. 586, Gold Seeker XI; and No. 1794, We'll Sweep Them Off the Land.
This song has been published innumerable times and is readily available in music folios, books and sheet-music form.

### REFERENCES

Best, 38
Brown, III, 504-505
Chapple (HS), 352-354
Downes (1943), 154
Hugill (1), 110-111
Leisy (LAS), 24-25
Lloyd, 90-91
Loesser, 109-111
Luther, 138
Pound (SFSN), XXIII, No. 20
Seeger (6), 40
Silverman, II, 161
Spaeth (REW), 44-46
Wilder, 36-37

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Camptown Races

De Camptown ladies sing dis song,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
De Camptown race track nine miles long,
Oh, doo-dah day!
I come dar with my hat cav'd in,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
I got a pocket full of tine,
Oh, doo-dah day!

Chorus

Dey gwine to run all night,
Dey gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.

De long-tail'd filly an de big black hoss,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Dey fly de track, and dey both cut across,
Oh, doo-dah day!
De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud-hole,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-feet pole,
Oh, doo-dah day!

Old muley cow came onto de track,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
De bobtail fling her ober his back,
Oh, doo-dah day!
Dey fly along like a railroad car,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star,
Oh, doo-dah day!

**********

## No. 237

## CANTO DE CUNA AL NIÑO JESUS

also known as

A La Ru — Duermete, Niño Lindo

Cradle Song of the Infant Jesus

This is a lullaby from Los Pastores, a medieval mystery play of the Nativity. Wherever there are communities of Spanish-speaking people, the play is performed each year at Christmas time. Though some believe the work dates back to the Conquest, all that is known for certain is that the play was introduced into New Mexico and the Southwest by Spanish missionaries during the 16th century. According to Luisa Espinel, who was the first to publish a version from traditional sources, "There are many existing versions but all are in the classic verse of 16th century Spain."

### REFERENCES

Silber (HSB), 145
Silber (SGAW), 36-37
Silverman, I, 260
Warner, 149

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Canto De Cuna Al Niño Jesus

Duermete, Niño Lindo,
En los brazos del amor,
Que te arro-lla tu madre
Cantandote alarru.

No temas a Herodes
Que nada te ha de hacer
Que en los brazos de tu madre
Nadie te ha de ofender.

### ENGLISH TEXT

Sleep, oh! beautiful child,
Sleep within the arms of love;
Tenderly mother holds thee,
While the angels all sing above.

Alaroo, alalre, alaroo, alale,
While the angles sing above.

Have no fear of King Herod,
There is nothing he can do;
For in the arms of your mother,
None will ever prove harmful to you.

**********

No. 238

CAPTAIN GLEN
also known as

Captain Glen's Unhappy Voyage to New Barbary

This ballad belongs to the body of songs that deal with crime, guilt and supernatural discovery. It is based on the ancient belief that the anger of the sea cannot be soothed until the guilty party ( a criminal who during the voyage is detected by super-natural means ) is punished for his crime.
The punishment is always the same: the guilty party is removed from the ship, usually by throwing him overboard. This theme is as old as the story of Jonah, in the Bible.

REFERENCES

Ashton (RSS), 82
Chappell (FSRA), 61-62
Christie, I, 240-241
Creighton (SBNS), 111-112
Ebsworth (RB), VIII, 141
Greig & Duncan, No. 191

Jour (AFL), XX, 261-264; XXVI, 177-178
Jour (FSS), V, 263-265
Kidson (GEFS), 110-111
Logan, 47-50
Mackenzie, 238-248
Masefield (SG), 199-202
Notes (3rd series), XI, 419-428
Songster (61), 76-78
Songster (62), 210-213
Songster (128), 76-78
Stone, No. 56, 100-103

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Captain Glen

There was a ship, a ship of fame,
And it was bound across the main;
About one hundred and fifty sailing men
Were signed aboard to bring her in.

Now Captain Glen's our skipper's name,
He was a brisk and lively man—
As bold a sailor as ever crossed the sea,
For he was bound to New Barbaree.

Just at the hour of twelve one night,
The captain called in horrible fright;
Unto the boatswain he did call,
And told him his secrets all.

"All for the love of a harlot fair,
I killed a man in Temple Square;
I let another man take the blame,
And he was hanged, unto my shame."

"O Captain Glen, if that be so,
Don't let the men in our crew know;
Keep the secret within your breast
And pray that God will give you rest."

When morning came a storm did rise
And took us all by some surprise;

The sea broke over us, fore and aft,
Till scarce a man on deck was left.

Right then our boatswain did declare
Our Captain was a murderer!
The news enraged the whole ship's crew,
And overboard the Captain we threw.

Now with the Captain dead and gone,
We made a vow to carry on;
The winds grew calm as calm could be,
And we sailed on to New Barbaree.

**********

## No. 239

### CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES

Well known and widely sung in the United States during the 1870s and afterward, this song has established a long record in tradition. Horace Lindgard, author of the words, introduced the song in the United States in 1869. The music was composed by T. Maclagan. Although Captain Jinks is available in literally hundreds of folios and song-books, it still qualifies as a piece of traditional American music.

### REFERENCES

Agay (2), 156-157
Ames (MPP), 308-309
Ball, 24
Brown, III, 119; V, 60-61
Botkin (APPS), 154-159
Cambiaire, 139
Chapple (HS), 54
Cox (SG), 242
Dolph, 27-29
Durlacher, 68
Elsom & Trilling, 236-239
Ford (OTFM), 14
Ford (TMA), 120, 143
Gardner, 18
Gardner (FSH), 236
Gardner (SPPG), 95
Kennedy (AB), 214-215

Kennedy (TAB), 220-221
Lair, 23
Levy, 344-345
Loesser, 172-173
Luther, 209, 212
McLendon, 203
Memoirs (AFS), XXIX, 23, 30
Osborn, 143
Piper (SPPG), 285
Pound (SFSN), XXVI, 5
Price, 14
Randolph, III, 354-356
Randolph (OPP), 231-232
Ryan, 56
Shaw, 379
Silverman, II, 205
Spaeth (WSM), 47-48
Whitman, 50
Wilder, 63-65
Wolford, 27-29

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Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my horse on corn and beans,
And sport young ladies in their teens,
Though a Captain in the Army.
I teach the ladies how to dance,
How to dance, how to dance,
I teach the ladies how to dance,
For I'm the pet of the Army.

I joined the corps when twenty-one—
Of course I thought it capital fun—
When the enemy comes of course I run,
For I'm not cut out for the Army.
When I left home, Mama, she cried;
When I left home, Mama, she cried:
"He's not cut out for the Army!"

The first time I went out to drill,
The bugle sounding made me ill!
Of the battle field I'd had my fill,
For I'm not cut out for the Army.

The officers, they all did shout,
They all did shout, they all did shout,
The officers, they all did shout:
"Why! kick him out of the Army!"

**********

No. 240

CAPTAIN KIDD
also known as

| | |
|---|---|
| As I Sailed | Kidd the Pirate |
| Ballad of Captain Kidd | My Name is Robert Kidd |
| Bold Kidd the Pirate | The Pirate |
| Captain Robert Kidd | Robert Kidd |
| Kidd's Lament | William Kidd |

Captain Kidd's first name was not Robert (as is stated in many versions of the song, but William. William Kidd was born in Scotland in 1650 or '54, depending on the record one reads. Kidd followed the sea from his youth. In 1689 he settled in New York.

The part of Kidd's life that passed into history and legend began in 1695, when Robert Lingston, New York, arranged in London with Lord Bellomont, governor designate of Massachusetts, for a privateering expedition under Kidd's command. This arrangement involved Kidd in political dealings that eventually resulted in his death on the gallows. The facts, in brief, relate that Kidd sailed from England to New York in the Adventure Galley, April 1696. Then he sailed from New York to Madagascar and the East Indies the following September, carrying with him a commission to suppress piracy.

Kidd was accused of turning pirate himself, and of

murdering one of his own men. When he returned, landing at Boston, he was arrested by the Governor and sent to England to stand trial.

In England, Kidd received what has come to be regarded as a scandalously unfair trial. Unfair or not, Kidd's guilt or innocence has never been satisfactorily established. The charge of "legal unfairness" is based upon the fact that he was allowed no counsel and no opportunity to send for witnesses or papers, altho' he stoutly mainted his innocence.

Kidd, along with nine of his men, was sentenced to be hanged in London. That sentence was carried out at Execution Dock, Wapping, on the shore of the Thames, May 23, 1701.

It is reported that copies of the song about Kidd were first sold for two-pence on the day of his execution. The original broadside is in the Crawford Collection (catalogue 1890, No. 843, p. 301). For a reprint, see Firth's Naval Songs and Ballads, 134-137. The ballad became (and remained) popular in both England and America. As a result, Kidd's imaginary exploits became the fruitful theme of sailors' yarns as well as a lurid ballad in Scotland that is sung to the air of the popular Whig song: Ye Jacobites By Name Give Ear. The identical stanza pattern of Captain Kidd was used earlier, in 1659, for a song about the man who presided over the court that condemned Charles I:

John Bradshaw was his name,
How it stinks! How it stinks!

Another popular folk song using the same verbal pattern and tune is Sam Hall (see in MB), and it is thought by some to be the original user of the melody.

For a different Captain Kidd, see: Armitage, II, 26.

## REFERENCES

Amer (8), 102-107
Brown, II, 350
Colcord, 69, 141-144
Colonel, 271-272
Downes (1940), 34-46
Downes (1943), 40-41
Eckstorm, 246-249
Elton, 76
Father Kemp, 80
Finger (FB), 29-32
Flanders (BMNE), 16-17
Ford (BB), No. 3078
Friedman, 366-368
Gardner (BSSM), 318-319
Hale, 37, 40-46
Jayes (SSS), 16-18
Howe (100), 277
Hudson (FSM), 238
Hudson (SC), 4
Hugill (1), 449
Ives (SB), 47-49
Ives (TA), 43-44
Johnson (BBLL), 49, 88
Johnson (FS), 171-173
Linscott, 131-134
Lomax (ABFS), 501-504
Lomax (FSNA), 15-16, 70
Mackenzie, 278-282
Masefield (SG-1928), xviii
Morris, 51-52
New (2), 102-107
Peacock, III, 837-839
Pound, 160
Pound (SFSN), VIII, No. 1
Queries (7/11/37), 23
Reeves, 132
Shay (ASSC), 187-189
Shay (IMWS), 73-74
Shay (PF-1), 57-60
Shay (PF-3), 27-29
Silverman, II, 271
Songster (61), 28-32
Songster (62), 192-196
Songster (126), 28-32
Songster (148), 186-189
Thomas (CAB), Nos. 72, 73
Whall (SSS), 9

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Captain Kidd

O my name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed,
O my name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed;
My name was Robert Kidd, God's laws I did forbid,
And most wickedly I did, as I sailed, as I sailed,
as I sailed.

I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore, as I sailed;

I murdered William Moore and left him in his gore,
Not many miles from shore, as I sailed, as I sailed,
as I sailed.

And being evil still, as I sailed, as I sailed,
And being evil still, as I sailed;
And being evil still, my gunner I did kill
And his precious blood did spill, as I sailed, as I
sailed, as I sailed.

I steered from sound to sound, as I sailed, as I sailed,
I steered from sound to sound, as I sailed;
I steered from sound to sound, and many ships I found,
And most of them went down, as I sailed, as I sailed,
as I sailed.

Had ninety bars of gold, as I sailed, as I sailed,
Had ninety bars of gold, as I sailed;
Had ninety bars of gold and treasures manifold,
With riches still untold, as I sailed, as I sailed,
as I sailed.

O eleven ships I saw, as I sailed, as I sailed,
O eleven ships I saw, as I sailed;
O eleven ships I saw without a single flaw,
They brought me to the law, as I sailed, as I sailed,
as I sailed.

So take warning now by me, for I must die, for I must
die,
So take warning now by me, for I must die;
So take warning now by me and shun bad company,
Or come to hell with me, for I must die, for I must
die, for I must die!

**********

## No. 241

## CAPTAIN SPENCER
also known as

Patrick Spenser Sir Patrick Spence, or Spens

This ballad was first printed in 1765 by Thomas Percy in his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. By then, of course, it was already considered to be an old song. Only two texts have been recovered in the United States, and both are probably from previously printed versions. Research resulted in two varying stories: one relates a voyage of Sir Patrick Spens, including the shipwreck; the second, and more complete story, relates that Spens was sent either to take a princess to Norway or to bring her home. The princess was either the daughter of the King of Norway or the King of Scotland. According to Motherwell, the ballad tells us of an actual event: "The bringing home of Margaret of Norway in 1281 when many of the ships sent to transport her foundered and their crews perished." This must remain in the category of conjecture, however, because the name of Sir Patrick Spens, or Spencer, appears in none of the English or Scottish records.
We give on one text below but give two tunes in the TUNES section, where B is taken from Child, V, 415.

### REFERENCES


Brown, II, 63-64; IV, 29
Buchan (ABS), I, 1-2
Buchan (GSEI), 196
Child, I, 17-32; V, 415
Creighton (FSNB), 6-9
Friedman, 297-301
Greig & Duncan, No. 17
Herd (AMSS-1769), 243
Herd MSS, II, 27
Houseman, 171-173
Jamieson, I, 157
Kinloch MSS, I, 281
Kinsley, 311-312
Leach (BB), 179-184

Muir, 188, 231
Niles (BB), 132-136
Percy (RAEP), I, 98-102
Rimbault (MIPR), 47
Sanders, 1-4
Scott (BA), 25-27
Scott (MSB), III, 64
Wells, 279
Whiting (TBB), 65-67

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Captain Spencer

There sits the king in Dunfern Town,
Partaking of his wine:
"O where will I find a brave skipper,
To sail this ship of mine?"

O then did speak an olden knight
Beside the king's right knee:
"Take Captain Spencer, the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

The king then wrote a long letter;
He sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to that same captain,
Who walked along the strand.

"Now who, I wonder, did this thing?
Who told the king of me,
To send us out this time of year
To sail upon the sea?"

They raised their sails on Monday morn,
With all the speed they may;
They landed well in old Norwar
Upon a dreadful day.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
All for the sake of their true loves
Gone sailing over there.

Now forty miles off Aberdeen
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And Captain Spencer is lying there
With Scot lords at his feet.

**********

## No. 242

### CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW

This is an English ballad with a historical theme. The texts tells of the efforts of the English monarch to capture John Ward of Kent, who had become a pirate sometime between 1604 and 1609.
According to Child, Ward commenced his career "by inducing the crew of a king's ship...to turn pirates under his command...He seems not to have been heard of after 1609, in which year Ward and his colleague, Danseker, were spoken of as the 'two late famous pirates'..."
Apparently Ward was hanged.
According to Barry, this ballad arrived in the United States around 1800.

### REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 347-363
Bell (EB), 167
Buchan MSS, II, 245, 417
Child, V, 143-145
Coffin, 154-157
Ebsworth (BB), I, 65
Ebsworth (RB), VI, 426
Emrich (FAL), 475-476
Flanders, IV, 264-270
Flanders (BMNE), 204-206
Flanders (VFSB), 242-244
Friedman, 362-366
Gardner (BSSM), 216
Greig & Duncan, No. 39
Greig & Keith, 239-240
Halliwell (ENBE), 59
Jour (AFL), XXX, 332
Kinloch MSS, II, 265; V, 109
Leach (BB), 670

Peacock, III, 840-841
Pepys, IV, No. 195
Shoemaker (NPM), 300-301
Songster (59), 226

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Captain Ward and the Rainbow

Come, all you lusty sailors bold
And sound the fife and drum;
I'll tell you of a rank pirate
That on the seas has come.
His name we know is Captain Ward,
Right well it does appear;
There has not been a rank robber
Found out this thousand year.

He wrote a letter to his King
And spoke of being free;
He asked the King to take him in
With all his company.
"O no, O no!" then said the King,
"For no such thing can be;
For you have been a rank robber
All on the deep blue sea!

"You have deceived the King of France,
And then the King of Spain.
So how can you prove true to us
When you proved false to them?"
Then Captain Ward he said, "My boys,
Once more we'll sail the main,
To see what prizes we can find
Out there near France and Spain."

They sailed the sea from West to East,
They sailed and took their rest,
Till they espied a lofty ship
A-sailing from the West.

They bore right down upon that ship,
A rank and wicked thing;
They robbed the ship of its cargo
And bid them tell the King.

Now when the King had word of this,
His heart with grief was sore,
To think his ships no more could sail
As they had done before.
With that our King then provided
A ship of worthy fame:
The Rainbow was a gallant ship,
If you would know her name.

He rigged her and he freighted her
And sent her to the sea
With five hundred gallant men
To bear her company.
They sailed East, and they sailed West,
But nothing did they spy
Till they came to the very spot
Where Captain Ward did lie.

They fought from early morning on
Till eight o'clock at night;
At last the gallant old Rainbow
Began to take her flight.
"Go home, go home," said Captain Ward,
"And tell your King for me,
If he reigns King upon the land,
I'm King upon the sea!"

**********

## No. 243
## CARELESS LOVE
### also known as

Love, Oh Love, Oh Careless Love  Oh, Careless Love

This song, it is claimed by many, originated among Southern Blacks. On the other hand, it comes to us in such polished form that it is difficult to regard it as anything other than a professional creation. Wherever and however it originated, Careless Love is one of the more popular traditional songs in American folklore. Technically, it is a "country blues" song.

Although Careless Love has been published and recorded innumerable times, its title is not exclusive. Other songs known by the same or similar title are:

The Sailor's Sweetheart
The Seven Seas, and
Come My Little Pink.

For a song containing similar lines, see: Baby, What Have I Done? in Odum (FSFP), 280-281.

Two versions are given here. Version B is an early version as sung by Southern Blacks.

### REFERENCES


Agay (1), 14
Best, 47
Botkin (AFL), 901-902
Brewer, 175
Downes (1940), 214-215
Downes (1962), 254-255
Emrich (FAL), 539-540
Henry (BMFS), 24-25
Ives (SA), 128-129
Ives (SB), 192
Leisy, 54-55
Leisy (LAS), 20
Leisy (SPS), 63
Lomax (PB), 133
Lomax (USA), 64-65
Lunsford, 40-41
Moore (BFSS), 358-359
Odum (NWS), 157
Okun, 60-61
Perrow, XXVIII, 147

Randolph, IV, 306-308
Richardson (AMS), 50
Sandburg (AS), 21
Scott (SA), 51
Seeger (6), 11
Silber (HSB), 95
Silverman, I, 107
White, 326-327

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## Careless Love (Version A)

Oh, love! Oh, love! Oh, careless love!
Oh, love! Oh, love! Oh, careless love!
Oh, love! Oh, love! How can it be?
I love someone who don't love me.

Lord, I wish that train would come, (3)
And take me back where I come from.

Pass my door and don't come in, (3)
I'll never trust my heart again.

Wish you knew just how I feel, (3)
Jus' like a spoke without a wheel.

All you do is make me cry, (3)
I wish somehow that I could die!

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### VERSION B*

Love, oh love, oh careless love! (2)
You can't love no one, an' you can't
love no two—
Jes' love the one that say love you.

Ef I nevuh see you no mo'! (3)
Was the foot steps roun' yo' do'.

My Mama tol' me, my Papa too, (3)
Don't let no one make a fool o' you.

*From Wheeler (SD), 89-90.

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## No. 244

## CAROLINE
also known as
Un, Deux, Trois

This is a Creole song which, according to Krehbiel, is a Counjai—a type of dance. Song was also sung by the slaves on Southern plantations.

### REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 111, 169
Krehbiel, 139
Lomax (ABFS), 218
Oberndorfer, 32
Scarborough (NFS), 120

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Caroline

Un deux trois, Caroline,
Qui fais comme sa ma chere?
Un deux trois, Caroline,
Qui fais comme sa ma chere?
Celui mo lais, celui mo prends.
Papa dinon, Manman dinon,
C'est li mo oulé, c'est li ma pren;
Ya pas l'arzan pou' achté cabanne,
C'est li mo oulé, c'est li ma pren.

### ENGLISH

One, two, three, Caroline,
Tell us what's the matter with you?
One, two, three, Caroline,
Tell us what's the matter with you?
Papa says yes, Mama says no!
Papa says yes, Mama says no!
I want only him. He wants only me.
I want only him. He wants only me.

**********

## No. 245

## CAROLINE OF EDINBOROUGH TOWN

also known as

Caroline of Edinburg Town  Edinburgh Town

A Scottish song that became popular in both England and the United States. One of the oldest published versions is a broadside by Pitts, Seven Dials, London. The tune was borrowed in America by the pioneers who crossed the Great Plains, on their way to California. See Crossing the Plains in MB.

### REFERENCES


Black, 47
Brown, II, 358; IV, 207
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Cox (FSS), 362-363
Creighton (MFS), 99-100
Davis (FSV), 40
Dean, 53
Dwyer, 41-42
Eddy, 165-166
Flanders (NGMS), 79-83
Gardner (BSSM), 64-65
Greig, Nos. 70, 72
Hudson (FSM), 143-145
Huntington, 137-141
Jour (AFL), XXXV, 362; LII, 14; LX, 224
Laws P 27
Linscott, 183-185
Lomax (ABFS), 427-428
Mackenzie, 94-95
MacColl & Seeger, 184-185
Moore (BFSS), 172-174
Ord, 186-187
Randolph, I, 240-243
Sharp, I, 404
Shearin (BBCM), 10
Sherwin (SGM), 10-11
Shoemaker (MMP), 210-211
Shoemaker (NPM), 206-207
Treat, 14-15


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Caroline of Edinborough Town

Come all young men and maidens,
Attend to my rhyme;
It's of a fair young woman
Who's scarcely in her prime.

She's blooming like the roses,
And admired by all around:
Her name is loving Caroline
Of Edinborough town.

Now Henry was a Highland man,
And she would share his name;
But when her parents learned of it,
They did not like the same.
Young Henry was offended,
And to her he did say:
"Arise, my dearest Caroline,
And with me run away.

"We will go up to London town,
And there we'll wed with speed;
And then lovely Caroline
Shall know happiness indeed."
Enticed she was by young Henry,
She wore her finest gown;
And off the went with Caroline
Of Edinborough town.

Across the lofty mountain roads
The two of them did roam,
And soon arrived in London town,
Far from their native home.
And Henry said, "I'll go to sea.
Your parents on me frown;
So beg your way without delay
To Edinborough town."

Oppressed in heart and sore with grief,
Fair Caroline did go
Into the woods to eat such fruit
As on the trees did grow.

Some strangers they did pity her,
But others on her frowned;
And some did say, "What made you stray
From Edinborough town?"

There many days she passed away
In sorrow and dispair;
Her cheeks, once like the rose in bloom,
Were grown like lilies fair.
She cried, "Where is my Henry?"
And often she'd sit down:
"Oh, sad the day I ran away

One day beneath a balmy oak,
Where she sat down to cry,
A-watching of the gallant ships
As they were sailing by,
She gave a shriek for Henry
And plunged her body down!
Away floated fair Caroline
Of Edinborough town.

Now all you parents please attend,
Don't interfere with love;
You're sure to see in some degree
The ruin it will prove.
All you young men and maidens,
Ne'er on your lovers frown—
Recall the fate of Caroline
Of Edinborough town.

**********

## No. 246

### THE CARPENTER'S WIFE
also known as

The Banks of Claudy
The Banks of Italy
The Cruel Ship Carpenter
The Daemon (Demon) Lover
The Distressed Ship Carpenter
The Faithless Wife
The House Carpenter
House Carpenter's Wife
I Have Forty Ships
James Harris, the Demon Lover
Little Closet Door
My Old, or Own True Love
On the Banks of Sweet Laurie, or Willie
Said an Old True Love
The Salt, Salt Sea
The Salt Water Sea
The Sea Captain
The Ship's Carpenter
Sweet Wildee, or Wilder
A Warning for Married Women
Well Met, Well Met, My Old True Love
Young Ship's Carpenter
The Young Turtle Dove

This ballad exists in many versions, particularly in the United States. Pepys, IV, 101, says that the song is sung "to a West-country tune called The Fair Maid of Bristol, Bateman, or John True." Pepys also informs us (without proof) that the legend of "Jane Reynolds of Plymouth" and a sailor, one James Harris, lies behind the story of this ballad. According to legend, the two exchanged marriage vows but to no avail, for James was pressed into the service of the king and was soon after reported dead. Jane then wed a carpenter and lived happily with him for at least four years. One night, when Jane was alone, the ghost of Harris came to visit her and claimed his love. He promised her great wealth and she followed him aboard ship. Once at sea, however, Jane began to repent her action—but too late to do anything about it. The ship sank

and she was never heard of again.

In the United States, as usual, the supernatural theme was discarded and the names of the principal characters were changed. What remained was an earth-real ballad that spread into every area of the United States. Nearly every published regional collection contains a version of this ballad. Davis printed 29 versions from Virginia, and declared that 52 texts and 7 tunes were recovered altogether.
Many lines and stanzas belonging to this ballad became "floaters" and are found in other songs.

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Chappell (FSRA), 38-40
Child, IV, 360-369
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Whiting (TBB), 124-126
Wilson (BA), 96
Wyman (TKMS), 54

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The Carpenter's Wife

"My love, my love, my own true love,
We've met at last," cried he;
"I've just returned from across the sea
For to take you away with me.

"I could have wed a king's daughter fair,
And she would have married me;
But I refused to love for gold—
All because of your memory."

"If you had a king's daughter, oh,
You should have wed the same;
For I am married to a house carpenter,
And share his bed and name."

"If you'll forsake your carpenter, love,
And sail away with me,
I'll take you where the wind blows warm,
To a land across the sea."

"If I forsake the carpenter, love,
And sail across the sea,
How will we live in that far-off land,
And what will become of me?"

"I have eight ships upon the sea
That sail from land to land,
A hundred and ten strong young men
Who are under my command."

She then picked up her fair little babe,
And gentle as she could be,

She said, "Goodby, goodby, my son,
I must sail across the sea."

When they had been at sea two weeks,
Or maybe it was three,
She grew sad and began to weep,
And she cried most bitterly.

"Now do you weep for gold?" he said,
"Or houses upon the shore?
Or do you weep for your house carpenter
Who is gone forever-more?"

**********

## No. 247

### THE CARRION CROW
also known as

The Carrion Crow and the Tailor
The Kangaro
Kimonaro
Lank Dank
Saw an Old Crow
The Sow and the Little Pigs
The Sow and the Pigs
Tailor and the Crow

The exact age of this song is unknown. We do know, however, that it dates back at least to the reign of England's Charles I, because a version from that time is in Halliwell (NRE), 2d edition, 1843, No. 87. Two other versions appear in the same edition, Nos. 85 and 86. In the 5th edition of Halliwell's work, the earlier version is No. 176. For additional listings, see: E. J. L. Scott, Index to the Sloane Manuscripts, 104, p. 427.

The Carrion Crow has been in oral and printed circulation in America since the Revolution, though not always set to the same air.

There is a stall print of this song by Pitts in the Harvard Library (25242.2, p. 110). The text of this stall print was reprinted by Mackenzie.
See and compare: The Sly Young Crow in Songster (82), 240-241.

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Creighton (TSNS), 244
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Pound (SFSN), II, No. 9
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Reeves (EC), 256
Rimbault (NR), 10-11
Sharp, II, 324-325
Silverman, I, 316
Williams (FSUT), 227
Winn (2), 106-107
Yolen, 148

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The Carrion Crow

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Hurry O, hurry down O!
A carrion crow sat on an oak
Watching a tailor mend a cloak,
Hurry O, hurry down O!
Hurry O, hurry down O!

The Tailor took his hick'ry bow, etc.
That he might shoot the carrion crow,
Hurry O, etc.

The Tailor shot but missed his mark, etc.
He shot an old sow in the heart,
Hurry O, etc.

The old church bells began to toll, etc.
Rang out to bless the old sow's soul,
Hurry O, etc.

The Tailor mourned and dressed in black, etc.
Prayed, but the crow would not come back,
Hurry O, etc.

**********

## No. 248

## CARRYIN' SACKS

This is a "river-boat" song from the steamboat era; it was sung by roustabouts on the docks and on the rivers. The title comes from the way produce was shipped up and down river, namely, Wheeler tells us, "in sacks that could be lifted and 'toted' on strong black shoulders." The version given here is from Wheeler (SD), 30.

---

Carryin' Sacks

I'm goin' up th' river to carry them sacks, (3)
I'll have yo' lap full of dollahs when I get back.

I went up th' river an' made a broken trip, (3)
I lost my sugar 'cause my foot done slip.

I asked my sugar for one little kiss, (3)
She said, "Baby, don't waste my time like this.

"You go back up th' river an' carry some sacks, (3)
I'll give you some kisses when th' boat gets back."

**********

## No. 249

### CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY
also known as
Floating Scow of Old Virginny

This is a very popular plantation-type song from the latter half of the 19th century, with words and music by James A. Bland. Versions appear in hundreds of folios and commercial song-books, including song-books issued for use in Southern schools.
For a song using the same tune, see Loss of the Central America (No. 1073) in this Master Book.

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Leisy (LAS), 110-111
Luther, 241
Mackenzie (SH), 47
Wier (SWWS), 199
Wilder, 15-17

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Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

Carry me back to old Virginny,
That's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow;
That's where the birds warble sweet in the Spring-
time,
That's where this old darkey's heart am long to go.
That's where I labor'd so long for my massa,
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

**********

## No. 250

### CASEY JONES
### also known as
### Mama, Have You Heard the News?

Engineers are the most popular figures in railroad history and the most popular engineer of them all is Casey Jones. And he was not a creature of imagination. John Luther Jones was born in Missouri in 1864, the son of a school teacher. He received the nickname 'Casey' at age 13, when his family moved. At age 15 he was an apprentice railroad telegrapher; at 18 he became a fireman, and at 26 a fast-friehgt engineer. He was at the top of his profession when the Illinois Central gave him the assignment that led to his death and glory: he was to pilot the Cannonball, the road's fastest passenger train.

According to the record, it was Casey's cooperative nature that resulted in his death—he took the place of another engineer who was ill.

The fatal wreck occurred at Vaughan, Mississippi, and was the result of a plan gone awry. Two trains were on a siding, and they were so long that four rear cars stood on the main line. The crew decided they would let Casey pass one end of the siding, then quickly pull back onto the main line, removing the four cars from Casey's way as he approached the other end. They even set warning flares three thousand feet up track, but to no avail.

Casey, who had started his run south an hour and a half late, was making up time and moving too fast. Even though he saw the danger, it was too late. He slowed and his fireman, a black man named Sim Webb, yelled for Casey to jump. Instead, Casey applied the emergency brakes and told Webb to jump, which he did.

As it turned out, Casey was the only fatality. None of the passengers were seriously injured and, as a result, Casey immediately became a folk hero.
The song, as we know it today, tells a story far removed from the facts. Also, it has been almost constantly involved in controversy, including legal claims regarding copyright ownership.
According to Barry, brown, Pound, and others, the original song was composed by Wallace Saunders, a black man. But the most popular version today is the one written by T. L. Seibert, a vaudeville performer, and Eddie W. Newton, a ragtime piano player, which was copyrighted in 1909.
There are many other versions, of course, including several vulgar ones; and there are adaptations and parodies by the dozen.
For additional information, see: Casey Jones in the Erie Railroad Magazine, vol. 28, April, 1932, No. 2, p. 12 and Railroad Avenue by F. H. Hubbard in the same magazine, 1945, pp. 5-23.
A widely circulated parody, Casey Jones, the Brave Grenadier, is given below as version B. Version A is by Seibert and Newton, c. MCMIX (renewed by Charles E. Seibert and Dorothy Elizabeth Newton, who assigned the copyright to Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.).

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Johnson (BBLL), 55-58, 108-110
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 352; XXVI, 165, 167
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Lomax (ABFS), 36-39
Lomax (FSNA), 564-565

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Morris, 109-110
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Pound (SFSN), XX, No. 2
Sandburg (AS), 366-369
Scarborough (NFS), 249-250
Shay (PF-1), 35-40
Shay (PF-3), 13-16

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Casey Jones (Version A)

Come all you rounders, if you want to hear
A story 'bout a brave engineer:
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six-eight-wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
The caller called Casey at a half-past four;
Kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,
And took his farewell trip to that Promised Land.

Chorus

Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin!
Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand!
Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
And took his farewell trip to that Promised Land!

Put in your water and shovel your coal,
Put your head out the window, watch them drivers roll!
I'll run her till she leaves the rail,
'Cause I'm eight hours late with that Western mail.
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow,
He looked at the water and the water was low.
He turned to the fireman and then he said,
"we're gonna reach Frisco but we'll all be dead!"

Chorus

Casey Jones, goin' to reach Frisco!
Casey Jones, but we'll all be dead!
Casey Jones, goin' to reach Frisco,
We're goin' to reach Frisco but we'll all be dead!

Casey pulled up that Reno hill,
He tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill!
The switchman knew by the engine's moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.
He pulled up within two miles of the place,
Number Four stared him right in the face!
He turned to the fireman, said, "Boys, you'd
better jump,
'Cause there's two locomotives that's a-goin'
to bump!"

Chorus

Casey Jones, two locomotives!
Casey Jones, that's a-goin' to bump!
Casey Jones, two locomotives,
There's two locomotives that's a-goin' to bump!

Casey said just before he died,
There's two more roads that I'd like to ride.
The fireman said what could they be?
The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe.
Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a-sigh'n,
Just received a message that Casey was dy'n.
Said, "Go to bed, children, and hush your cryin',
'Cause you got another Papa on the Salt Lake
Line!"

Chorus

Mrs. Casey Jones, got another Papa!
Mrs. Casey Jones, on that Salt Lake Line!
Mrs. Casey Jones, got another Papa,
You got another Papa on the Salt Lake Line!

---

VERSION B

(WWI parody from Dolph, p. 180)

Come all you soldiers, if you want to hear,
I'll tell you the story of a brave grenadier.
Casey Jones was the grenadier's name,
With a Thirty-two Mills grenade he won his fame.

Casey Jones—the grenadier's name!
Casey Jones, he won his fame!
Casey Jones—the grenadier's name,
With a Thirty-two Mills grenade he won his fame.

The sergeant called Casey at half-past four,
He said goodby to his buddy at the dugout door;
He mounted to the parapet, grenade in his hand,
And he tried to bomb his way out into No Man's Land!

Casey Jones mounted to the parapet!
Casey Jones, grenade in his hand!
Casey Jones tried to stop a whiz-bang,
And now he's pushing up daisies out in No Man's Land!

**********

## No. 251

### THE CAT CAME BACK

This song is a sample of 1890s stage humor and is still entertaining. Words and music by Harry S. Miller.

### REFERENCES

Leisy, 55-57
Levy, 239-240
Randolph, III, 198-200
Silverman, II, 162
White, 209-210

## The Cat Came Back

Tom Jenkins had a cat the he didn't wanna keep.
He tried to make a sale, and said he'd sell it cheap.
He went to see a preacher, to ask of him advice;
The preacher took the cat, and he said he'd treat it nice.

Chorus

But the cat came back! He wouldn't stay away!
He was sitting on the porch the very next day.
The cat came back! He didn't wanna roam.
The very next day the cat came home.

Then Jenkins gave the cat to a man in a balloon.
The man was set to start on a journey to the moon!
When the moon ascended, it fell apart, they said,
And when they found the pilot he was altogether dead!

There was a mighty ship with its cargo fully stored;
Jenkins saw the captain and he left the cat on board.
Upon the stormy ocean that mighty ship went down;
The captain and the crew were never, never found!

The cat sat on the porch a-chewin' a piece of cheese,
When along came an Irishman in an alcoholic breeze.
The cat just sat a-purring, for he had just been fed;
The Irishman san "Britannia" and that ol' cat dropped dead!

Final Chorus

But his ghost came back! He wouldn't stay away!
He was sitting on the porch the very next day!
His ghost came back! He didn't wanna roam!
The very next day his ghost came home!

**********

## No. 252

### C. C. RIDER
### also known as
### See See Rider

Country blues-type song. Carl Sandburg was of the opinion that it may have derived from Easy Rider.

**REFERENCES**

Courlander (NSA), 104-105
Sandburg (AS), 246-247
Silverman, II, 15
Silverman (FB), 186

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C. C. Rider

C. C. Rider, now you see
What you've done!
You made me love you,
Then you turned and run.
You made me love you,
Then you turned and run.
You made me love you,
Then you turned and run.

The Sunshine Special
Taking me home once more.
It blows just like
It never blowed before., etc.

C. C. Rider,
I hang my head and cry.
You put me down—God knows,
I don't know why!, etc.

That Sunshine Special
Rolling on down the track!
I know you, Rider,
And I won't be back!, etc.

**********

## No. 253

## CECILIA
also known as
Cecila

This is a French folk song that came to North America with the early French explorers and settlers. It was once quite popular in Indiana, Louisiana, Missouri, and parts of the Northwest. Today, however, the song is more widely known in French Canada than in the United States.

### REFERENCES

Barbeau (FSFC), 111-115
Barbeau (JSOQ), 173-175
Berry, 54-55
Gagnon, 31-32

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Cecilia (French text)

Mon pere n'a-vait fille que moi,
Mon pere n'a-vait fille que moi,
Encor sur la mer il m'envoie
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Chorus

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
Cecilia, Ah, Cecilia.

Encor sur la mer il m'envoie, (2)
Le marinier qui m'y menait,
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Le marinier qui m'y menait, (2)
Il devint amoureux de moi,
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Il devint amoureux de moie (2)
—Ma Mignonnette, embrassez-moi.
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Ma mignonnette, embrassez-moi. (2)
—Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais.
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais, (2)
Car si mon papa le savait,
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Car si mon papa le savait, (2)
Fille battue ce serait moi.
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Fille battue ce serait moi. (2)
—'Voulez-vous bell' qui lui dirait?
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

'Voulez-vous bell' qui lui dirait? (2)
—Ce serait les ciseaux des bois.
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Ce serait ciseaux des bois. (2)
—Les ciseaux des parlent-ils?
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Les ciseaux des parlent-ils? (2)
—Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi.
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi. (2)
Helas! que le monde est malin—
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

Helas! que le monde est malin. (2)
D'apprendre aux ciseaux le latin.
Sautez, mignonne Cecilia.

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ENGLISH TEXT

(Words by Frederic Burget and Libushka Bartusek, reprinted from Berry, 54).

My father had no girl but me,
My father had no girl but me,
And yet he sends me out to sea.
O skip, my dear Cecilia.

Chorus

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Cecilia, ah! Cecilia.

The bargeman who transported me, (2)
Fell staightway deep in love with me, etc.

Fell straightway deep in love with me, (2)
"Embrace me, little darling fair." etc.

"Embrace me, little darling fair." (2)
No, no, kind sir, I would not dare. etc.

No, no, kind sir, I would not dare, (2)
If papa knew he'd surely care. etc.

A beaten girl I know I'd be. (2)
"And who, dear girl, would tell but
thee?" etc.

"And who, dear girl, would tell but
thee?" (2)
"The forest birds would be the ones," etc.

"Do forest birds then speak of love?" (2)
"Yes, they speak French and Latin too." etc

"Yes, they speak French and Latin too." (2)
"Alas! but what a roguish world!" etc.

"Alas! but what a roguish world! (2)
To teach the birds these Latin words." etc.

**********

## No. 254

### C'EST LA BELLE FRANÇOISE
also known as
Beautiful Francesca

Another of the old French folk songs that arrived in North America with the e rly French explorers and settlers. In Canada, where the song is still popular among the descendents of the original settlers, the sad ending is no longer sung. In the changed versions the girl does not die of grief when her sweetheart goes off to war. Instead, she is left assured by her lover that he will return and marry her—if he is not killed in the war.
For a version collected in Vincennes, Indiana, see: Berry, 30-31. For two older French versions recovered in Canada, see: Gagnon, 8, 10-11.

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C'est La Belle Françoise

Son amant va la voire, lon, gai,
Son amant va la voire
Bien tard, après souper, ma luron, lurette,
Bie tard, aprés, souper, ma luron, luré.

Il la trouva seulette, lon, gai,
Il la trouva seulette
Sur son lit, qui pleurait, ma luron, lurette,
Sur son lit, qui pleurait, ma luron, luré.

—Ah! qu'a vous done, la belle, lon, gai,
Ah! qu'a vous done, la belle,
Qu'a vous à tant pleurer? ma luron, lurette,
Qu'a vous à tant pleurer? ma luron, luré.

—On m'a dit, hier au soire, lon, gai,
On m'a dit, hier au soire
Qu'à la guerr' vous alliez, ma luron, lurette,
Qu'à la guerr' vous alliez, ma luron, luré.

—Ceux qui vous l'ont dit, belle, lon, gai,
Ceux qui vous l'ont dit, belle,
Ont dit la vérité, ma luron, lurette,
Ont dit la vérité, ma luron, luré.

Venez m'y reconduire, lon, gai,
Venez m'y reconduire
Jusqu'au pied du rocher, ma luron, lurette,
Jusqu'au pied du rocher, ma luron, luré.

Adieu, belle Françoise, lon, gai,
Adieu, belle Françoise!
Je vous épouserai, ma luron, lurette,
Je vous épouserai, ma luron, luré.

Au retour de la guerre, lon, gai,
Au retour de la guerre,
Si j'y suis respecté, ma luron, lurette,
Si j'y suis respecté, ma luron, luré.

---

ENGLISH TEXT

Francesca, lovely, fair and gay,
Who died for love one summer day;
She had planned a wedding,
So all the people say—
She had planned a wedding, but there was
a delay.

Her lover came to see her one day,
Behaving in a happy way;
He had come to tarry,
For to tarry and play;
He had come to tarry but he could not stay.

Francesca met him, smiling gay,
And bade him welcome, bade him stay;
Her heart it was weeping knowing he'd go away,
Her heart it was weeping for love gone astray.

Said he, "You seem so sad today,
O tell me, what is wrong, I pray?
Why don't you smile, my love, in the usual
way?
Why don't you smile, my love, and appear
more gay?"

Said she, "My love, I heard today
The army has called you away.
And if it's true, my love, there is nothing
more to say;
And if that's true, my love, I cannot be gay."

Said he, "'Tis true, I've been called away."
Said he, "'Tis true, I must obey.
For I'm in the army and, my love, I cannot
stay,
For I'm in the army on a soldier's pay.

"Adieu, my love, I'm going away,
But I'll return to you someday.
And we shall be married and forget our dismay,
And we shall be married on a summer day."

**********

## No. 255

### CHARLESTON GALS

This song dates from the days of slavery, and it probably originated somewhere in the South. The song was already traditional when it first appeared in print, in 1867.
The most popular line in the song, "I danced with a dolly with a dole in her stocking," found its way into a far more popular song, Dance By The Light of The Moon, which is given as No. 328 in this Master Book. The line also was the source of the 1940s "pop" hit, Dance With A Dolly (With a Hole in Her Stocking).

Another line, "Old man, if you don't mind, your horse will die" is found in at least two sea-shanties, one of which—Poor Old Man I—is given elsewhere in this Master Book. The "hole in her stocking" line is also in the play-party song, Purty Yaller Gal, in Perrow, XXVIII, 188.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 88, 142
Botkin (AFL), 905
Scarborough (NFS), 162
Scott (FSS), 24

Charleston Gals

As I walked down the new-cut road,
I met the tap and then the toad;
The toad commenced to whistle and sing,
And the possum cut the pigeon wing.

Along came an old man riding by:
"Old man, if you don't mind, your horse will die."
"If he dies I'll tan his skin,
And if he lives I'll ride him agin."

Hi ho, for Charleston gals!
Charleston gals are the gals for me.

As I went a-walking down the street,
Up steps Charleston gals to take a walk
with me.
I kep' a-walking and they kep' a-talking,
I danced with a gal with a hole in her
stocking.

Now my ol' mistis done promised me
That when she die she would set me free,
But she lived so long and died so po',
That all she left me was this hoe.

Hi ho, for Charleston gals!
Charleston gals are the gals for me.

**********

No. 256

CHARLIE IS A NICE YOUNG MAN
also known as

Bake a Cake for Charley
Charley Over the Water
Charlie Over the Water
Charlie's Sweet

Make a Cake for Charley
O'er (Over) the Water to Charley
Old Soap Gourd
Over the River to Charley
Over the River to Feed My Sheep
Over the Road to Feed My Sheep
Over the Water to Charley
Prince Charley
To Bake a Cake for Charley
Trip, or Trot Charlie
Weavily, or Weevily Wheat

An old English song associated with Charles Edward Stuart aka Bonnie Prince Charlie and The Young Pretender. This song is known all over the English-speaking world, and dozens of versions and variations have been recovered and published in England, Ireland and the United States. It is generally believed (perhaps with good reason) that all versions and variations derive from Weevily Wheat, for it is meantioned in all of them.

This song exists in two forms in the United States—as a dance tune and as a game song for children. In some areas there are versions so far removed from the norm as to be almost unrecognizable. An example of such a version is Twistification in Botkin (APPS), 349 and in Lomax (FSNA), 316. In his notes, Lomax says it "is a western play-party version of Weevily Wheat."

"Charlie" lines and stanzas are often incorporated into other songs, such as He Loves Sugar and Tea in Talley, 84-85. In another version of Sugar and Tea, in Scarborough (NFS), 133-134, "Charlie" has become "Mr. Banks." Sometimes, of course, it works in reverse, and lines and stanzas from other songs are found in versions of this one. In most American versions, usually known as Weevily Wheat, the old political implications in the words are seldom recognized or understood. In some instances the political implications are dismissed altogether. Nevertheless, the "Charlie" referred to in all versions of this song is almost certainly Charles Edward Stuart, 1720-1788.

Of course, it is also possible that the original song known as Weevily Wheat made no mention of Charlie and was simply adapted later, to serve as a propaganda piece. If such is the case, there is no need to think that Bonnie Prince Charlie was therefore slighted. With the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln, Charlie inspired more songs than any other political figure in history. He enjoyed tremendous popularity and devotion in Scotland, as the innumerable songs praising him will prove. In America, however, the "darling Prince" suffered from suppression. Christians, for example, found this song objectionable until the latter part of the 19th century——not because of the words but because the tune was used for dance music. As a result, in America the song was accepted only as a play song for children. This latter fact probably accounts for the large number of game versions recovered throughout the United States.

In addition to the Twistfication mentioned above, there are game versions under such diverse titles as:

Rolly, Rolly
Stealing Partners
Trot, Charlie
Charlie's Neat and Charlie's Sweet.

Also compare the Charlie Over the Ocean piece in Courlander (NSA), 104.

Two versions are given below. Version A is the one frowned upon by early America's Christian community. Version B is a game version for children.

## REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 167
Botkin (AFL), 813-814
Botkin (APPS), 67, 345
Brown, I, 104; III, 100; V, 50-51
Cambiaire, 140
Collins, 23
Creighton (MFS), 125
Downes (1940), 104
Downes (1962), 128
Dudley & Payne, 17-19
Duncan (PPHC), 14-15

Ford (TMA), 241-242
Fuson, 164
Gummere, II, 399
Halliwell (NR), 11
Hamilton, 290
Hofer (CSG), 38
Hogue (BY), 85-87
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 302; XXV, 193; XXVII, 253; XXXIX, 193; XL, 98; XLII, 207; XLIX, 246
Lair, 18
Linscott, 262-263
Lomax (ABFS), 290-293
Lomax (PB), 67
MacQuoid, 148
Mahan, 48-51
McDowell, 50-51
McIntosh (FSSG), 58-59
Miles, 121
Mother Goose, 76
Neely, 200-201
Newell, 171
Newton, 14-15
Owens (TFS), 151-152
Piper (SPPG), 278
Pub (TFLS), I, 17; XIII, 315
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 198
Randolph, III, 297-300
Randolph (Ozarks), 147
Richardson (AMS), 86
Ritchie (FS), 78
Ritchie (SSB), 28-29
Sandburg (AS), 161
Scarborough (NFS), 286
Sharp, II, 375-376
Sharp (NSAM), 35-36
Shearin (SKFS), 355
Silverman, I, 365
Songster (183), II, 94
Thomas (DD), 69
Thomas (SG), 74-75
Van Doren, 488
Warnick, 163-164
Wilder, 76-77
Wolford, 102-106

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## Charlie Is A Nice Young Man

(Version A)

Over the river to feed my sheep,
And over the river to Charlie;
Over the river to feed my sheep
And measure out my barley.

Chorus

I won't have none of your weevily wheat,
I won't have none of your barley;

I want some flour in half an hour,
To bake a cake for Charlie.

Grab her by her little white hand
And lead her like a pigeon;
Make her dance the Weevily Wheat
And lose all her religion.

I have got a sweet little wife,
A wife of my own choosing;
Hug her neat and kiss her sweet
And go no more a-boozing.

If you love me like I love you,
We'll have no time to tarry;
We'll have the old folks flyin' 'round
Fixin' for us to marry.

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie;
For weal and woe, we'll gather and go,
To live and die for Charlie.

Charlie is a fine young man,
And Charlie he is a dandy;
Charlie likes to kiss the girls,
And he can do it handy!

---

(VERSION B)

O, I don't want your weevily wheat,
And I don't want your barley;
I'll take a chance on some fine white
flour,
To make a cake for Charlie.

Who's been here since I've been gone,
Across the fields of barley?

Sweet little girl with a white dress on,
And she's in love with Charlie.

If I'd been here and found her gone
Across the fields of barley,
I'd wish her well and carry on,
And say hello to Charlie.

Charlie, won't you come out tonight?
You know we're always ready.
When you come in, hang up your hat,
And we'll go courtin' steady.

Charlie loves his cake and wine,
And Charlie loves good brandy;
But most of all he likes the girls
As sweet as sugar candy.

**********

## No. 257

### CHARLIE IS MY DARLING
also known as

Charley Is My Darling — Oh, Charlie Is My Darling
Johnny Is My Darling — The Young Cavalier

This is one of many old Scottish songs about Bonnie Prince Charlie. This song also enjoyed great popularity in the U. S. during the 19th century. Versions of the song still appear in commercial music books. The words that were most in use were written by Lady Caroline Nairne, although her authorship was not then known. Stanzas by other authors became mingled with Nairne's, and these added stanzas came from versions of the song written by Robert Burns, James Hogg, and Charles Grey.

Except for the tune, which is different, the version below is Nairne's.
For an American Civil War adaptation, see Johnny Is My Darling in Silber (HSB), 84.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 37
Cole (FS), 170-171
Hogg, 92-93
Hopekirk, 96-98
Hudson (SC), 30
Johnson (FS), 486-487
Leisy (LAS), 88
Macfarren, 60-61
Rogers, 112, 163, 207
Silverman, I, 109; II, 319

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Charlie Is My Darling

O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Cavalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
When birds were singing clear,
That Charlie to the Highlands came,
The gallant Cavalier.

As he cam' marchin' up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Cavalier.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymore bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Cavalier.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,

To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Cavalier.

O! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Cavalier.

**********

## No. 258

### CHARLIE'S OVER THE WATER

also known as

Across the Sea to Charlie
Come, Boat Me Over
Come, Row Me Over
O'er the Water to Charlie
Over the Water, Over the Lee
Over the Water to Charlie

This is one of many old songs that comes down to us on threads of confusion and dispute. As nearly as can be determined, the song originated in the 1740s. Possibly 1746. It now exists in several versions, some with wide variations. References have not always proved reliable, probably because many of them were given without first determining whether they referred to this song or to Charlie Is A Nice Young Man. Both songs are also known as Over the Water to Charlie. Examples are those referrals to Gummere, II, 399; Halliwell (NR), 11; MacQuoid, 148; Mother Gosse, 76; and Universal Songster, II, 94. So many erroneous references is the reason for giving a version of this song, which, incidentally, is readily available in song books and folios, but has been ignored by scholarly folk collectors. Versions may be seen in Greig & Duncan, No. 135 and McCaskey, I, 100.

Charlie's Over The Water

Come, row me over, come, take me over,
Come, row me over to Charlie.
I'll give you all the gold I own
To ferry me over to Charlie.

Chorus

Come over the water and over the sea,
Come over the water to Charlie.
High tide or low, I want to go
Across the sea to Charlie.

How well I love my Charlie's name,
Tho' others tend to disagree;
But oh! to see the others go
And Charlie's face before me.

I swear by moon and stars above,
And the fields of wheat and barley,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd live them all for Charlie.

**********

## No. 259

### THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW I MET ON THE TRAIN

Although versions of this song have been recovered from oral-tradition sources, it began as a pop song issued by a commercial music publisher. Sheet music was published by W. H. Gore, Boston, circa 1867.
During the latter half of the 19th century, in the United States, songwriters created many "flirtation" songs in which the man was played for a fool. This is one of the more popular songs of that "flirtation" family.
For a related item, see The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue in Randolph, III, 109-110.

REFERENCES

Gilbert (LC), 49
Johnson (BBLL), 27, 55
Kennedy (AB), 79-82
Kennedy (TAB), 297-299
Levy, 38-39
Pound (SFSN), XXI, No. 13
Randolph, III, 112-114
Shay (PF-1), 54-57
Shay (PF-3), 140-143
Spaeth (WSM), 146-147

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The Charming Young Widow I Met On The Train

I lived in Vermont, and one morning last summer
A letter informed me my uncle was dead;
It also requested I come down to Boston,
As he'd left me a large sum of money it said.
Of course, I determined on making the journey,
And to book myself by the first class I was vain;
Tho' had I gone "second" I would not have encountered
The charming young widow I met on the train.

Yet scarce was I seated within the compartment
Before a fresh passenger entered the door;
'Twas a female, a young one, all dressed in deep
mourning,—
An infant in long clothes she gracefully bore.
A white cap surrounded a face, oh! so lovely!
I never shall look on one like it again.
I fell deep in love over head in a moment,
With the charming young widow I met on the train.

The widow and I, side by side, sat together,
The carriage containing ourselves and no more;
When silence was broken by my fair companion,
Who enquired the time by the watch that I wore.
I, of course, satisfied her, and then conversation
Was freely indulged in by both, till my brain
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted
With the charming young widow I met on the train.

We became so familiar, I ventured to ask her
How old was the child that she held at her breast.
"Ah, sir!" she responded, and into tears bursting,
Her infant still closer convulsively pressed;
"When I think of my child, I am well nigh distracted.
It's father, my husband, oh! my heart breaks with
pain."
She, choking with sobs, leaned her head on my
shoulder—
Oh, that charming young widow I met on the train.!

By this time the train arrived at a station
Within a few miles of the great one in town,
When my charmer exclaimed, as she looked thro' the
window,
"Good gracious alive! Why, there goes Mister Brown!
He's my late husband's brother. Dear Sir, would you
kindly
My best beloved child for a moment sustain?"
Of course I complied. Then off on the platform
Tripped the charming young widow I met on the train.

Three minutes elapsed, then the whistle it sounded;
The train began moving—no widow appeared.
I bawled out, "Stop! Stop!" but they paid no attention.
With a snort and a jerk, starting off as I feared.
In the horrid dilemma I sought for the hour—
But my watch, ha! where was it? where was my chain?
My purse, too, my ticket, gold pencil case, all
gone—
Oh, that artful young widow I met on the train!

While I was my loss so deeply bewailing,
The train again stopped and I "tickets, please"
heard.
So I told the conductor, while dandling the infant,
The loss I'd sustained. But he doubted my word.

He called more officials—a lot gathered round me—
Uncovered the child—Oh, how shall I explain?
For behold, 'twas no baby, but only a dummy!
Oh, that crafty young widow I met on the train.

Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure,
Tho', of course, I'd settle my fare the next day.
And now I wish to counsel young men from the country,
Lest they should get served in a similar way.
Beware of yound widows you meet on the railway,
Who lean on your shoulder, whose tears fall like rain;
Look out for your pockets, in case they resemble
The charming young widow I met on the train.

**********

## No. 260

### CHASE THE SQUIRREL

also known as

Catch the Old Squirrel
Catch the Squirrel
Chase the Rabbit
Cold and Frosty Morning
Moscow Ladies, Turn
On a Frosty Morning
Up and Down the Center We Go
Way Down Below

We have three versions of this title and each is, in the strictest sense, a different song. Version A is a "kissing game" and version B is a "dancing game" and also serves as a hoedown fiddle tune. Both forms exist in several varying versions. An ancestor of both forms is Drop the Glove, or Drop the Handkerchief. A closer relative is the Hunt the Squirrel song recovered by Newell and which became known in the United States as Itiskit, Itaskit (see in MB).
The game song, Hop, Old Squirrel and Peep, Squirrel,

recovered by Scarborough (NFS), 134-136 and Seeger (1), 109, are entirely different in text and in method of playing, yet some collectors have associated them with this song in their referrals.
For songs sharing lines, see Fare You Well in Ames (MPP), 300 and Round Up Four in London in MB.

REFERENCES


Ames (MPP), 316
Botkin (APPS), 159, 161
Brown, V, 512
Burchenal (ACD), 16-17
Davidson (SRMF), 109
Duncan (PPHC), 2-3
Durlacher, 148
Forbush, 41-42
Hamilton, 300-303
Lair, 21
Newell, 168-169
Piper (SPPG), 266
Price, 122
Randolph, III, 335
Wedgwood, 271
Wolford, 30-31


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Chase the Squirrel (Version A)

Up and down the center we go,
Up and down the center we go,
Up and down the center we go,
Cold and frosty morning.

Out and around the ring we go, (3)
Cold and frosty morning.

This is how to chase the squirrel, (3)
Cold and frosty morning.

Turn around, Moscow ladies, turn, (3)
Cold and frosty morning.

Catch the girl, kiss her if you can, (3)
Cold and frosty morning.

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(Version B)

Round up four and chase the squirrel,
Chase the squirrel, chase the squirrel,
Round up four and chase the squirrel,
Way down below.

Break and swing and chase the squirrel, etc.

Round up six and chase the squirrel, etc.

Round up eight and chase the squirrel, etc.

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(Version C)

Chase the rabbit, chase the squirrel,
Chase the pretty girl around the world.

Chase the rabbit, chase the coon,
Chase the pretty girl around the moon.

Chase the squirrel up a tree,
Learn to climb or leave her be.

Run a little faster if you please,
Run a little faster or you'll freeze.

Chase the rabbit, chase the squirrel,
Give that pretty girl a great big whirl!

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## No. 261

### CHEAT 'ER SWING

This is both a game song and a square dance tune. It was used at earlier American Play-parties.
See and compare The Cheat in Linscott, 101 and Tolman & Page, 59.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 161-162 Ford (OTFM), 12 & (TMA), 61

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Cheat 'er Swing

Cheat, cheat, cheat 'er swing!
How can you cheat such a pretty little thing?
On to your next, O balance her,
Swing her if you love her,
Cheat her if you dare.
Cheat, cheat, cheat 'er swing!
How can you cheat such a pretty little thing?

**********

No. 262

THE CHERRY TREE CAROL
also known as

Blessed Mary
Joseph and Mary
Joseph and the Angel
Joseph Was an Old Man

This carol has a long history. Both song and legend are known in most European countries. Some authorities believe that the song, as we now know it, is just one episode from a much longer ballad of the Middle Ages which recounted a fanciful story of Christ. For example, Irish folklore explains the low growth of the apple tree by this same story. Material making up the song is usually founded on the predictions of Jesus in the regular gospels and the angel's words to the shepherds as recorded in Luke, although the song may vary in the prophecies that conclude it. Mention is frequently made of Old Christmas Day——a date that will vary from January 5 to 7, depending

on the calendar used. Nevertheless, one should not take the story at face value; it is not part of Holy Writ.

REFERENCES


Anderson (AESP), 78
Barry (BBM), 446
Best, 53
Botkin (SFL), 758-759
Bramley, 60
Brown, II, 61-63
Bulletin (FSSN), VI, 6
Bulletin (TFLS), VIII, 78
Campbell & Sharp, No. 13
Child, II, 1-6
Coffin, 65-67
Cole, 40-41
Creighton (TSNS), 34-35
Davis (TBV), 174, 565
Dean-Smith, 57
Flanders, II, 70-73
Flanders (CSV), 48-50
Friedman, 59-60
Gainer, 34
Greig, II, 160
Greig & Keith, 44-45
Henry (FSSH), 59
Houseman, 61-62
Hudson (SC), 5
Husk, 59
Jour (AFL), XXIII, 293; XXIX, 293, 417; XXX, 229
Jour (FSS), III, 260; V, 11, 321; VIII, 229
Kinsley, 1-2
Leach (BB), 175-177
Leisy, 57-58
Lomax (PB), 77
McGill, 60
Moore (BFSS), 43-47
Morris, 262-263
Niles (BB), 125-128
Pound, 47
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 145
Quiller-Couch, 431-434
Randolph, I, 88
Ritchie (FS), 42-43
Roberts (IP), 31-34
Roberts (SBS), 91-92
Sandys, 123-125
Scarborough (NFS), 60-61
Seeger (1), 182-183
Sharp, I, 90-94
Silber (HSB), 47
Silverman, I, 332
Sylvester, 45
Thomas (BMMK), 223-224
Wells, 187
Wheeler (KMFS), 3-8

## Cherry Tree Carol

When Mary and Joseph were walking one day,
They saw apples and cherries every step of the way.
They saw apples and cherries every step of the way.

And then bespoke Mary, so meek and so mild,
"Gather me some cherries, Joseph, that I may eat awhile." (2)

And then replied Joseph, quite angrily too,
"Let the father of your child gather cherries for you!" (2)
The babe within the womb, in voice loud and clear,
Said, "Bow ye low, O cherry tree, for my mother dear." (2)

The cherry tree bowed low, bowed low to the ground,
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood around. (2)

Then Joseph took Mary, sat her on his knee,
And said, "O Lord, have mercy, have mercy on me." (2)

**********

## No. 263

### CHESTER

also known as

### The March of the Minute Men

This song was composed as a hymn for church use in 1770. It was written by William Billings, America's first genuine composer. He also published the song at his own expense. Soon thereafter the song was taken over by the Minute Men and used by them as a marching

song. Chanted by thousands of bedraggled and foot-weary volunteers, the song became one of the most popular of America's early patriotic pieces. An original version by Billings is in The Singing Master's Assistant: or Key to Practical Music, p. 12 (which is, in fact, an abridgment of The New-England Psalm-Singer by William Billings).

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Brand (S-76), 147
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Ives (SA), 260-261
Ives (SB), 98, 90
Kennedy (TAB), 12-13
Lawrence, 81
Lloyd, 20
Luther, 35-36
Oberndorfer, 63
Rabson, 70-71
Silber (SI), 83
Silverman, I, 415
Vinson, 140-141
Weavers, 4-5


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Chester

Let tyrants shake their Iron rods,
And slav'ry clank her galling chains;
We fear them not, we trust in God—
New England's God forever reigns!

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton, too,
With Prescott and Cornwallis joined,
Together plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combined.

When God inspired us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, they failed to boast;
Their ships were shattered in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

**********

## No. 264

### CHEVY CHASE
### also known as

The Battle of Chevy Chase
Hunting of the Cheviot
The Hunt is Up

Already old in the middle of the 16th century, this ballad enjoyed a long and traditional popularity in Europe but was little known in the United States. Nevertheless, it is a major folk ballad. It tells of the Battle of Otterburn, August 19, 1388.

The Scots, under the command of William Douglas, Earl of Argus, battled the English forces led by Henry Percy, Duke of Northumberland. Out-numbered three to one, the Scots valiantly fought their way to victory. Although the ballad distorts the fact, this did in no way interfer with its acceptance and popularity throughout Britain.

"Chevy" is an abbreviated form of "Cheviot," the hills between England and Scotland.

The tune, which was not always the same, has been used for other songs, such as The Cow Chase (a parody) and the game song, Three Old Maids A-Skating Went (see in MB).

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Chappell (OEPM), I, 90-92
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Dean-Smith, 57-58
Edwards, 29-242
Flanders, III, 135-144
Ford (BB), Nos. 3011, 3013
Friedman, 276-284
Hales, II, 7
Houseman, 176-186
Jour (AFL), XVII, 294; XXX, 323
Kinsley, 496-507
Leach (BB), 446-463
Moore (BFSS), 91-93

Pepys, I, No. 45
Percy (RAEP), I, 19-35
Quiller-Couch, 664-675
Sanders, 97-105
Stokoe, 1-3
Whiting (TBB), 67-76

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Chevy Chase

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way:
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The chiefest hearts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English Earl not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts a-right.

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like captains of great night;
Like lions would they lay'd on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they run the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the gree wood tree.

**********

## No. 265

### CHEWING GUM

also known as

Chawing, Chawing Gum
Chewing Gum Song
Fond of Chewing Gum
The Girl Who Chawed Gum

This humorous rural song, author unknown, is sung to the tune of Old Joe Clark. Asher Sizemore and Little Jimmie, popular father-son duo in the 1930s, included a version featured by them in a privately printed paperback song book, 1937. While Sizemore made some changes in the song, it did not originate with him.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 274
Brown, V, 412-413
Jour (AFL), LIX, 431
Pound (SFSN), XXI, No. 11
Randolph, III, 72-75
Silverman, II, 215
Sizemore (1), 17

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Chewing Gum — Tune: Old Joe Clark

I took my girl to a dance one night,
I thought I'd have some fun,
But all in the world she would do
Is set and chew her gum.

Chrous

Sat an chew her gum,
Sat and chew her gum—
All in the world she would do
Is set and chew her gum.

I took my girl to a restuarant,
I took her out to supper;
She stubbed her toe on the table leg
And stuck her nose in the butter.

I took my girl to church last night,
I'll tell you what she done:
She stood right up in the preacher's face
And chawed her chewing gum.

**********

## No. 266

### CHICKAMY CRANEY CROW
### also known as

Auld Grannie
Chicamy
Chiceny, Craney, Crow
Chickama Crana Cro
Chickee, Chickee Ma Craney Crow
Chicken McCraney Crow
Chicky My Chick Craney Crow
Gipsy
Gled Wylie
Grannie's Needle
Hawk and Chickens
Hen and Chicken
The Old Dame
Old Granny Hibble Hobble
Old Witch
Pins and Needles
Searching for the Needle
Wily Hawk
The Witch

Here we have a widely diffused game song of ancient and primitive origin. Like many ancient songs, the route followed was from Holy Rite to Country Dance to Childish Play. Few American versions have retained the original idea of the child-stealing Witch, which we find in English, German and Italian versions printed by Halliwell, Meier and Corazzini. In most German versions the theme changed from stealing children to begging, but in some Prussian versions we do find traits contained in American versions, such as the mother being invited to a meal by a Witch, which the mother refuses by sending her excuses. In some versions, the mother and children are replaced by a hen and her brood—from whence came the game of the Rich and Poor Birds. In still other versions the children are identified by the names of leaves or flowers, as in the German Die Grossmutter. This song is known all over Europe in game form. In Spain it is known as Pulling Leeks. In Italy a version is known as Madonna Pollinara. In Swedish

versions the game is one of "selling pottery," and is called Selling Pots—which led directly to the English game, Honeypots. Some other versions deal with "stealing or measuring clothes," and one French version, La Toile, is a "kissing game" for young adults.

Because of common titles, other songs are sometimes confused with this one. For example, there is a game song called Old Witch that is entirely different and unrelated in Jour (AFL), III, 115, 139, 141 and in Newell, 259. A version of Old Witch that was related to this song by references is in Brown, I, 53. It begins:

Old man Hippety Hop tuck my chile;
Put him out in de corn fiel'.
Bugs an' flies eatin' out his eyes,
Poor little thing cries, mammy,
mammy, mammy.

A song more likely to be related to the Brown version is Baa! Baa! Black Sheep II ( in MB). Also compare the Hawk and Chickens in Talley, 185 and the Old Uncle Tom in Pub (TFLS), XVII, 1941, p. 145.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 136
Bancroft, 141
Beckwith, 33
Bernoni, 34
Brown, I, 48-55
Bulletin (TFS), XI, 9
Chambers (PRS), 130
Collins, 48
Corazzini, 110
Folklore Journal, V, 53; VII, 218
Gomme, I, 67, 201-202; II, 404-405, 449
Halliwell (PRNT), 132
Hudson (SMFL), 112
Hunt & Cain, 66-67
Jour (AFL), III, 315; V, 119; XXXII, 376; XXXIV, 38, 116; XL, 30, XLVII, 335
Maclagan, 133
Meier, 117

Newell, 155, 215, 259-263
Quarterly (SFL), VI, 221-224
Randolph, III, 382-383
Scarborough (NFS), 138
Talley, 74
Whitney & Bullock, 143

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Chickamy Craney Crow

Chickamy, chickamy, craney crow,
Went to the creek to wash his toe;
When he got there the creek was dry,
And he sat down to moan and cry.

Chickamy, chickamy, craney crow,
Went to the field and lost his hoe.
He came back home in his bare feet,
And he sat dwon to eat some meat.

Chickamy, chickamy, craney crow,
Went down to town to see a show;
When he got there and tried to dance,
He ripped apart his Sunday pants.

Chickamy, chickamy, craney crow,
Stood up and gave his horn a blow;
When that was done he jumped the fence,
And no one here has seen him since.

**********

No. 267

CHICKEN, GRANNY AND DOG

also known as

Chicken in the Bread Pan
Chicken in the Bread Plate
Chicken in the Bread Tray
Granny, Will Your Dog Bite?

This song has known many traditional uses— a nursery

rhyme, a nonsense song, and a country dance tune. It is more widely known in the South than elsewhere in the United States, and versions have been recovered there from black as well as white people.
Compare Old Mother Gofour in Thede, 82.

REFERENCES

Brown, I, 199; III, 205; V, 119
Davis (FSV), 252
Ford (OTFM), 19
Ford (TMA), 32
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 127, 130; XLVI, 431
Scarborough (NFS), 194
Shearin (SKFS), 38
Talley, 7
Thede, 82-83
White, 241

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Chicken, Granny and Dog
Tune: Polly, Put the Kettle On

Chicken in the bread pan,
Bread pan, bread pan,
Chicken in the bread pan
Scratching out dough.

Granny, will your dog bite,
Dog bite, dog bite?
Granny, will your dog bite?
No, no, child, no!

Granny, will your dog bite,
Cow kick, cat scratch?
Granny, will your hen peck,
Sow root the corn patch?

Granny, will your duck quack,
Ol' gray goose hatch?
Granny, will your dog bite?
No, no, child, no!

**********

## No. 268

### CHICKEN REEL

This is a hoedown-fiddle tune, and one of the fanciest used for square dancing. Carl Sandburg thought the theme of the piece was "never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."
No known words. See under TUNES, No. 268, in MB.

REFERENCES

Durlacher, 66
Ford (TMA), 41
Sandburg (AS), 116
Thede, 116

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## No. 269

### CHILDREN, WE ALL SHALL BE FREE
also known as
We Shall Be Free

A spiritual that was and is sung by both black and white people in the South. It is also one of those featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. The tune is sometimes used for Jordan's Stormy Banks II (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Jubilee (PS), 8
Marsh (SJS), 130
Pike, 170, 212

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Children, We All Shall Be Free

We want no cowards in our band,
That from their colors fly;
We call for valiant hearted men,
That are not afraid to die!

Chorus
Children, we all shall be free, (3)
When the Lord does appear.

We see the pilgrim as he lies,
With glory in his soul;
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
For heaven is his goal.

Give sight to the blind in our midst,
And let the cripple walk;
He'll raise the dead and give them life,
And the mute shall learn to talk.

**********

No. 270

CHILLY WATER
also known as
Hallelujah to the Lamb

Spiritual from Southern slaves, circa 1850. Song was introduced to the general public by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.
There is a revivalist hymn called Chilly Waters in Thomas (DD), 122, with a stanza that goes:

Will the waters be chilly,
Oh chilly, be chilly?
Will the waters be chilly
When I am called to die?

Whatever relationship between that hymn and this spiritual there is must be limited to the "chilly water" lines.

REFERENCES

Johnson (SBNS), 114 Jubilee (PS), 38 Marsh (SJS), 264

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Chilly Water.

I know that water is chilly and cold,
O hallelujah to the Lamb!
But I have Jesus in my soul,
O hallelujah to the Lamb!

Chorus

Chilly water! chilly water!
Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Chilly water! chilly water!
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

In Noah's Ark, the little dove mourned, etc.
Then one fine day a new world was born, etc.

Ol' Satan's just a snake in the grass, etc.
He's lookin' for to bite you when you
pass, etc.

**********

No. 271

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL
also known as
Old Chisholm Trail Old Chizzum Trail

This is one of the better known traditional cowboy songs; it celebrates a trail and a way of life that no longer exists. This song has more than a hundred stanzas, some too vulgar for print. There are variants, rewrites and adapatations, not to mention parodies.
See The Long Star Trail in Sandburg (AS), 266,
Clear Rock's Chisholm Trail in Lomax (CS-1938),
37 and Leadbelly's Chisholm Trail in Lomax (CS-1938),
39.
For an adaptation for children, see Riding Around the Castle in Seeger (3), 70-71.

The Chisholm Trail was a real cattle trail that wound from San Antonio, Texas, to Montana.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL), 21, 129
Arnett, 125
Best, 119
Brown, III, 248-250
Clark (CS), 47
Dobie (MBS), 178-180
Downes (1940), 228
Downes (1962), 268
Emrich (CBF), 42
Emrich (FAL), 480-482
Felton, 2-7
Fife, 210-212
Fowke (SWF), 122-123
Frey, 42-43
Gaines (SCCS), 150-151
Glass (SW), 30-31
Hull, 38-39
Ives (SA), 216-217
Klickmann, 45-46
Koch (2), 18-19
Larkin (1931), 2-8
Larkin (1963), 9-19
Leisy, 249-250
Leisy (LAS), 37
Lingenfelter, 367-369
Lomax (ABFS), 376-379
Lomax (CS-1919), 58-63
Lomax (CS-1938), 28-37
Lomax (FSNA), 370-371
Lomax (PB), 106
Lomax (USA), 200, 202
Luther, 194-195
Lynn (CS), 13
Moore (BFSS), 285-287
Morris, 38-39
Neely, 184-185
Oberndorfer, 36
Patterson (SRR), 38-39
Randolph, II, 174-175
Roberts (SBS), 180-181
Sackett, 14-15
Scott (SA), 79
Seeger (3), 71
Sires, 32-33
Thorp (1921), 109-112
White (GALD), 39
Whitman, 71

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The Chisholm Trail

Well, come along, boys,
And listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles
On the old Chisholm Trail.

Chorus

Come a-tu-yi, yippy, yippy ya,
Come a ti-yi, yippy, yippy eye aye!

I woke up one morning
On the old Chisholm Trail,
A rope in my hand
And a cow by the tail.

A ten dollar hoss
And a forty dollar saddle,
I'll be on the trail
Punchin' Texas cattle.

Claudy in the west
And looking like rain,
My damned old slicker's
In the wagon again.

Last night I was guard
And the cattle broke ranks,
Hit my hoss on the shoulder
And spurred him in the flanks.

The wind began to blow
And the rain began to fall,
And it looked, by God,
Like we would loose 'em all.

I jumped in the saddle
And I grabbed the horn—
I'm the best damn cow-puncher
That ever was born.

I herded and I hollered
And I done very well,
Till the boss said, "Boys,
Just let 'em go to hell!"

I went to the boss
For to draw my roll;
He had it figured out
I was nine dollars in the hole.

I'm goin' to sell my outfit
Just as quick as I can,
And I won't punch cattle
For no damned man!

**********

## No. 272

THE CHIVALROUS SHARK
also known as
The Most Chivalrous Shark The Ryhme of the Chivalrous Shark

Why this song was ignored by folk-song collectors during the 1920s, 30s and 40s is something I don't know. It is in the Public Domain without question, because it is in Nautical Lays of a Landsman by Wallace Irwin, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 1904. Other versions are in Best, 114-115; Silverman, II, 200; and Trident, 60-61.

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The Chivalrous Shark

The most chivalrous fish in the ocean,
To the ladies forbearing and mild,
Tho' his record be dark, the man-eating shark
Will eat neither woman nor child.

He dines upon seamen and skippers,
And tourists his hunger assuage;

A fresh cabin boy will inspire
with joy,
If he's of maturity age.

A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher—
He'll gobble one any fine day;
But the ladies, God bless 'em! He'll
only address 'em
With a smile, and go on his way.

I'll readily cite you an instance,
Where a lovely young lady of Breen,
Who was tender and sweet, and declicious
to eat,
Fell into the Bay with a scream.

She struggled and flounced in the water,
And signel'd in vain for her barque;
She would have drowned, if she hadn't been
found
By the chivalrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in a manner most polished,
Thus soothing her impulses wild.
"Don't be frightened," he said, "I've been
properly bred.
I'll eat neither woman nor child."

He proffered his fin and she took it.
Such gallantry none can dispute.
While the passengers cheered, and the vessel
they neared,
A broadside was fired in salute.

They took her aboard in a jiffy,
The shark stood attention the while;
Then he raised on a flipper and ate up the
skipper,
And went on his way with a smile.

**********

## No. 273

### CHRISTOFO COLUMBO
### also known as
### Christopher Columbo

An old bawdy song that always gets "cleaned up" for print. In fact, a version by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, Misto Cristofo Columbo, was published in sheet music form by theBurvan Music Corp., in 1951. Another version with the simple title of Columbo, by Francis Bryant, was published by M. Whitmark & Sons. These popular music versions were never able to replace the traditional versions.

REFERENCES

Harlow, 55-58
Levy, 193-194
Niles (SMM), 106
Shay (ASSC), 207-212
Shay (PF-1), 43-48
Shay (PF-3), 18-22
Trident, 22-23

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Christofo Columbo

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Down in a Spanish alley,
A wop was running up and down
Shouting "Hot Tamale!"

O Christofo Columbo,
He thought the world was round o!
That pioneering, buccaneering
Son of a bitch, Columbo!

Columbo came from Italee;
He was full of pink confetti.
He showed the Queen of Spain
How to manage her spaghetti!

O Cristofo Columbo,
Said land it could be found O!
That heathen hatin', navigatin'
Son of a bitch, Columbo!

He rushed up to the Queen one day,
To ask for ships and cargo:
"I'll be a sea-going, son-of-a-bitch
If I don't bring back Chicago!"

O Christofo Columbo,
He thought the world was round O!
The encroachin', queen approachin',
Son of a bitch, Columbo!

The Queen then said to Ferdinand,
"His scheme sounds like a daisy."
"To hell with him!" said Ferdinand,
"I think the wop is crazy!"

O Christofo Columbia,
Knew that gold could be found O!
That old sea-faring, never-caring,
Son of a bitch, Columbo!

On the day they sailed away,
The people thought them crazy.
Columbo said, "No janes on board—
The sailors won't get lazy."

O Christofo Columbia,
He knew the world was round O!
That family-breakin', history-makin',
Son of a bitch, Columbo!

They anchored near San Salvador,
In search of women and booty;

A pretty girl stood on the shore,
And Columbo said, "Do your duty!"

O Christofo Columbo,
Found here was solid ground O!
That stop-your-shovin', woman-lovin',
Son of a bitch, Columbo!

One day they bound him in chair
And shipped him back to Spain.
Columbo said, "I'm done for good,
These doings give me a pain."

O Christofo Columbo,
He proved the world was round O!
That perserverin', pioneerin',
Son of a bitch, Columbo!

**********

## No. 274

### CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM
also known as

Down Came an Angel
Edna's Song
Jesus Born in Bethlea, or Bethula
Jesus Preached in Galilee
Jesus Walked in Galilee
Jesus Was Born in Bethlehem

This mid-19th century spiritual is sung to a tune used for several secular songs (see headnotes to Skip To My Lou in MB). According to George Pullen Jackson, "This ballad appeared with one stanza of text in the early editions of the Sacred Harp (1859) but was removed from the 1869 edition and all subsequent ones."
Versions are also in The Christian Songers (1858)

and The Revivalist (1872). According to Whiteman, 31-32, the tune is French.
For additional information about the tune, see headnotes to The Duke of Marlborough in MB.

REFERENCES

Botsford, I, 28-29
Brown, III, 595-596; V, 337
Buchanan, 40
Chase (APTS), 166-167
Gainer, 191
Hillman, No. 482
Jackson (DES), 43-44
Jackson (WNS), 174-175
Lloyd, 65
Niles (TCC), 6-7
Ritchie (FS), 39
Scott (SA), 69
Seeger (1), 181
Sharp, II, 293
Wells, 189

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## Christ Was Born In Bethlehem

Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in the manger lay.

### Chorus

And in the manger lay,
And in the manger lay,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in the manger lay.

Jesus walked in Galilee, (3)
To save us all from sin.

To save us all from sin, etc.

Judas did betray the Lord, (3)
And He was crucified.

And He was crucified, etc.

Joseph took His body down, (3)
And laid Him in the tomb.

And laid Him in the tomb, etc.

Mary came with weeping eyes, (3)
Her loving Lord to see.

Her loving Lord to see, etc.

Jesus He has risen up, (3)
Arisen from the dead.

Arisen from the dead, etc.

**********

## No. 275

### CINDY

### also known as

Beefsteak When I'm Hungry
Cindy, I'll Marry You Someday
Get Along Home, Cindy
Git Along Home
Get Along, Cindy, or Sindy
Hop Along Home, Cindy
I'll Marry You Someday Sindy

This song was popularized over America by traveling minstrel shows, and it has never been out of favor. Cindy is well-known throughout the United States. It has been arranged and changed by many authors and composers and published by many companies. Lines and stanzas float in and out, going from song to song. The refrain of Cindy is found in several songs, including The Raccoon Has a Bushy Tail in Brown, III, 209 C and a version of Liza Jane in Fuson, 172. For other examples of floating lines, see the songs in Botkin (SFL), 711; Bulletin (TFS), VI, 39; Henry

(FSSH), 434-435; Jour (AFL), VI, 131 and XLIV, 428-429; Lomax (USA), 94; Steely, 160-161; Thede, 38; and Wilson (SHP), 61.

A version recovered in Alabama begins with another well-known floating stanza:

I went up on the mountain,
I gave my horn a blow;
I think I heard my Cindy say,
"Oh, yonder comes my beau."

Also compare: Liza Jane in MB and I Wish I Was an Apple in Talley, 133.

REFERENCES


Agay (1), 15
Agay (2), 89
Arnold, 114
Bass, 428-429
Best, 137
Botkin (AFL), 899-900
Botkin (APPS), 237, 241
Brewster (BSI), No. 83
Brown, III, 482-485; V, 267-269
Coleman, 52
Downes (1940), 208-210
Downes (1962), 248-249
Emrich (CBF), 31
Emrich (FAL), 561-562
Ford (OTFM), 7
Ford (TMA), 58
Fuson, 172
Gainer, 178-179
Grafman, 93
Henry (FSSH), 434-435
Henry (SMBFS), 168-169
Kincaid No. 2, 23
Leisy, 58-60
Leisy (SPS), 32-33
Lomax (FSNA), 233
Lomax (PB), 69
Lomax (USA), 94-95
Lunsford, 42-43
Randolph, III, 376-377
Roberts (SBS), 166-167
Scarborough (NFS), 67
Seeger (6), 61
Silverman, I, 342
Thomas (SG), 23
White, 161, 333


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Cindy

I went to see my Cindy gal,
She met me at the door;

Her shoes and stockings in her hand,
And her feet all over the floor.

Chorus

Git along home, Cindy, Cindy, (3)
I'll marry you someday.

Her cherry lips were kissing sweet,
Her cheeks were like a rose,
Her eyes were brown and sparkling bright,
And she had a turned-up nose.

I hugged her and I kissed her,
I squeezed her 'til she cried.
She said I was the sweetest thing
That ever lived or died.

Oh, if I had a needle
With thread that I could sew,
I'd stitch her to my coat-tail
And down the road I'd go.

My Cindy's got religion now—
She had it once before—
But when she hears my ol' banjo,
She's the first one on the floor.

**********

No. 276

THE CITY OF BALTIMORE
also known as
Bold McCarthy

According to Doerflinger, the City of Baltimore "was operated in the (eighteen) fifties by the Inman Line of Liverpool, on the New York run. "More than 2000 tons register, she was one of the largest ships afloat."

REFERENCES

Beck (FLM), 183
Creighton (SBNS), 117-119
Doerflinger, 128-129
Greenleaf, 354
Manny, 224-225
Peacock, III, 860-861

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The City of Baltimore

Come all you sailing Irishmen
And listen to my tale
Concerning a young sailor bold
Who in Liverpool did dwell.
Down by the western docks one day
This lad he chanced to stray,
And on board of a western-bound ocean ship,
He stowed himself away.

A-sailing down the river then,
To New York o'er the foam,
This young McCarthy was bound away,
Far from his native home.
This Irish youth was borne away,
Far from his native shore,
All on board of a western-bound ocean ship
Called the City of Baltimore.

When he came out from his hiding place,
The captain to him did say:
"What brought you here? Tell me true,
Or you will rue the day.
Now speak, young man, and speak the truth,
Or else I'll ask no more.
You'll cure the day you stowed away
Aboard the Baltimore."

It was early every morning
The mate would turn him to;

It was early every morning
He was bound to put us through:
"Where is that Irish stowaway?"
These words we heard him say.
"I'm here!" replied McCarthy bold,
"What do you want today?

"It's true I am an Irishman,
And that I won't deny;
But before I'll be cowed down by you,
I'll fight until I die!
If you're a man of courage, sir,
It's me you'll stand before.
I'll fight you fair upon this deck
Aboard the Baltimore!"

The second mate and the bos'n too,
They came to the mate's relief;
And with a belaying-pin,
The youth made them retreat.
The captain called him aft, to him,
And said he wasn't sore:
"You're fine and brave and welcome, sir,
Aboard the Baltimore!"

**********

## No. 277

### CLEMENTINE

also known as

Darling Clementine Oh, My Darling Clementine
My Darling Clementine

Written by Percy Montrose, this song is available in literally hundreds of folios and song books, including those used in the public schools. The text expresses

American pioneer humor and satire, and was sung everywhere in the country. It is the most popular song to come down to us from the California Gold-rush era.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 200
Best, 41
Dwyer, 199-200
Fife, 100-101
Kennedy (AB), 204-205
Kennedy (TAB), 65-66
Leisy, 60-61
Leisy (LAS), 20-21
Leisy (SPS), 72-73
Loesser, 272-273
Luther, 278-279
Mackenzie (SH), 48
Most (PCS), 70-71
Seeger (6), 27
Shay (PP-1), 49-52
Shay (PP-3), 23-24
Sherwin (SGM), 8-9
Silverman, I, 13
Waite, 32-33
Wier (SWWS), 173
Winn (2), 162-163

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Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus

O my darling, O my darling,
O my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever.
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine;
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine;
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard, near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, 'forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine;
Thought he oughter jine his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead, I draw the line!

**********

## No. 278

THE COAST OF PERU
also known as
The Bold Abaneersman Captain Bunker

This song was a favorite with Whaling-men. The text tells of the killing of a big Sperm whale. According to Colcord, "the song goes back to the early days of

offshore whaling."
A version from James H. Williams appeared in The Independent, July 8, 1909, p. 81.

REFERENCES

Bulletin (FSSN), VI, 14-15
Colcord, 194-195
Doerflinger, 151-152
Edwards (CHSB), 117
Harlow, 222-223
Huntington, 2
Thompson (BBB), 194
Williams (SFS), 33

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## The Coast of Peru

Come all you sailors who cruise round Cape Horn,
Come all you sailors who follow the "sparm,"
Our captain has told us, and we hope it is true,
There are plenty of whales on the coast of Peru.

'Twas early one morning just as the sun rose,
A man from the masthead sang out, "There she blows!"
"Where away?" called the captain, "And how does she lay?"
"Two points on our lee, sir, 'bout three miles away."

The whale has gone down, to windward he'll lay;
Whatever he done, boys, he showed us fair play.
We fought him alongside and a lance we thrust in,
And in less than an hour he rolled out his fin.

We brought him alongside with many a shout,
Began cutting in and trying him out;
The whale is cut in, tried out, and finally stowed down—
He's better to us than some five hundred pound.

Our ship is all laden and home we will steer,
Where there's plenty of rum, boys, and plenty of beer;

We'll spend money freely with girls on the shore,
And when it's all gone we'll go sailing for more!

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## No. 279

### COCAINE LIL

This song has one of those drug themes so popular among the folk during the first part of the 20th century. Author is not known but the tune is obviously taken from another song: Willy the Weeper.

Compare Downes (1943), 344.

### REFERENCES

Sandburg (AS), 206 Shay (PF-2), 77 & (PF-3), 153

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Cocaine Lil Tune: Willy the Weeper

Have you ever heard of Cocaine Lil,
Who lived in Cocaine town on Cocaine hill?
She had a cocaine dog and a cocaine cat—
They fought all night with a cocaine rat.

Lil had cocaine hair on her cocaine head,
And wore a cocaine dress that was poppy red.
She had a snowbird hat and high-toney clothes—
On her coat she wore a crimson, cocaine rose.

Lil went to a snow party one cold night,
And the way she sniffed was sure a sight.
There was Hasheesh Nell and Dopy Slim,
St. Louie Liz with Yen Shee Jim.

Sometime in the morning, near on three,
They were all lit up like a Christmas tree.
Lil went home and before going to bed,
Took another sniff and it knocked her dead!

They laid her out in her cocaine clothes,
She wore a snowbird hat and crimson rose;
And on her tombstone is engraved this refrain:
"She died as she lived, sniffing cocaine."

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No. 280

COCKLES AND MUSSELS
also known as

Alive, Alive, O!
In Dublin's Fair City
Molly Malone
Sweet Molly Malone

An old Irish "street" song about a real fishmonger named Molly Malone. According to the Sears Index the song was written by J. Yorkston.
For a different song called Molly Malone, see Ditson (100-SI), 59.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 50
Leisy, 61-62
Leisy (LAS), 89
Leisy (SPS), 108
Silverman, I, 205

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Cockles and Mussels

In ublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first sat my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
And she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

Chorus

Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O!
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before;
And they each wheeled their wheel-barrow
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!

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## No. 281

### COD LIVER OIL
also known as

Cod Liver Ile  Cod Liver Oil Song

An Irish-English song that dates from the latter part of the 19th century. We can safely attribute any popularity it currently enjoys to performances by various professional folk-singers.

REFERENCES

Greenleaf, 316
Lomax (OSC), 116-117
O'Neil (EE), 54
Peacock, I, 48-49
Silverman, II, 160
Songster (68), 15
Songster (93), 23

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Cod Liver Oil

I'm a young married man who is tired of life;
Ten years I've been wed to a sickly wife.
She does nothing all day but sit down and cry,
And keeps wishin' to God that she could just die.

A friend of my own came to see me one day,
And told me my wife was just pining away;
And then he did tell me that she would get strong,
If she'd take cod liver oil from Doctor John.

Well, I bought her a bottle just for to try,
The way she drank it, I thought she would die;
I got her another, it vanished the same,
And now she's got god liver oil on the brain.

I bought her another, she emptied it out,
And then she began to grow terribly stout;
When she got stout of course she got strong,
And I wish to God her oil was all gone.

Our house now resembles a big doctor's shop;
It's covered with bottles from bottom to top.
And now every morning the kettle will boil,
Then starts singing, I swear, of cod liver oil!

**********

## No. 282

### THE COLD WIND BLEW
### also known as
### The Wind It Blew Up The Railroad Track

In lumber-camps of the latter half of the 19th century, the men were forced to look to themselves for entertainment. The entertainment consisted largely of tall stories and songs. Naturally, like gold-miners and other frontier adventuresome groups, isolated with their own kind, they made up words to match tunes with which they were already familiar. They made songs about their experiences and what they thought of their lives. And sometimes, as in this case, they turned to humor. In time, of course, both words and

tune took on different colorings. The version below is somewhat removed from the earliest known versions, but there is no mistaking the tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home.
For another version, see Sandburg (AS), 379.

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The Cold Wind Blew  Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

The wind came howling through the trees,
And blew, and blew.
The wind came howling through the trees,
And blew, and blew.
The rivers and lakes began to freeze,
And we put on our B V D's,
But the cold wind blew!
Yumpin' Yiminy, how it blew!

The snow kept falling on the ground,
And fell, and fell.
The snow kept falling on the ground,
And fell, and fell.
There wasn't a clod or rock around
Where piles of snow could not be found,
And the cold snow fell!
Yumpin' Yiminy, how it fell!

The wind it blew so hard that day,
And blew, and blew.
The wind it blew so hard that day,
And blew, and blew.
And even the trees refused to stay;
They pulled up roots and ran away!
And the cold wind blew!
Yumpin' Yiminy, how it blew!

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## No. 283

### COLE YOUNGER

An outlaw song based on the deeds of a minor western desperado, who, together with his brothers, rode the outlaw trail. Not at first, however. Cole Younger was with Quantrell's guerillas, then became a captain in Shelby's Missouri cavalry. Later, after the Civil War came to an end, Cole teamed up with Frank and Jesse James. He was captured in 1876 while attempting to rob a bank at Northfield, Minnesota, and sent to prison. He was pardoned and released in 1901. Cole and Frank James joined forces again, but in a legitimate and legal way—they opened and toured in a Wild West Show. Eventually Cole settled down to a life of respectability. He died at Lee's Summit, Missouri, in 1916.

The song below is one of several written about him as an outlaw. For another, different song, see Randolph, II, 16 D.

#### REFERENCES


Botkin (WFL), 776-777
Fife, 261-262
Laws (NAB), 171, 177
Lingenfelter, 321-322
Lomax (CS-1919), 106-107
Lomax (FSNA), 350-351
Moore (BFSS), 345-347
Nebraska (1), 9
Ohrlin, 142-143
Owens (TFS), 80-81
Randolph, II, 12-16
Silverman, I, 82


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Cole Younger

I am a reckless highway-man,
Cole Younger is my name;
And many a desp'rate crime
Has caused my friends much shame.
For the robbin' of the Northfield bank,
My friends, I can't deny—

For which I am a prisoner now;
In the Stillwater jail I lie.

It's of a reckless robbery
That now I want to tell;
About a California miner,
And how on him I fell.
I robbed him of his money, boys,
And then went on my way;
For which I will be sorry
Until my dying day.

"Now let us buy fast horses,"
My brother Bob did say;
"Now let us buy fast horses
And quickly ride away.
We'll go avenge our father's death,
And seek to win the prize;
We'll fight those anti-guerillas
Until the day we die."

We rode toward old Texas, boys,
The good old Lone Star State;
We met with Frank and Jesse James,
And settle down to wait.
With knives, guns, and pistols too,
We all sat down to play;
A bottle of rye whiskey, boys,
Helped to pass the time away.

The Union Pacific railway
It was our next surprise;
Our bloody hands instilled such fear,
That tears came to their eyes.
With engineer and fireman dead,
The conductor still alive,
The bodies now are smouldering
Beneath Nebraska skies.

We saddled up our horses, boys,
And northward we did go;
We rode to Minnesota, boys,
A land of ice and snow.
We planned to rob the Northfield bank,
But brother Bob did say:
"Now Cole, unless we quit this job,
You'll surely curse the day."

Each man took his station, boys,
And to the bank did go;
I walked up to the cashier, boys,
And struck my fatal blow.
"Now give us all your money, boys,
Do so without delay;
For we're the James and Younger gang,
And we spare no time to pray!"

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## No. 284

### COLUMBUS STOCKADE BLUES
### also known as
### Once I Loved a Railroad Brakeman

This is a song from the Deep South that had its roots in English balladry. It is rightfully a composite, for many of its lines were borrowed from various older songs, such as Go and Leave Me (see in MB), The Dear Companion in Sharp, II, 109, and version B below. A version of Columbus Stockade became popular in the 1930s as a result of a phonograph recording record by Gid Tanner and The Skillet Lickers. Later, Gid Tanner's arrangement was taken over and rewritten in 1943 by Jimmie Davis. The Davis version was published by Peer International, Inc., N. Y. C. This probably

explains why the song was largely ignored by folk-song collectors. Aside from Silverman, II, 140, I have not seen a version in print.
Also compare False Lover I in this Master Book.

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Columbus Stockade Blues (Version A)

Way down in Columbus, Georgia,
Longing for old Tennessee;
Locked up in Columbus stockade,
Where you turned your back on me.

Chorus

Go on, leave me if you want to!
Never let me cross your mind!
In your heart you love another!
Leave me, darling, I don't mind.

Last night as I lay here sleeping,
I dreamed we walked beneath the stars.
When I woke, early this morning,
I was still behind these bars!

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(Version B)

Another version is in Shay (PF-2), 98 & (PF-3), 173.

Once I loved a railroad brakeman,
All his thoughts were of me.
Until he met a dark-eyed girl
Who stole my true love from me.

Chorus

So go, leave me if you wish to,
Never let me cross your mind.
Now I know you love another,
Try your best to treat her kind.

Many nights with him I rambled,
In his arms I was content;
Thought his love was mine forever,
But my faith was soon mis-spent.

Many nights as he lay sleeping,
Dreaming of love's sweet repose,
I lay beside him broken-hearted
Listening to the wind that blows.

Farewell, friends and kind relations,
Farewell to that false young man;
Throughout this world I must wander,
Left to do the best I can.

**********

## No. 285

### COME ALONG, MY JULIE ANN

A composite song with lines adapted from several other songs and fashioned after My Sarah Jane (see in MB). I obtained this song from Janice L. Yakish, 1954, in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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Come Along, My Julie Ann

Got up this morning, got up to late,
Didn't get the job 'cause the job
wouldn't wait.
O Julie! Come along, my Julie Ann.

Chorus

Come along, my Julie Ann!
Come along, my Julie Ann!
Ain't nothin' to do but hang around with you.
Come along, my Julie Ann.

Hard times keep a-knockin' on my door—
Ain't gonna find me at home no more!
O Julie! Come along, my Julie Ann.

Love ain't nothin' but a wicked child—
Grows on a man 'til it drives him wild!
O Julie! Come along, my Julie Ann.

I'm a-headin' down that railroad track,
I'll walk away and never come back!
O Julie! Come along, my Julie Ann.

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No. 286

COME FOLLOW

A round. Kept alive by people who like to sing and harmonize. For other versions, see Best, 143 and Silverman, II, 235.

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Come Follow

Come follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow me.

Wither shall I follow, follow, follow,
Wither shall I follow, follow thee?

To the greenwood, to the greenwood,
To the greenwood, greenwood tree.

Come follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow me.

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